From the online library at www.worldwisdom.com

THE TETON SIOUX

GENERAL DESCRIPTION

THE Lakota, or Teton Sioux, during early historic times occupied the region about Big Stone lake, in western Minnesota, whence they moved gradually westward, driving the Omaha to the southward and themselves occupying the valleys of the Big Sioux and the James in South Dakota. Making their way still westward, they reached the Missouri, forcing the Arikara southward and penetrating as far as the Black Hills, so that within the more recent historical period they have held as their home-land the region west of the Missouri river and north of the Platte, extending permanently as far west as the Black Hills, and on the upper Missouri sending occasional parties as far west as central Montana, where the country of the Blackfeet was met. Along the northern line of Wyoming they attempted to take up their abode even beyond the Bighorn. This, however, was the land claimed and held by the Apsaroke, or Crows, who, notwithstanding their inferior numbers, more than held their own and forced the Lakota to the east of Powder river.

In the light of the considerable body of information gathered from the several bands of the Teton it can be safely said that the final or permanent crossing of the Missouri river began from one hundred and seventy-five to two hundred years ago, or between about 1700 and 1725, although previous to this parties had crossed the stream from time to time on hunting expeditions. As to their habitat before the passing of the Missouri, folk-tales, fragments of tradition, and many winter-counts enable us to trace them with certainty back to Mille Lac, Minnesota, in which locality they were found by Hennepin in 1680; beyond this point tradition grows more vague, yet it affords enough of definiteness to entice one to conjecture. "Big Water," of course, could have been the Great Lakes, but according to some of the old men that water was "bitter." Large shells that could have come only from the sea are mentioned. The argument may reasonably be made that these

could have been obtained by barter; but the Indians insist that their source was the water beside which their people lived.

No tribe which the writer has studied is so lacking in traditional knowledge of its original home and early migration. In fact, no creation and early migration legend worthy of the name has been found to exist among any of the western Sioux tribes. On the other hand, other tribes of Siouan stock, the Apsaroke, Hidatsa, and Mandan, have definite creation and migration stories, which make it clearly evident that at one time they had their home on the South Atlantic seaboard, where Siouan tribes are known to have lived well within the eighteenth century, and where indeed the remnant of the Catawba still survives. If it can be admitted that the Apsaroke, Mandan, and Hidatsa migrated from the South, it is safe to assume that the plains Sioux came from the same general locality. Sioux tradition, borne out by that of other tribes and by knowledge of their earliest history, is convincing that in their western migration the Sioux passed north of the Great Lakes. This being so, and their origin on the South Atlantic being traditionally clear, their migration has been an exceedingly long one, probably following the line of the Atlantic coast. The very length of their journeying may reasonably account for the lack of a definite migration tradition.

The Hidatsa legend of the creation tells of a land where the birds always sang and the trees were always green. Thence the people moved slowly northward, passing into a land of ever-increasing cold, until they came to a large lake where they found a tribe speaking a language much like their own. They declared: "These people must be our brothers; henceforth we will live together." Feeling that the winters were too rigorous, they journeyed southwestward and southward until they reached the Missouri, where they found the Mandan, who had been living there a long time. This was before the Sioux made their appearance. The probable route of the Hidatsa and Mandan was far shorter than any Mandan was far shorter than any possible one the Sioux could have taken, and the fact of their slow movement and their long residence in fixed places may well account for the early traditions of these two historically sedentary tribes.

Inasmuch as the Teton, as their name (Títo^{n}wa^{n}) indicates, have been prairie dwellers for centuries, they must be considered as such, disregarding their earlier forest life. It would seem to be without doubt that the vast herds of buffalo were the cause of their westward movement. Their life was so closely associated with the bison that with

the disappearance of the herds the Teton were left pitiably helpless. For generations they had depended in great measure on the buffalo for food, clothing, shelter, implements, and utensils, and because of its necessity in supplying these physical needs it became also a factor of surpassing importance in the religious life of the tribes. Their divine teachings were brought them by a sacred buffalo cow acting as messenger from the Mystery. In every ceremony the bison played a part, and its flesh was invariably used in the rituals of their worship. But, alas for their religion as well as for their temporal needs, the herds were swept from the earth as in a twinkling. So sudden was the disappearance that the Sioux regard their passing as *waká*^{n}, mysterious. The old men still ask what became of them, and nothing can convince them that the herds have passed forever.

It is doubtful if in the history of the world any people ever were brought so suddenly to such a radical change in their manner of living. The enforced change in diet alone so undermined them physically that they became an easy prey to every ill, particularly the diseases introduced by the white man.[1] Their dwellings became changed from the warm but well-ventilated portable tipis of skins to flimsy ones of cotton cloth, or, worse yet, to small, close, ill-ventilated, permanent log cabins, the floors of which soon reeked with disease producing filth; their comfortable robes of the buffalo dressed with the hair on were superseded by trade blankets, and unsuitable cast-off garments thrown at them by kindly disposed people. One day they were a proud, care-free people with every desire of the heart to be gratified by slight exertion — the next they were paupers, "wards of the Nation" we call them. From the primitive man's point of view the old life was an ideal one: it gave the Indian every necessity of life with a minimum of effort. His principal labor was that of the chase, which in itself was a pleasure; and on the warrior's return from hunt or raid, the women of the household waited on him as though he were indeed a lord. Even the thought of wasting old age was spared him, for the man whose life was the war-path and the wildest of hunting knew full well that a quick death was apt to be his; and he preferred it thus, insisting that it were better to die while yet strong and happy and when friends' hearts

[1] Doctor Walker, Government physician with the Ogalala, insists that the only way to build up the Sioux that he may resist tubercular affection is to put him on a strict fresh-beef diet.

were good, than to grow old and be supplanted by another.

Nor was the life of the women the one of drudgery so often depicted. It is true they did the menial work of the camp, but, strange as it may seem, the task was usually a pleasure rather than a hardship, and it is difficult to imagine how, in their stage of culture, the work of the Indians could have been more equitably divided. Owing to the perilous existence of the men and the consequent high death-rate, polygyny was a necessary institution, causing several women to share the burdens of the domestic establishment, and thus lightening the labor of all. Physically the women are equal to any task, however hard. Observed at work, they seem even stronger than the men. In civilization many generations of safeguarding and protecting women have created what we term the "weaker sex"; but among the hunting tribes especially the life of the women has been such as to develop the greatest physical strength, resulting in slight differentiation in features or in endurance of the sexes.

The natural disposition of the Lakota woman is sunny and full of cheer, particularly when she is seen in the home and with her children, where merriment is the normal condition; but when strangers are present the Indian code of ethics decrees that the woman should be retiring in manner. To her husband she is noticeably affectionate and attentive, waiting upon him constantly, seeing that every article of apparel is brought to him as needed, often literally dressing him as she would a child, and as each article is fastened about her lord's body, she gives it an affectionate pat to show her pleasure in the task. And, indeed, why should she not derive pleasure from such personal attentions? Has she not with her own hands made every article of his apparel — dressed the skins, dyed and fashioned them into form, and with infinite patience embroidered them in beautiful designs with colored quills or beads? And with every stitch there has gone into the work her affection for the man who is to wear the garment, and gentle smiles play about her mouth as she dreams of how proud and fine he will look in his beautiful trappings.

The Sioux were a semi-nomadic people. Through the summer months they moved their camps to follow the buffalo herds, and day after day the hunting parties went out to the killing. Great stores of the meat were cut into thin strips, dried, and pounded into pemmican for use during the winter months when they could not hunt and kill at pleasure. As the autumn closed and the cold northern winds began

to sweep across the plains, the hunting parties, large and small, sought the valley of some wood-girt stream, and there in the protection of the forest remained until spring approached. Robes and furs had been brought in for winter bedding and clothing, and were heaped about the tipis in prodigal profusion. Sufficient jerked meat and pemmican had been provided to last them through the winter months, and these, with the stores of berries and roots gathered and prepared by the women, gave promise of a season of plenty. Occasionally a herd of buffalo came within striking distance and gave the men an opportunity for a grand winter hunt. The meat obtained at this season could be kept fresh until warm weather again approached.

The buffalo chase, were the occasion winter or summer, was not a matter to be lightly considered; indeed it was a tribal function to be attended with much ceremony. The Sioux, like other Indians, are exceedingly devout, all acts of their lives being attended with religious practices. This was particularly so of buffalo hunting. No individual was allowed to hunt on his own account, for to do so might alarm the herd, and such indiscretion was visited with serious punishment, even with death. After much prayer and many songs, scouts were sent out to look for the game, and during their absence the supplication was continued that they might be successful. When approaching the camp on their return, whether they had been absent a day or a week, the scouts made signs indicating success or failure. Beyond such signals they held no communication with their tribes-men, but made their report to the priests who had performed the ceremonies at the time of their departure. The report was received ceremoniously, and if buffalo had been sighted the crier announced the fact to the entire camp and made known the plans for the hunt. The hunting party was under the leadership of the chiefs, and straggling or individual movement was guarded against by the Soldier Band, the scouts being kept in advance; and if a night camp was necessary, there was more making of medicine that many buffalo might be killed. On approaching the bison the party was kept in a compact body by the Soldiers, that no one might make an impatient start, and at a signal from the chief began their wild sweep down on the stupid but fleet-footed herd.

If a hunting party was so fortunate as to kill a white buffalo, it was an event of great tribal importance. A Ghost Keeper priest was sent for, who first offered many prayers to the Great Mystery, thanking him for this favor, after which he carefully took the skin from the dead

animal. No one else was allowed to do this; in fact a white buffalo-skin was holy, and no ordinary man would dare to touch it. The skin having been removed, a horse was brought to convey the *waká*^{n} hide to the village. Sage was placed on the rider's lap that the sacred skin might not be profaned by contact with his body. He took it carefully to the camp, where it was intrusted to a virgin, who had been appointed to dress it, and who purified her hands in sage smoke before beginning her task under the direction of a priest of the *Hu*^{n}*ká*. After having been carefully prepared, the skin was given over to the keeper of the Calf Pipe, who, before taking it into the *waká*^{n}*-tipi*, purified the air with the incense of burning ground-cedar. In the days to come the sacred skin was kept outside of the tipi and raised high as a sign to the people. "We do this thing as a remembrance to White Buffalo Woman, who brought us the sacred ceremonies," they said.

The earliest method of killing buffalo was by making camp around the herd, with the tipis pitched close together, side by side; then two young men with *waká*^{n} bows and arrows ran around the entrapped animals, singing medicine-songs to bring them under a spell, so that the people could close in and kill large numbers. Following this primitive method, they slaughtered numberless bison by driving them into a compound — a stockade-like enclosure, usually of logs, at the foot of some abrupt or sheer depression, its plan of construction depending on the nature of the ground. In a mountainous region, where the buffalo plains might end at a high cliff, no enclosure was needed. The long line of stampeded animals would flow over the precipice like a stream of water, to be crushed to death in their fall. There was no possibility of drawing back at the brink; the solid mass was irresistibly forced on by its own momentum, and the slaughter ended only with the passing of the last animal that had been decoyed or driven into the stampede. At other times the embankment over which the buffalo ran was only high enough to form one side of the enclosure. In rare instances pens were built on the open prairie, and at one side of the stockade was thrown up an inclined approach along which the buffalo were driven to fall at its end into the corral.

The manner of driving and decoying the bison was as varied as the form of the slaughter-pen; but whatever the method, the purpose and results were the same — the object was to stampede the herd, or a part of it, and to direct the rapidly moving animals to a given point, the Indians knowing that, once well in motion, they would run to their

own destruction. The Sioux built out in rapidly diverging lines from the pen a light brush construction, not in truth a fence, as it was only substantial enough to form a line. Men concealed themselves behind this brush, and when the herd was well inside the lines the hunters rose up and by shouting and waving their blankets frightened the animals on. Sometimes a man skilful in the ways of the bison would disguise himself in one of their skins and act as leader of the drove to the extent of starting them in their mad rush. By this method the Indians simply took advantage of a characteristic habit of the buffalo — to follow their leader blindly. The movement grew into a stampede, and forced the leading animals before it. If the advance was toward a sharp gully, it was soon filled with carcasses over which the stream of animals passed;[2] if toward swampy land or a river with quicksand bed, numbers were swallowed in the treacherous depths. If it happened that the route took the herd across a frozen lake or stream, the ice might collapse with their combined weight and drown hundreds; and the Indians relate many instances in which during winter the herd failed to see the edge of an arroyo or a small cañon filled with drifted snow and were buried one after another in its depths, the buffalo seemingly not having sufficient instinct of self-preservation to stop or turn aside.

The sportsman and the utilitarian join with the Indians in their cry of regret at the ruthless slaughter of the millions of bison which composed the great western herd, and during the last quarter-century all the harsh language at the command of American writers has been hurled at those directly responsible for the extermination. That the destruction was the most brutal and improvident of its kind in the history of civilization there is no question, and that those who went out and mowed the animals down by scores and hundreds in a single day are deserving of every criticism there is no doubt; but when

[2] Frenzied stampedes of bison herds have been known almost as long as the animals themselves. Thus, as early as 1541 a small party belonging to the expedition of Coronado, while on the Staked Plains of eastern New Mexico, according to Castañeda's narration, "came across so many animals that those who were on the advance guard killed a large number of bulls. As these fled they trampled one another in their haste until they came to a ravine. So many of the animals fell into this that they filled it up, and the rest went across on top of them. The men who were chasing them on horseback fell in among the animals without noticing where they were going. Three of the horses that fell in among the cows [bison], all saddled and bridled, were lost sight of completely."

we view the question in a broader way, the blame would seem to rest not entirely with those who shouldered the guns. It was public sentiment that slaughtered the western herd of the American bison — a sentiment which, fostered by our desire further to oppress, to bring under subjection, and to rob of their birthright a people already driven for two generations before a greedily advancing civilization, was supported by the people as represented in the halls of Congress, and which became the governmental policy. And here lay the blame. We slaughtered the buffalo in order to starve the Indians of the plains into submission, thereby forcing them into a position in which they must take what we saw fit to dole out to them.

In 1871, which might be called the beginning of the last decade of the buffalo, the friends of these animals, and of the Indians, made an effort to promote legislation designed to protect the herds from wanton destruction. In June, 1874, the Senate and the House passed a bill for the protection of the buffalo, but the enactment unfortunately failed to receive the President's signature. During the next four years feeble efforts to the same end were made, but without result. By this time the southern herd was represented only by bleaching bones, while the northern herd was within four years of its extinction. The sentiment of the people at this time is reflected in a contemporary report of the Secretary of the Interior, which says:

"The rapid disappearance of game from the former hunting-grounds must operate largely in favor of our efforts to confine the Indians to smaller areas, and compel them to abandon their nomadic customs, and establish themselves in permanent homes. So long as the game existed in abundance there was little disposition manifested to abandon the chase, even though Government bounty was dispensed in great abundance, affording them ample means of support. When the game shall have disappeared, we shall be well forward in the work in hand. ...

"I cannot regard the rapid disappearance of the game from its former haunts as a matter prejudicial to our management of the Indians. On the contrary, as they become convinced that they can no longer rely upon the supply of game for their support, they will turn to the more reliable source of subsistence furnished at the agencies, and endeavor to so live that that supply will be regularly dispensed. A few years of cessation from the chase will tend to unfit them for their former mode of life, and they will be the more readily led into new directions,

toward industrial pursuits and peaceful habits." [3]

It must be realized that, however comprehensive the legislation and rigorous its enforcement, restrictive laws could only have retarded for a limited time the inevitable extermination of the wild buffalo. If by care they could have been utilized for twenty-five years longer, they would have served, like other things of primeval life, their natural purpose, and we could have viewed their end with only that regret with which we see the forest fall and the prairies' broad surface turned sod by sod from its natural beauty to the utility that Nature's own laws demand.

To have thus husbanded such a vast natural food supply would have been of inestimable value to the white settler, saved untold expenditure in caring for the Indians and many hundreds of them from pitiful starvation, and preserved the virility of the plains tribes. Those, therefore, who feel that the sooner the Indian, like the buffalo, is exterminated the better, must realize that the most effective effort toward this end was the sweeping of the buffalo from the land.

The political organization of the Teton Sioux could not be termed a confederacy. There were seven tribes composing this subfamily — the Ogalala, Brulés, Miniconjou, Sans Arcs, Two Kettles, Blackfeet (Sihasapa), and Hunkpapa — and each comprised several smaller groups or bands. Each tribe had a head-chief, *wichásha-yátapika*, and usually each smaller unit a sub-chief, *itácha*.

In serious warfare these several tribes were apt to form a close alliance for greater strength, but it was not considered obligatory for any one chief to aid another. Generally, at the inception of a hostile movement of importance, a man of recognized leadership would take the initiative by organizing a war-party, and those who felt so disposed would join him, either as individuals or under the leadership of their own chief. A notable instance is their last great war, which terminated in the victory of the Sioux and their allies over the troops at the battle of the Little Bighorn in 1876. Five of the Teton tribes were strongly represented: the Ogalala, Sans Arcs, Brulés, Miniconjou, and Hunkpapa, and these united Sioux tribes were aided by a large party of Cheyenne, while individual members of the other two Teton tribes also joined the hostile forces.

Chiefs were elected at a general council of the men, led by the

[3] Report of the Secretary of the Interior for 1872, pages 5—7.

Short Hair Lodge and similar organizations. Disability by reason of age, or such serious loss of wealth as to make it impossible for a chief to give many feasts or to provide for the poor, were causes for retirement. In the old days the chiefship never descended from father to son, and no man could be elected a chief who had not counted the necessary coups. The council was consulted on questions of public moment, such as laws governing the camp and, particularly, affecting the hunt. Small war-parties were made up without regard to the chiefs or the council, for any individual who could gain a following was free to go against the enemy. General rules were often suggested to the chiefs by the different societies.

Some of the young men, perhaps half of them, were organized into the Soldier Band. When the chiefs met, the Soldiers gathered at the council-place and took their position in front of the tipi, first having gone about the village gathering food for the councillors. If a man was asked to give a dog for the feast and refused, the Soldiers would kill the dog and take it away, and if resentment was shown they would punish the offender by destroying some of his property or by beating him. The Soldiers, in a way, were the servants of the chiefs, and consequently were supposed to carry out their instructions. If the chiefs decided to move camp on the following day, the Soldiers were so informed, and when morning came they mounted their horses, rode about the camp and made everybody pull down his tipi, and saw that all promptly took the trail. If one should refuse to obey the command, the Soldiers cut his tipi to pieces and killed a horse or two, and if the man gave vent to anger his life might be forfeited. Orders to move camp sometimes originated in the Soldier Lodge, but their action was only in the form of a suggestion to the chiefs, who agreed or not as they deemed fit.

The Soldiers of each village had two leaders, Soldier Chiefs, through whom all commands of the tribal chiefs were communicated to the lodge. When young men were sent out to look for buffalo, Soldiers kept guard so that only those authorized to go could leave the village; and on the return of the scouts with report of where the buffalo were, they assumed charge of the preparations for the hunt, and saw that all started together. Some of the Soldiers remained at home, guarding the village, while others accompanied the huntsmen and kept them together until they had neared the herd. Any man who began to shoot before the signal was given was severely beaten, sometimes to insensibility, his horse probably killed, his clothing cut to pieces, and his gun or

bow and arrows broken. If he showed the slightest resentment, he was quite likely to be killed. The same treatment was accorded one who should steal away from the party on the march and kill a lone buffalo even without alarming the herd. At times in the autumn several bands formed a single buffalo hunting party; on such occasions the Soldiers kept the entire party together, not permitting one band to leave the others until the hunting-grounds were reached, after which the scouts were sent out. When the buffalo were found, the bands hunted together until every one had been supplied with enough meat for the winter. After the general hunt the chiefs gave the command to disband in order that the horses might have sufficient forage, as well as to avoid the sickness which experience taught them followed the practice of camping together in large numbers. This dispersion brought a partial disintegration of the Soldier Band, since each member accompanied his own patriarchal group.

The Soldiers had their headquarters in the large *tíyo-tipi*, pitched near the tipi of the head-chief, and it became a general rendezvous and lounging place for the members. If there was dearth of food in the lodge, a member was sent out to distribute through the camp a hundred red sticks, each a sign, not to be disregarded, that the recipient must quickly furnish meat to the *tíyo-tipi*. If a member of the body should keep the others waiting after a meeting had been called, he was treated rather roughly on his arrival; the injuries inflicted were not serious, consisting principally in the cutting up of his robe and other clothing.

Soldiers were appointed by the Soldier Chiefs, who donned their war-bonnets and rode from tipi to tipi, shaking the hand of each man chosen. To be selected a Soldier was a distinct honor, to which only men of tried courage and strength, who had counted at least one undisputed coup, could aspire. Red Cloud, before he became a chief, was always chosen Soldier Chief, for, being a man of indomitable courage, he carried out the chief's orders with reckless disregard of consequences.

In addition to the Soldier Lodge there were several other societies, or lodges, one of the most important being that of the Brave Hearts, *Cha*^{n}*té-tí*^{n}*za*. All plains tribes had similar orders, the function of which in all cases was practically the same. The paraphernalia of the organization among the Ogalala were two buffalo head-dresses, four lances, a drum, and two quirts, and its purpose was to inspire its members to acts of bravery and the succor of those in danger or in need. From the membership of the society were selected four

men with brave hearts to carry the lances, and two others to act as attendants in the lodge. It was occasionally necessary to obtain recruits. In selecting them, members would go to the tipis and lead forth the young men who were thought worthy. Sometimes a man would object to becoming a member, and even after being taken to the society's tipi might make his escape. Such action was regarded as a great and lasting disgrace. If, on the other hand, the candidate remained, he was lauded by the people, for he thus avowed himself ready at any time to give up his life to the enemy. The men who bore the lances in battle were exposed to the gravest danger, however, since when their comrades were hard pressed, one of them was in duty bound to plant his staff in the ground and remain by it until all of his party had passed that point. He was then called *Iguláshka,* He Ties Himself, and, like the color-bearer, was not supposed to retreat. On the death of a lance-bearer a member was chosen to take his place. Owing to the great danger involved, the position was necessarily regarded as one of high honor, and to refuse it when proffered would subject a warrior to ineffaceable disgrace. An expression of the utmost derision was, "He would not take the lance!"

Another society was the Short Hair, *Pehí*^{n}*-ptéchela.* This is a modern designation, used only within the last fifty years, the old name being *Tatá*^{n}*ka-wapáhao*^{n}*,* Wear Buffalo Head-dresses. The short buffalo-hair of the head-dresses gave rise to the modern name. Only warriors of renown were eligible, men who had gained undisputed honors, and they were appointed, rather than elected, by the four chiefs of the tribe. When a warrior was deemed worthy of membership, the Soldier Chiefs were sent for, and he was brought to the tipi, placed before the chiefs, and told of the honor conferred on him. An address of advice was made to him, and his relatives distributed such gifts as were expected of those to whom distinction had come. The members of this society are said to have had the elective power of new chiefs.

Chief Minihúha relates the following of the time when four new chiefs, Crazy Horse, Man Afraid Of His Horses,[4] Sword, and American Horse, were elected to succeed the four who had become superannuated:

"The chiefs and the members of the Short Hairs met in open council

[4] *Táshu*^{n}*ke-kokípapi* means "They Fear His Horse"; the name is now borne by a brother of him here mentioned, who fell dead on revisiting Custer Battlefield

and selected the four who were adjudged to be most fit for the positions. When the new men had been decided on, with the concurrence of the retiring chiefs, the latter sent the two Soldier Chiefs to bring the men selected. They were brought one at a time, and given place side by side in front of the chiefs. The retiring chiefs made addresses of advice and placed on the newly elected leaders scalp-shirts made especially for the occasion. Four men were then called who had led war-parties that had returned after striking an effective blow at the enemy without a man or a horse being wounded; four others, also, who had counted first honors in battle. The first four sewed the hair on the newly made shirts; then the other four sewed the feathers on: the first feather on the right shoulder of each shirt, the second on the left, the third on the right elbow, the fourth on the left."

The Teton Sioux had several other societies whose functions were much the same — that of encouraging the members to deeds of bravery and to perform acts of hospitality and liberality. Rivalry always existed between the different organizations as to which had the most aggressive and fearless leaders and the bravest men.

The Lakota gentile organization has gradually become broken down through general tribal disintegration until little thought is now given to precepts that once were the means of conserving the strength of the blood. Previous to their contact with the white race the laws of the gentes were an important part of their education and were rigidly adhered to. Descent is traced in the male line. The father's brothers are called "fathers," and their children "brothers" and "sisters," as the case may be, while the mother's sisters are addressed as "mothers." The other degrees of relationship have names corresponding to those of our own race. A man on marrying continued to live with his gens. Or he might dwell with that of his wife, but he always retained membership in the gens of his birth, and his children belonged to the same social group. Such a man was called *wichá-woha* ("man buried"). When the wife went to live with her husband's people, she was called *wi*^{n}*-woha* ("woman buried"), but she retained her own gens membership. Marriage between members of the same gens was prohibited. A man was not permitted to address directly or to look directly at his mother-in-law or her sisters, but was free to communicate with his wife's sisters and brothers. He dare not speak to his own sister privately, or remain in her company in the absence of others. A wife's brothers were expected to act with diffidence toward

the husband's mother and her sisters, but might act with greater freedom toward the husband's sisters. Great respect was exhibited between the daughter-in-law and the husband's father, and between son-in-law and father-in-law. A bond of friendship surpassing even the ties of blood relationship usually existed between brothers-in-law.

Adoption of a son or a daughter to take the place of a child lost by death was common. This was attended by a simple ceremony, consisting of a gathering in a tipi, an address of advice to the new son or daughter by a man chosen for the purpose, and an exchange of gifts between the parents and the parents-to-be.

Wife and husband owned their personal property in severalty. A man dying otherwise than by violence made provision in the presence of his kindred for the distribution of his property among his children, wives, and other near relations. After his death whatever was not thus specifically willed was disposed of by general distribution, and the widow returned with her children to her parents, with whom she lived until another marriage had been effected. Similar disposal was made of the deceased wife's possessions, and in the case of a monogamous marriage the widower returned to his parents and the children were cared for by them or by the wife's parents.

When a child was born, the parents prepared a feast and sent for a *wichásha-waká*[n], asking him to name the infant. The name bestowed was always one suggested by some animal or object seen during one of his fasts, and the accompanying prayer was one taught him during a vision. The Santee custom of giving to children fixed names depending on the order in which they were born did not prevail with the Teton. After a boy had returned from his first war-party he was given an appellation by an uncle or a brother-in-law, and this was later exchanged for a name earned by great deeds. A man could assume his father's name only after having performed acts of such valor as to entitle him to the honor.

At the close of the mother's period of lactation, occurring in two to four years, the parents gave a second feast, when the child's ears were pierced, signifying that the period of abstinence was past and the wife could resume her marital relations. Frequently the piercing of the ears took place during the Sun Dance or other public function. From earliest childhood children were taught in the way that would make them strong and useful members of the tribe. Long before they were large enough to sit unaided on a horse, they were securely tied

on the back of a quiet, trusty animal, and there they would sit riding along with the moving band for hours and even days at a time. The boy was early trained to care for horses, driving them in from the ranges to water, and then out again to the grazing lands, and when he had reached his tenth or twelfth year the father usually took him on short hunting trips, instructing him in killing game. The father would drive a young buffalo from the herd, and show the boy how to shoot the animal just behind the shoulder; then followed object-lessons in skinning and dressing. Thereafter he was allowed to single out a calf for himself, and when he had brought it down was made to dress it without help. Even as early as the age of thirteen, seldom later than seventeen, a boy was permitted to accompany his first war-party, and after he had accomplished some worthy deed and thus attained to years of discretion, he was at liberty to marry.

Having decided upon a girl whom he would make his wife, he places himself by some secluded path where she is likely to pass at nightfall. As she glides with soft fall of moccasined feet along the shadowy trail, the young man slips from his concealment to meet her, shrouded in a sombre blanket, his dark eyes peering out from its folds. The girl may not fancy his attentions and soon pass on, perhaps to meet other suitors. If she be a proud and haughty maiden, several summers may pass with their evenings of courtship ere her heart finally goes out to some favored youth. With her consent to marry, the lovers exchange the marriage-token — a ball of sweet-grass wrapped in deerskin with long fringes to be tied in the hair at the ends of the braids. She then names the time when her lover is to come for her. At this appointed hour he goes to her tipi, cautiously raises the cover at the place where she is sleeping, touches her to apprise her of his presence, when she rises quietly and the two steal forth. The young man then takes his sweetheart at once to his parents' tipi. In the morning the youth's father summons the village crier, bidding him announce that his son has taken a wife, and at the same time a horse is given to some poor person whom the herald publicly names. Thus the two are married. It was never the Teton custom for a young man to take the girl away from the village and live apart with her for a time as a form of honeymoon. Such has occurred in modern times, but only when there was parental opposition to the marriage.

At other times the marriage was of a more conventional nature. The courtship was the same, but the suitor having been accepted and

the alliance proving satisfactory to his parents, they sent many presents to the parents of the girl, who, after the family in council had agreed on the fitness of the suitor and the adequacy of the gifts, would signify their consent by making many gifts to the youth's family in turn. If these consisted of horses, the girl was placed upon the finest and was thus borne to the tipi of her lover, where she was received by the women of the family, who spread a large buffalo robe on the ground for her to step upon in dismounting. Both forms of marriage existed side by side until within recent times. It is, however, self-evident that the latter method was the one followed by daughters of the more important families.

Polygyny was common, the number of wives being limited only by the man's ability to obtain and support them; and the more wives he had the richer he became, as there were that many more workers to prepare skins, which among the Sioux constituted a large part of the wealth. With the consent of his wives a man often married a younger sister of one of them, and usually presents were given for the girl. All lived together in the same tipi, and if a deposed favorite should create discord by reason of her jealousy she was soon sent away. The divorced wife, returning to her parents, married again when opportunity offered. A runaway wife was more than apt to be killed by the husband, and a meeting between the woman's husband and her new consort was likely to result in a fight with fatal consequences.

In the mortuary rites of the Lakota the relatives immediately after death combed the hair of the deceased, dressed the body in fine clothing, and painted the face red. Then occurred the first day's performance of the Ghost Keeper ceremony, itself an elaborate mortuary service. After removing a lock of hair, they laid the body on a buffalo-robe, wrapped it tightly in several skins, and tied it securely with thongs. For the preparation of the burial-platform, the relatives selected a poor person of the same sex as the deceased, who erected the scaffold in a tree by fastening poles from branch to branch. The same person who prepared the resting-place carried the body out and lashed it securely to the platform. Relatives and friends followed, giving vent to their grief in true primitive fashion by loud wailing and crying. Food was left with the body, and the favorite horse was killed, that the spirit might travel in a fitting manner to the after-world in the south.

An instance of the disposal of the remains of a Sioux warrior killed in battle is related by the Apsaroke. During a clash between war-parties

of the two tribes in the Wolf mountains, the Apsaroke were certain that a Lakota, who had ridden a noticeably large sorrel horse, had been killed. They followed the trail of the retreating war-party, and within a few miles of the scene of the fight found the body laid on its tree-scaffold. There, with painted shield and feather-decked coup-stick proudly hanging above, the warrior Lay fastened in the tree, beneath it the body of his favorite horse, which had carried its master to the end of his trail and there been shot that their spirits might journey together.

Burial tipis were sometimes used, a notable instance being the tipi of the dead in the valley of the Little Bighorn, in which, after the Custer fight, were laid side by side, as if asleep, the bodies of some of the fallen Sioux.

The entire culture of the Sioux is based primarily on two concepts, first, that his "medicine," or supernatural occult power, is derived from the mysterious forces of nature, and secondly, his creed of a brave heart. The conduct and the effort of every Sioux throughout life were so to strengthen his supernatural power that he could not only resist any harm threatening him from ordinary sources, but could become possessed of invulnerability to those imbued with like power. He desired this mystery-power to be stronger than any he was to encounter. Many a brave warrior has cried out to his people that his "medicine" was so great that no arrow or bullet from the enemy could harm him, and, singing his medicine-songs, has charged recklessly into the camp of the enemy and struck them right and left; and, strangely enough, they seem often to have proved their pretension to supernatural strength in that while they were shot at repeatedly at close range they escaped unharmed. [5]

In spite of this strong belief in a tutelary spirit the Sioux was a fatalist, a firm believer in predestination, convinced that if it were so decreed he would lose his life; no subtle power, however strong, no care on his part, could save him. It was his belief further that the spirit or mystery-strength of the animal that appeared to him in vision entered his body and became a part of his *waká*^{n} strength. He might fast many times and have many such tutelary spirits within his body.

[5] General George Crook, considered one of the best rifle shots in the army, in talking with scout Charles Tackett said that on one occasion he had shot deliberately at Crazy Horse more than twenty times without effect.

Notwithstanding the mystery-power residing within him, the Sioux warrior prepared his war-shield for utility, after which it was consecrated and made *waka*^{n} by painting on it, literally or symbolically, the animals or objects that constituted his "medicine." If it was a bird that appeared to him, feathers of that bird were fastened around the edge of the shield, and as a further protection he wore about his person a portion of the bird; or if an animal, some portion of it, as, for instance, a necklace of bear-claws, was used as a part of the warrior's personal adornment. Ordinarily such objects would be classed as fetishes or talismans, but as used by the Indian they are more than that. Consecrated weapons also formed a part of his war equipment.

Coups, or honors, claimed by warriors show to what extent braveness of heart entered into every thought of their life. In camp the chiefs and warriors would meet around the council-fire and recount stories of the war-path, and as each deed was related without challenge, a stick from the bundle kept by the chief would be laid before him. The French-Canadian word *coup*, of such common usage in speaking of Indian deeds of valor, has not been adopted by the Sioux; their term is *tóka-kte (*"kill enemy").

A coup could be won by actually killing an enemy, by striking the body of an enemy whether dead or alive, by capturing a horse or a band of horses, or by taking a scalp. Honors were counted on each hostile warrior by the first four who struck him, the first in each case winning the greatest renown, an honor called tá^{n}ya^{n}*-kte (*"kill right"). Thus, if twenty men were struck or even touched in an encounter, twenty honors of the first grade were won by the victors. But the greatest exploit of all was to ride into the midst of the enemy and strike a warrior in action without attempting to wound him. When a man had led four war-parties, and in each achieved a first honor, he was eligible to chieftainship. If in addition to the recognized coups a man had been wounded, or had had his horse killed or wounded, or had been sent out with a scouting party, he was considered an accomplished warrior and was entitled to wear a scalp-shirt, on which his exploits were indicated by various insignia: a wound was represented by a breast-feather of the eagle, dyed red; a white one signified that the wearer had been a member of a scouting party, while a yellow one denoted a captured horse; and each tuft of the human hair that gave the shirt its name indicated a coup. An eagle's tail-feather was usually worn in the hair for each honor counted. Wounds to man or horse were indicated by marks painted on

the body over the injured spot. A man who had killed the first enemy in a battle also painted his face black.

Captives were adopted into the tribe. Chief Minihúha never heard of a case in which the Sioux had tortured one of their captives by burning, though he had once been told that the Pawnee burned at the stake the Sioux, Paints His Face Red, after having killed his entire family. Discussing the treatment of captives, Minihúha related the following incident:

"When I was a young man my father was with a small party that happened to come upon a single tipi of the Shoshoni. The occupants were killed, all except one little girl, who was captured alive by my father and brought home. My sister had died a short time before, and the little Shoshoni girl was adopted in her place and given the name *Zi*^{n}*tkálawashté-wi*^{n}, Pretty Bird Woman. She was about twelve years of age and lived with us more than a year. Then through the Arapaho, who were friendly with the Shoshoni, we heard that her father was alive and was searching for his daughter. My father thought the matter over; then he came to me and said:

"'My son, are you willing that your sister should be sent back to her people?'

"I said, 'She has been with us so long that she seems like one of our people and of our family; but I suppose she ought to be sent back if she wishes to go.'

"So my father provided new clothing for her, and three horses, and I gave her my best suit of clothing and my fine racehorse, and at the appointed time she was sent off to her own land."

The typical habitation of the Sioux, as of other plains tribes, from earliest tradition to the disappearance of the buffalo, was the skin lodge, in their language *típi*. The tipi of the old days, when dogs were the beasts of burden, was smaller than during the period following the coming of the horse. The covering was of tanned buffalo-hides, and when new was almost white; but with use and from the smoke of the tipi fire it became a rich brown, and was exceedingly soft and flexible. The skin in this state was called*wizí*, and was much used for leggings and other clothing. To make a small tipi when the dog-travois was the only means of transportation required six or seven hides; but with the broadening of their life by the acquisition of the horse, they made the tipi so much larger that the manufacture of one required fifteen to twenty hides. The tipi-covering was made in sections for convenience

in transportation, the strips being fastened together when in place by overlapping the edges and slipping skewer-like pins through eyelets. In preparing the hide it was stretched on the ground and firmly fastened with pegs driven through its edge; then with an adze-like tool — made with an elkhorn handle and a blade of steel, and before steel was obtained a piece of elk thigh-bone — the hair was scraped from the hide, which was then flaked down by further scraping to a satisfactory thinness. Spotted Horse Woman said: "I could prepare three hides in a day; that was a hard day's work. Lazy women could not dress so many, and so they had small tipis. My tipi had twenty hides, and it was a fine, big one."

The number of poles required depended on the size of the tipi, twenty-two being necessary for the larger ones. In erecting the tipi four poles were first fastened together near their tops. Two women raised them perpendicularly, and each taking two poles separated their bases until the circumference of the tipi was determined, then the other poles were quickly leaned into place, their bases forming a perfect circle. The sections of skin were next skewered together and the tipi-lifter fastened to the topmost portion of the cover. Now with considerable effort and the assistance of several women the pole with its weight of skins was lifted into place and the covering drawn around the framework. The open ends were fastened together with wooden pins, one woman standing on the shoulders of another in order to reach the highest part of the seam. The bottom was next pinned down and two extra poles were fastened to the outer point of the flaps for use in changing their position when necessary to regulate the draft that carried away the smoke from the fire. A long rawhide rope left hanging from the fastening of the four poles first erected was securely tied to a heavy stake driven into the ground inside the tipi, thus adding to its stability and preventing it from being blown down by severe winds. The lining, a strip of skin extending to about the height of a man, was now attached to the poles inside and fitted securely and closely to the ground, thus leaving an air space between the outer and inner walls. Since the outer covering was not entirely closed at the bottom, perfect ventilation was maintained by means of this air space. In fact for its purpose the skin tipi was an ideal structure — portable, perfect in ventilation, and rigid in wind-storm.

In addition to the tipis used as dwellings there were many that had a public or ceremonious purpose, each with a name indicative of its

use. Most striking of these was the *tipi-ókihe,* placed at the entrance of the village for use as a guest-house for all visitors to the tribe, and as a public meeting-place, where there was always welcome, and food without asking.

The large dwelling-tipi was very roomy. The family and guests sat or lounged about the edge of the circle, the head of the family or special guest occupying the place of honor at the extreme rear. In winter or during stormy weather all food was prepared over the single fire, and during the waking hours there was a large kettle of steaming food, for a visitor might come at any moment, and failure to offer him refreshment would be regarded as the height of inhospitality.

The handicraft of the Sioux was comparatively simple, the preparation of skins being their most important manufacture. From deerskin they made much of their clothing, as well as pouches, called *pan,* for holding small personal effects; pipe-bags, both *waká*^{n} and for every-day use; saddle-blankets for the women; and the carrier for the infant. From the skins of the buffalo were made the tipi-covering, as above mentioned, clothing and blankets, and many durable parfléches of rawhide for carrying heavy articles, as well as food, clothing, and household effects.

Bows were made of ash and cherry backed with sinew. No trace of elkhorn bows could be found. Arrows were pointed with bone, flint, or steel; but flint points have not been made by the Sioux for several generations, probably not since they first crossed Missouri. On reaching their present habitat they found many stone points scattered about the land; and not knowing who made them they attributed their origin to the supernatural, calling them now "Iktómi arrow-heads," because Iktómi, a legendary hero, is described as having used points of that kind. It has been asserted that the Sioux never made stone arrow-heads, but this statement is difficult to accept, especially since several Sioux tell of having seen their ancestors work stone for this purpose. It is certain that the stone points used by the Teton were practically all found on the ground, having been made, in all probability, by tribes occupying their territory in early times. Roughly shaped stone hammers, axes, and war-clubs were made; also knives of clamshells bound to wooden handles, and spoons and drinking-cups of mountain-sheep- and buffalo-horn. Bowls were fashioned from natural protuberances on trees, hollowed out by burning and scraping, and highly polished; a carrying bucket was made of the buffalo paunch, with a hoop fastened

in the top to hold it in shape. This vessel was used also for boiling food by partly filling with water and dropping therein heated stones. Very large utensils for pounding pemmican and other foods were made of rawhide fashioned into concave form while the skin was fresh.

The decorative art of the Lakota found expression on their deerskin garments, pipe-bags, saddle-blankets, robes, parfléches, shields, and tipis. Before the coming of traders the designs were worked wholly in dyed porcupine quills; later they obtained beads, which are now used largely, and in a majority of cases the two materials are combined in a single decoration. There seems to be no fixed motif in many of their designs, each woman reading into her art whatever may be prompted by her thoughts, the same figure sometimes meaning as many different things as there are workers. In the accompanying plate are shown three tobacco-pouch pipe-bags. The middle one, a particularly elaborate and beautiful piece of work, is in quills and beads; that to the right is an old specimen worked entirely in quills; while the one to the left is a *waká*^{n}, or sacred, pouch that has been in the family of the Ogalala chief, Slow Bull, for four generations. Its form, patterned after the human figure, is representative of a strange enemy killed in traditionary times in the midst of a buffalo herd, and the tufts of hair are emblematic of the scalp-locks taken. Four pipes, two of which appear on the side shown, represent the four generations since the pouch was originated. The circle of beadwork is symbolic of embryonic life, and the pouch is considered very efficacious during parturition. The hands represent the enemy killed by each generation, and the red stripes the four winds. Slow Bull's father told him to put on the pouch a beaded hoof for each horse he captured, but when seventeen years of age he took one hundred and seventy horses at one time, so he had embroidered on it as many hoofprints as the pouch would accommodate. The figured margin has no significance; it was designed merely "to look pretty." The braid of sweet-grass is for lighting the sacred pipe on special occasions.

The Sioux exhibited considerable skill in working red pipestone, or catlinite, into large pipes for ceremonial and common usage. Some were finely inlaid with silver or lead, and in others the bowl and stem were carved in representation of an animal or a bird, the buffalo being the most common subject. While many of the stems were made of pipestone, the majority were of wood, more or less carved, the remainder being beautifully ornamented with porcupine quills or

deerskin.

Traditions of the Sioux indicate that they were perhaps the discoverers of the catlinite quarry in Pipestone county, Minnesota, and all such legends and traditions collected by the writer speak of the spot at the time of its discovery as virgin ground, and account for the unusual color by some miracle, rather than describe it as a quarry worked by some mythical people who had mysteriously disappeared — the explanation to be expected if they had discovered old and abandoned workings.

Among the many legends relating to this quarry, which to the Indian is a sacred spot and during historical times has been neutral ground, is one of a battle between the Sioux and the Winnebago. It was of the days when the Sioux were still living on "The Lake" and before they had horses. A brave chief organized a war-party, and, crossing the Great River, they journeyed many days to the southwest, and there in a broad, sweeping prairie valley, broken only by a small stream, were encamped a strong party of the Winnebago. The fight was a long and bitter one, but from the beginning victory seemed to favor the Sioux, and with the closing of the day the last of the Winnebago had been killed or had escaped — all but a single captive, the beautiful daughter of the Winnebago chieftain, spared by order of the Sioux leader, who would have her for his wife. As he approached the young woman she drew a knife and stabbed herself, exclaiming, "I will die rather than be a wife in the camp of the Sioux!" As her life-blood trickled down in a crimson stream it stained the rock a deep red, and thus it has been to this day.

The dress of the women consisted of a garment made of finely tanned deerskins, which extended from the shoulders to midway of the knee and ankle. Sleeves reaching nearly to the wrist were tied at intervals on the under side, ample openings being left at the armpits for the convenience of the mothers in nursing their babes. The sides of the dress were sewn from armpits to bottom. A dress regarded as well-made was fringed at its bottom and sleeves, and finely decorated at the shoulders and arms with porcupine quills, beads, and shells. The one here pictured belonged to a very old woman, wife of the chief Two Strike. It was made by her mother and was worn by herself in the days of her maidenhood, when young warriors were wont to woo her. The little love-charm given her to cast a spell over her youthful suitors is still fastened to the shoulder of the dress.

Leggings extending from knee to foot were worn by the women, and moccasins, ankle-high, usually also beautifully worked with quills and beads. Pendants fashioned from shells were suspended from the ears — often long strings extending nearly to the waist, and each weighing a quarter of a pound or more. Each ear was decorated at times with two strings of ornaments fastened in separate piercings, and massive necklaces made of cylinders of bone were hung about the neck. In winter warm outer moccasins of buffalo skin, with hair inside, were worn, and with a buffalo-robe wrapped was ornamented with bead-closely about the body the Sioux woman was well protected against the severest weather. The hair was parted at the middle from front to back and arranged in two long braids, hanging in front of the shoulders and tied at the ends with a thong and ornaments. In large encampments the lower bodies of the girls were wrapped with deer-skin at night-time, that youthful marauders might take no advantage of their heavy sleep of exhaustion entailed by the hard work of the day.

The dress of the men ordinarily consisted of leggings, moccasins, and loin-cloth made from old and soft tipi-covering. The upper part of the body usually was unclothed, but in cold weather was covered with a buffalo-robe held in place by a belt. For ceremonial and dress occasions the apparel of the men was much more elaborate, consisting of deerskin leggings embroidered with quills and beads, moccasins finely stitched and decorated, and in addition to the customary loin-cloth a long strip of embroidered deerskin, eight or ten inches wide, inserted under the belt at the back and permitted to trail the ground. An elaborately ornamented pipe-bag was carried in the hand. The hair in a small circle at the crown of the head was braided and allowed to hang down the back, being tied at the end with a small thong. This was the "top-of-head braid" — what we have come to call the "scalp-lock." From this lock the hair was parted in diverging lines to the temples, and in front was a long bang, kept out of the eyes by wetting and rolling back. The long hair at the sides of the head hung down in two braids wrapped with strips of otter-skin, each with a twisted deerskin thong inside to give it stiffness.

The important article of dress for those who had won the necessary honors to warrant them in wearing it was the scalp- or honor-shirt — a coat-like garment fringed at the bottom as well as along the side-seams and sleeves, and slipped on over the head. In making the scalp-shirt two deerskins of medium size were placed together face to face, sewn

at the shoulders, and tied at the sides. The sleeves were sewn firmly at the shoulders and left open along the under side of the arms. The garment was ornamented with bead-work on body and sleeves, and, according to the owner's deeds of valor, with tufts of human hair, weasel-skins, and feathers, each component part of this decoration telling its own story of the wearer's prowess. When taking a scalp, a warrior often removed almost the entire head-covering of the enemy; this was divided into many small pieces for use on the scalp-shirts. The hair of white people was not used for this purpose, as the taking of their scalps was not considered an honor.

The war-bonnet, like the shirt, could be worn only by men who had earned honors in war. When the young warrior had struck the necessary coups, he procured the needed eagle-feathers, took them with suitable presents to some one skilled in fashioning war-bonnets, and asked him to make a head-dress, that he might wear it as evidence of his bravery.

The unit employed in reckoning the passage of time is the winter. There is no name for year, and though there are terms for spring and fall, in general only the two seasons, winter and summer, are recognized. Twelve moons compose the year, for each of which twenty-seven days are marked off on the pipestem; then the moon "dies," and three days are passed before another one rises and the count is resumed. When Ursa Minor is observed in a certain position, the old men say, "The next moon the leaves will be brown." With the new moon, therefore, the tally begins, succeeding moons receiving their appellations from what is regarded as the most striking phenomenon accompanying them. The majority are named from the appearance or habit of the buffalo at the time.

The chronological records of the years consist of pictographs, called "winter-counts," kept by certain members of the tribe known as "winter-counters," and passed from father to son. Though somewhat fragmentary, these picture-writings give intermittent glimpses of history and an insight into the life of the people. They cannot, however, be relied on to give accurate historical data previous to the year 1700. In many cases the events recorded were of only local or personal interest, although they may have been of grave moment to the annalist, while matters of intertribal importance remain unrecorded. Of the calendars examined by the author, that now kept by High Hawk, a Brulé Sioux, is the only one that presumes to trace history from the beginning and

to mention the coming of White Buffalo Woman. High Hawk's count gives two hundred and twenty-one periods or events. From 1701 there is a pictograph for each year, but prior to that date the record is by longer periods, which in fourteen instances High Hawk interprets as representing seventy years each. In this he is without doubt in error. Reading these periods as meaning seven years — a number most prominent in Sioux life and culture — makes their first sight of white men to have occurred in the interval between 1666 and 1673;[6] and by the same reading of seven years, rather than seventy, the coming of White Buffalo Woman is placed at 1540, which agrees approximately with the estimate given by Elk Head respecting the origin of the Calf Pipe. Furthermore this interpretation places the date of the acquisition of horses within reasonable probability.

HISTORICAL SKETCH

The term Sioux — a French abbreviation of the Chippewa Nadoweisiw, signifying Little Adders, or Little Enemies — designates seven tribes: Mdewakántonwan (Mdewakanton), Mysterious Lake Village; Wahpékute, Shoot Among Deciduous Leaves; Wahpétonwan (Wahpeton), Village Of The Deciduous Leaves; Sisítonwan (Sisseton), Village Of The Swamp; Ihánktonwan (Yankton), End Village; Ihánktonwanna (Yanktonai), Little End Village; and Títonwan (Teton), Prairie Village. In a time more remote than the farthest reach of definite tradition these seven tribes were kindred bands composing one great camp in the vicinity of the head-waters of the Mississippi, a community still referred to as Ochéti-shakówin, the Seven Council Fires. They called themselves Dakóta, Allies. Disintegration came. First the Teton, then the Yankton and the Yanktonai, left the camp-circle of the Seven Council Fires and found new homes in the west, so that the tribes of the Dakota occupied the same relative position as within recent historic times: the four tribes known collectively as Isányati, Knife Dwellers (anglicized into Santee), remaining in the Mille Lac region of eastern Minnesota, the Yankton and the Yanktonai leading a semi-nomadic existence farther west, and the Teton roaming the boundless prairies beyond them, but centring about Big Stone lake of

[6] Although mentioned by French explorers as early as 1640-1641, the Sioux were not seen by white men until some years later.

Minnesota river. Differences of speech developed three dialects, those of the Santee, of the Yankton and Yanktonai, and of the Teton. The Santee sound of d frequently becomes n in the Yankton and Yanktonai, and always l in the Teton; while invariably hd of the Santee appears respectively as kd and gl in the speech of the middle and the western divisions of the Dakota.

The earliest known allusion to the Dakota occurs in the relation of Father Le Jeune in 1640, in which the "Nadvesiv" are said to be neighbors of the Winnebago, and as "Nadoüessis" they are again casually mentioned in the Jesuit Relation for 1642. Radisson and Groseilliers spent the winter of 1661-1662 among the "Nadoneseronons" at Mille Lac. Du Luth in 1679 visited a large village of the "Nadouessioux," and in 1680 a Dakota war-party of thirty-three canoes captured and held for several months Father Louis Hennepin, whose map of the upper Mississippi region affords the first glimpse of the Teton habitat.

Disregarding intertribal warfare, the more recent history of the Dakota consists largely of a record of councils and treaties with commissions from Washington, and of hostile movements against emigrants and troops.

During the war of 1812 between Great Britain and the United States, the Dakota were divided in their allegiance. The excitement fomented by the designs of Tecumseh and his brother the Prophet had spread, like the subsequent Ghost Dance craze, to distant tribes. In spite of this frenzy the traders out of St. Louis managed to hold the Dakota of the Missouri favorably inclined toward the Americans, but British agents controlled those of the upper Mississippi and actually led bands of them to the front to aid in campaigns against the Americans about the Great Lakes. At the conclusion of the war, William Clark, Ninian Edwards, and Auguste Chouteau, as commissioners plenipotentiary of the United States, held a great council at Portage des Sioux, at the confluence of the Missouri and Mississippi rivers. At this council, held July 19, 1815, treaties were concluded with the Teton, the Sioux of the Lakes, the Sioux of St. Peters river, and the Yankton, and were ratified December 26 of the same year. At St. Louis the same commissioners concluded a treaty, June 1, 1816, with "eight bands of the Sioux, composing the three tribes called the Sioux of the Leaf, the Sioux of the Broad Leaf, and the Sioux who shoot in the Pinetops," which was ratified on December 30. These brief treaties declared that "all the

friendly relations that existed between them before the war shall be, and the same are hereby renewed."

The year 1825 marks one of the turning points in the modern history of the Dakota. Governor Clark took personal charge of an expedition to the upper Mississippi tribes, being accompanied by Governor Lewis Cass and Major Lawrence Taliaferro, the famous first agent of the Dakota of the upper Mississippi, who served in that capacity with remarkable success for thirty years. A treaty with the Sioux and eight other tribes was effected at Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, on August 19, the celebrated Wabasha and Little Crow III being among the signers. To the Dakota west of the Mississippi Governor Clark sent an expedition headed by General Henry Atkinson and Dr. Benjamin O'Fallon, the latter a nephew of the Governor. Three comprehensive treaties were negotiated by these commissioners in June and July, and were signed by sixty-two Dakota chiefs and headmen.

While nominal peace was thus established for a time, the hatred that had existed between the Dakota and their hereditary foes the Chippewa for fully a century was again awakened. In May, 1827, a party of Dakota visited a Chippewa camp almost under the walls of Fort Snelling, Minnesota, and after smoking and eating, the Dakota fired upon their hosts. Arrests and executions for the murder increased the excitement, and while open warfare did not result, General H.H. Sibley later declared that the Dakota had exacted the lives of one white man and one Chippewa for each of their own number who had suffered the death penalty at Fort Snelling.

The discovery of gold in California also precipitated trouble between white people and the Lakota. Before this time almost the only men who had traversed the Sioux country were fur trappers and traders, but now came a horde that alarmed, disturbed, and tempted the Indians. In 1849 Superintendent Mitchell suggested a general council with the Indians at Fort Laramie on the Platte, but it was not until two years later that the council was held, and the treaty resulting from it was practically a failure. In 1855 General W.S. Harney was given twelve hundred troops and sent to punish the Ogalala and the Brulés for their continued attacks on emigrant trains and for other depredations. In this campaign Harney succeeded in punishing the Indians and in compelling them in the following year to agree to permit undisturbed travel on the emigrant trails; but the failure of the Senate to ratify the treaty, combined with subsequent explorations in the Black Hills,

caused further trouble.

In the light of historical knowledge it is clear that the burden of responsibility for what is known throughout the State of Minnesota as the Outbreak of 1862 rested on the shoulders of Little Crow, the disreputable son of the wise chief Little Crow III, and Inkpaduta, the bloodthirsty, fiendish, though capable leader of Indian outlaws. Nevertheless, fairness demands that mention should be made of the fact that the newly installed Federal officers blundered in their management of affairs, especially in delaying the annuities provided under the land cession treaties, and also that the Indians were justifiably incensed when Governor Ramsay recognized and paid certain disputed claims of the traders despite a prohibitory clause of the treaty. It is easier now than it probably was then to see how these actions, coupled with certain impetuous movements on the part of the military leaders, incited the Indians to hostility, especially as they had become aware that the Government had met a series of reverses at the hands of the Confederate armies. There is little wonder that they believed the time had arrived when they could drive the white people back and henceforth hold the old hunting-grounds for their own use.

The outbreak was begun on August 17, 1862, by four young men belonging to the band of Little Six, who murdered three men, a woman, and a girl, near Acton, Beeker county, Minnesota. Hastening home with stolen horses, they reported the deed to their chief, who recently had succeeded his father, Shakopee II, and who apparently was anxious for war. He hastened his young men by night to the camp of Little Crow, who, fired by the atrocity, planned to massacre the white people of the agency at sunrise. The scenes that followed are beyond description. Every horror peculiar to savage warfare was perpetrated. Homes were burned; men, women, and children were scalped and butchered, and before peace again reigned eight hundred settlers and soldiers had given up their lives.

Governor Ramsay promptly enlisted volunteers and placed in command Colonel Henry H. Sibley, who proved a most excellent leader in such a crisis. He at once rescued a large number of captives from Little Crow, sought to segregate the friendly Indians, and began a vigorous campaign against the hostiles. When other trained military leaders appeared on the scene, Sibley endeavored to relinquish his command, but he was promoted to the rank of brigadier general of volunteers and induced to continue his services.

The war spread through Dakota to eastern Montana and continued until 1865. The most severe engagement during the conflict was the battle of Tahakouty, or Kill-deer mountain, between the Little Missouri and the headwaters of Knife river, in western North Dakota. Here on July 28, 1864, General Alfred Sully with twenty-two hundred men met the Sioux, numbering about sixteen hundred warriors, and after a desperate fight the Indians were routed from their stronghold by the aid of artillery and compelled to flee after an estimated loss of one hundred to one hundred and fifty.

Newton Edmunds had become Governor and Superintendent of Indian Affairs in 1863. He believed he could end the war by treaty, but being prevented from dealing with the Indians except through the army, he placed the case before President Lincoln, who appointed Edmunds, Edward B. Taylor, S.R. Curtis, Henry H. Sibley, and Orrin Guernsey a commission to treat with all the Dakota tribes, Congress providing thirty thousand dollars to defray its expenses. This was early in 1865, but by reason of the opposition of the War Department and the death of President Lincoln, October arrived before the treaties ending the War of the Outbreak were signed.

The four tribes composing the Santee group were principally concerned in the uprising of 1862, but many individual warriors and small parties of the more easterly Teton and Yankton bands joined them. The Minnesota Outbreak is therefore worthy of notice in Teton history because it was so closely connected with succeeding hostilities in the west.

The chiefs of the Ogalala and the Brulé Sioux were still unsatisfied at the time of the treaties of October, 1865, but the defection of these powerful tribes of the confederacy was not deemed very serious by the Government or by the country at large. On December 3, 1866, President Johnson in his second annual message to Congress said: "Treaties have been concluded with the Indians, who, enticed into armed opposition to our Government at the outbreak of the rebellion, have unconditionally submitted to our authority and manifested an earnest desire for a renewal of friendly relations."

Subsequent events, and indeed events occurring while the President's message was being read to Congress, showed that the Chief Executive and the people were not justified in their belief that complete serenity reigned on the frontier. The reason why the Ogalala and the Brulés were not represented at the treaty-making of

1865 is apparent. Gold had been discovered in Idaho and Montana, and the miners demanded better highways. Congress had passed a bill on March 1, 1865, providing for a road from the California trail near Fort Laramie to Bozeman, Montana, by way of the head-waters of the Tongue, Powder, and Bighorn rivers — in other words, authorizing the building of a road protected by military posts in the midst of the best buffalo hunting country available to those two tribes.

Spotted Tail of the Brulés and Red Cloud of the Ogalala were now powerful and dominating chiefs, and with others were quick to see what the new roads meant. The buffalo furnished food, clothing, shelter, and materials for barter; without them suffering was inevitable, and the herds could not exist in a land of roads and forts. This was the fate that stared the Teton in the face. During 1865 they argued with the surveying parties and sought to intimidate them. After these experiences Spotted Tail and Red Cloud declined to attend the treaty council in October and even refused to have their bands represented.

Those in the Indian country knew the true situation. Spotted Tail had always been friendly, and it was believed a treaty could be successfully negotiated. A commission headed by E.B. Taylor assembled at Fort Laramie on June 1, 1866, and in response to the invitation two thousand Brulés and Ogalala assembled. The object of the commission was to insure peace and arrange for the authorized road. The Indians who did not use the lands in question were ready and willing to sign, but those directly concerned stubbornly refused. Even while the negotiations were in progress, Colonel Henry B. Carrington arrived at Fort Laramie with seven hundred men and armed with instructions to build the road and the forts. Thereupon Red Cloud and Man Afraid Of His Horses, convinced that their rights were to be ignored, left the council grounds with their bands of Ogalala. Spotted Tail and Swift Bear with twelve hundred Brulés and Ogalala, at the instance of Agent Maynadier, went south of the Platte in order that they might be segregated as friendly.

From the first day of July to December 21, 1866, Red Cloud and his warriors killed ninety-one private soldiers, five officers, and fifty-eight citizens, besides inflicting other injury and damage. Most of this mortality was the result of a single battle and was due to Captain Fetterman's temerity quite as much as to the skill of Red Cloud and his warriors. Colonel Carrington had proceeded to lay out the road and to establish forts in accordance with his instructions. Though the Indian

warriors outnumbered the troops, they at first contented themselves with harrying the flanks of the little army and snuffing out the lives of those who ventured within the danger line. But the building of Fort Phil. Kearny, on Piney creek, a tributary of Powder river, in the very heart of the buffalo country, was more stoutly resisted, and it became necessary to send a strong guard with each supply-train. Skirmishes were frequent, but Colonel Carrington was cautious and vigilant with his slender command. The younger men, especially Captain Fetterman, chafed under the restraint. On December 21, 1866, Fetterman, with eighty picked men, was sent to rescue a besieged wood-train. Violating his strict orders by giving chase to the Indians, he was drawn into a trap, and every man of his command was slain, stripped, and mutilated. After such a bloody victory the Indians expected the soldiers to make a desperate attempt at retaliation; consequently they hastily withdrew and separated into small bands, but continued their watchful work with small parties about the forts of Phil. Kearny, C.F. Smith, and Reno. In the spring and early summer of 1867 the military posts received some needed reinforcements, with ammunition and better arms. The garrisons, momentarily expecting an attack, remained close to their forts and guns. As the time drew near for laying in a supply of fuel, arrangements were made with civilian contractors under promise of military protection. This plan gave rise to one of the most remarkable battles in Indian history — sometimes called the Wagon-box Fight.

Captain James W. Powell, detailed to guard the wood-cutters at Fort Phil. Kearny, found they had two camps, about a mile apart. To one camp he detailed twelve men, and to the other thirteen, each squad under a non-commissioned officer. This left him twenty-six men, with Lieutenant John C. Jenness, and with these he built a shelter in the midst of a plain in reach of the two camps by arranging the bodies of his wagons as a rude barricade. Indians had been seen skulking in the neighborhood, but there was nothing to indicate that a serious attack was about to be made. The fact is that Red Cloud had determined to crush Fort Phil. Kearny, and to begin by capturing the wood-train. The first active operation on the part of the Indians in this direction was to stampede the mules, which was done on the morning of August 2. The choppers and the outside guard were rescued largely through the bravery of Captain Powell, who drew the Indians from an attack on the woodmen and then retired into his wagon-box corral, while the others with the choppers escaped to the fort. It was afternoon

when the battle was ended, but those three hours had been eventful. Four civilians had joined Powell's little command, bringing the total to thirty-two men, well-armed with breech-loading rifles and having abundant ammunition. The best marksmen were to use the rifles, while the others loaded them. After the wood-camps had been plundered and destroyed, the Indians gathered to exterminate the wagon-box party. There were more than three thousand warriors, and the women and children assembled on the hills to witness the annihilation of the little band.

A force of five hundred warriors, magnificently equipped and mounted, dashed toward the corral. Powell ordered his men to remain silent until the Indians were within fifty yards; then the firing commenced. The execution was terrible. Indians had never faced such guns before. Their line reeled, many dropped to the earth, and the survivors scurried back to the main body, where Red Cloud began another movement by sending out a swarm of sharpshooters to prepare the way for another attack. Six charges were made, each time with dire result to the Indians. Dismayed and alarmed, the living began the work of recovering their dead, and as the whole body, cowed for the nonce, moved from the field, reinforcements arrived from the fort, and Powell's men were escorted to safety. In the first charge Lieutenant Jenness and one soldier had been killed and two soldiers wounded. This was the extent of the loss by the troopers. Captain Powell estimated that he had killed sixty-seven and wounded one hundred and twenty, while his men asserted that the Sioux had lost from three hundred to five hundred. The Indians themselves are usually reticent as to the extent of their losses in this engagement, and when they do speak of it their statements conflict. The exact number will never be known.

Even before this clash at arms Congress had come to realize that everything was not peaceful on the northern frontier, in spite of the Edmunds treaties. By Act of Congress of July 20, 1867, a peace commission was appointed, consisting of N.G. Taylor, J.B. Henderson, Generals Sherman, Harney, Sanborn, Terry, and Augur, and S.F. Tappan. The commission met at St. Louis on August 6 and organized. Word was sent to Red Cloud that the commission would meet him and the other chiefs at Fort Laramie on September 13, and there hold a council. But the crafty chief and his followers were not in haste to end the war; indeed, they made attacks from time to time in the vicinity of the objectionable forts until the middle of December, with the

result that the Montana road was utterly impassable and the forts were practically useless.

Swift Bear, a friendly Brulé, was the emissary from the commissioners to Red Cloud. The summons not meeting the favor of the hostiles, Swift Bear on his own account promised them that if they would come in, ammunition would be furnished to enable them to kill their winter's game. Proceeding to Fort Laramie, the commissioners received Swift Bear's report and were informed that the hostiles could not meet them in council until November. When this time arrived, Red Cloud sent word that his hostility against the whites was for the purpose of preserving the valley of Powder river for his people, and that when the troops were withdrawn from the forts the war on his part would cease. The commissioners then despatched a messenger to Red Cloud asking for a truce until a council could be held, to which the Sioux leader, with his customary indefiniteness, replied that he would meet them in the following spring or summer.

The commissioners returned to Fort Laramie early in 1868, and by April 29 a treaty had been formulated. Many of the Brulé and Ogalala chiefs, including Spotted Tail and Man Afraid Of His Horses, signed in April and May. Red Cloud, however, again sent word that he would wait until the garrisons were withdrawn from the forts. The commissioners advised the Government to submit to the chief's demands, and on August 27 the posts were abandoned in accordance with the provisions of the new treaty. Red Cloud then took time to accumulate a supply of buffalo-meat, which caused much fear that the war was not yet ended; but on November 6 he appeared at Fort Laramie and signed the treaty, which was ratified by the Senate on February 16 and proclaimed by the President on February 24, 1869. The Red Cloud war was ended and the Indian victory was complete.

This famous treaty of 1868 was impossible of complete fulfilment, and to its violation were due the wars with the Lakota that followed. The enormous reservation created under the treaty provisions consisted of that portion of the present State of South Dakota lying west of the Missouri river. As the white settlers crowded and clamored for more lands it would have been difficult, but still possible, for the Government to keep faith by preserving that great empire to the Indians, and it likewise would have been possible to keep faith in the agreement as to annuities in money and goods, and in the services proffered for their civilization. But the most impractical article of the treaty, which reads

as follows, marked the climax of Red Cloud's victory:

"The United States hereby agrees and stipulates that the country north of the North Platte River and east of the summits of the Big Horn Mountains shall be held and considered to be unceded Indian territory, and also stipulates and agrees that no white person or persons shall be permitted to settle upon or occupy any portion of the same; or without the consent of the Indians first had and obtained, to pass through the same; and it is further agreed by the United States that within ninety days after the conclusion of peace with all the bands of the Sioux Nation, the military posts now established in the territory in this article named shall be abandoned, and that the road leading to them and by them to the settlements in the Territory of Montana shall be closed."

Thus was the valuable game-preserve apparently saved to the Indians; but its conservation as such was of brief duration. The withdrawal of this stipulated protection and the disappearance of the game provoked disturbances that continued at intervals until the fighting strength of the Lakota had been completely overcome.

In the summer of 1870 Red Cloud and Spotted Tail, with others, made a visit to Washington, where it was agreed to move Spotted Tail's agency back from Whetstone, away from the evil influences of the Missouri river settlements, while Red Cloud was promised for his people an agency near Fort Laramie. They were taken to New York, where at Cooper Union Red Cloud was honored with a remarkable reception.

The survey of the Northern Pacific Railroad route aroused further hostility, and the year 1872 witnessed a number of lesser encounters about Fort Abraham Lincoln, opposite Bismarck. In March, 1873, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs appointed the Reverend J.P. Williamson and Dr. J.W. Daniels to investigate the troubles. They found the hostiles near the Red Cloud agency, and in May held a council with delegates from the Hunkpapa, Miniconjou, and Sans Arcs, when it was learned that the Indians were poorly armed and equipped, but that they strongly, and it may be added, rightfully, opposed the presence of the railroad and of white men on their lands.

General Philip H. Sheridan, in command of the Department of the Missouri, determined to end the conflict by establishing a fort in the Black Hills. To that end he visited Fort Laramie late in 1873, but found the Indians there so opposed to the plan that he gave up Laramie in

favor of Fort Abraham Lincoln as the proposed base. He then ordered General Terry to fit out an expedition under Colonel George A. Custer to explore the Black Hills, a proceeding in distinct violation of the treaty of 1868. Custer's glowing report brought forward many bold spirits anxious to obtain a footing in such a promising region, and especially to begin operations on the gold deposits suggested in the report; but this gold fever was checked by orders from General Sheridan to General Terry to prevent white people from entering the Indian lands.

In March, 1875, Professor Walter P. Jenney conducted a geological reconnoissance of the Black Hills under the protection of Lieutenant R.I. Dodge with a guard of four hundred men, and reported the finding of gold. A commission was appointed, headed by W.B. Allison, to treat with the Indians for the possession of these lands, but long and patient argument resulted in failure. Venturesome prospectors were now pouring into the Black Hills, and by March, 1876, eleven thousand white men had gathered at Custer City. The Indians believed that the only way by which they could preserve their rights was to make war.

During all this time Crazy Horse, American Horse, Gall, and Sitting Bull were maintaining themselves in the buffalo country along Powder river. Red Cloud and Spotted Tail remained at their agencies, but their warriors slyly slipped away, ostensibly on buffalo hunting expeditions, which they had a perfect right to do under their treaty. In December the agents were instructed by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs to send runners to all the Indians, enjoining their return by the close of January; if they failed to obey, they were to be treated as hostiles. The cruelty of this order is manifest from the reported sufferings of the soldiers in the wintry blasts of the northern plains, and yet the Indians were commanded to move their women and children with scant food and protection. The runners brought back word that the Indians were well-disposed and had promised to return in the early spring.

Nevertheless, on February 1, 1876, the Secretary of War was notified that the Indians refusing to return to the agencies were deemed hostile and from that time were to be dealt with by the military. The officers, basing their calculations on reports from the Indian agents at the various reservations, concluded that not more than five hundred to eight hundred warriors could possibly be encountered, but in reality probably five thousand were engaged in the battle of the Little Bighorn later in the year. General Crook was instructed to reduce the hostiles

to subjection. General Sheridan, still commanding the Department of the Missouri, planned to converge three columns — one under Crook from Fort Fetterman, northwestward, one under Terry from Fort Abraham Lincoln, southwestward, and one under Gibbon from Fort Ellis, southeastward. In March, with a force of eight hundred and three men, Crook had scouted the Rosebud region by way of the old Bozeman trail. The most important result was the destruction of Crazy Horse's camp, the Indians themselves escaping to the hills.

Crook, with a force of ten hundred and forty-nine officers and men left Fort Fetterman on May 29, and on June 17 fought with Crazy Horse the all-day engagement known as the Battle of the Rosebud, which resulted in victory for the Indians. Crook fell back to await reinforcements, and Crazy Horse, without following up his advantage, left the field and rejoined Sitting Bull on the Little Bighorn.

Terry moved out of Fort Abraham Lincoln on May 17 with a force of six hundred cavalry and four hundred infantry. He met the steamboats with supplies at the mouth of Powder river on June 9, and proceeded up to the mouth of the Rosebud, where on June 21 he received scouts from Gibbon, who had arrived from Fort Ellis with four hundred and fifty men. Terry detached Custer and sent him on a scout up the Rosebud, while he took the steamers to ferry across Gibbon's force, which was to go up the Bighorn to effect a junction with Custer.

Custer with eight hundred and fifty men and Indian scouts and guides started up the Rosebud on June 22.[7] Early in the morning of

[7] In my close personal study of the Little Bighorn battlefield I took with me the three Crow scouts, White Man Runs Him, Goes Ahead, and Hairy Moccasins, who, with other scouts and Mitch Boyer, guided the command from the Yellowstone up the Rosebud and across from its waters to the Little Bighorn. These three men remained with Custer until he was actively engaged in the final brief fight. With these three scouts and Upshaw as interpreter, I traveled carefully time after time over all the ground covered by the troops in this encounter. I also visited the Sioux country and interviewed many participants. Red Hawk (see page 188), whose recollection of the fight seemed to be particularly clear, I persuaded to visit the field with me. His description of the battle was exceedingly lucid and remarkably detailed for one who had been a participant. I also went over the ground with Two Moons and a party of his Cheyenne warriors. Following this study I accompanied General Charles A. Woodruff, U.S.A; over the area covered by the troops. In this study we had with us the three Crows, as I particularly desired that the testimony of these men might be considered by an experienced army officer. Following the day spent on the field with General Woodruff and the scouts,

the twenty-fourth, while the Custer command was passing up the Rosebud, the scouts, who were well in advance, saw a few Sioux scouts or hunters. Later in the day they reported to Custer that they had seen these men and that the Sioux had crossed over into the valley of the Little Bighorn. Custer seemed a little excited, and instructed the scouts to go first to the top of the mountains forming the divide between the Rosebud and the Little Bighorn. The sun was now very-low, and the scouts started with the command following. In the scouting party were Lieutenant Varnum, Mitch Boyer, the five Crow scouts — White Man Runs Him, Goes Ahead, Hairy Moccasins, White Swan, and Paints Half His Face Yellow — a half-breed, and some Arikara. The scouting party followed up the Rosebud until they reached a small creek that heads in the mountains. They followed this stream, almost reaching the summit of the divide before daylight. Here they lay down to rest. At approaching dawn Boyer and White Man Runs Him left the others asleep and went to a high point at the summit, usually referred to as the Crow's Nest. Far below them and to the west spread the Little Bighorn valley, over which hung a mist-like cloud — the smoke from a large Indian encampment. The Crow called to the others to ascend. Varnum or Boyer sent a note by Red Star, an Arikara scout, to Custer, who by that time had ascended close to the divide between the Rosebud and the Little Bighorn. When Red Star came hurriedly to Custer, he was asked by the latter in sign, "Have you seen the Cutthroats [Sioux]?" On receiving the scout's reply, Custer read the note, and then with four or five men rode at once to the Crow's Nest, from which vantage he studied the distance for some time and viewed the encampment with its great herd of horses on the hills beyond.

This outlook, which affords a splendid view of the entire region, is about fifteen miles from the encampment site and is at the head of Davis creek, which flows into the Rosebud, and Middle Reno creek, which empties into the Little Bighorn. The creek flowing down to the Little Bighorn stretches clearly before one, and much of the Sioux encampment was plainly in sight. The writer's party visited this point in mid-afternoon when considerable haze hovered over the valley, yet even the small cabins now on the camp site could be discerned with the naked eye, and with the aid of a glass smaller objects could be readily

I visited the country of the Arikara and interviewed the scouts of that tribe who had been with the command, gathering much valuable information from them.

identified. While the party stood on this point two railway trains were seen to pass along the valley. These details are mentioned because it has been asserted that Custer was not able to see the valley clearly from this outlook. The scouts say that the white tipis were pitched so thickly in the valley that it had the appearance of being covered with a sheet, and that the hills beyond were brown with horses. The outlook afforded such a perfect prospect that with the assistance of the scouts, who were thoroughly familiar with the ground, a commander could easily have formulated a plan of attack and have found no reason for materially changing it. Custer discussed with his scouts the situation, the nature of the ground, and the best route to follow, and then rode back to his command, which was just below him at the right. In the early forenoon the command moved down the western slope of Wolf mountains and out on the plain, and thus began the most unfortunate day ever experienced by United States troops in Indian warfare. Before leaving the summit one Crow scout, Hairy Moccasins, was sent ahead to scan the ground and obtain a closer view of the village. Proceeding down the valley, past the oft-mentioned death-lodge of a Sioux, he climbed a pine-clad hill near the junction of the middle and north branches of Reno creek,[8] observing the Sioux everywhere across the Little Bighorn, and a few, who were presumably Sioux scouts, in the valley of Reno creek. Hairy Moccasins rode back and reported the size and position of the Sioux encampment, and said the hostiles were not running away, as had been thought. On receiving this report Custer hurried the command down the valley and halted at the junction of the two forks on a fair-sized flat, now, as it probably was then, a prairie-dog village. At this point White Man Runs Him designated to the author the site where the troops were halted and the spot where Custer stood. This was where Custer and Reno separated.

Reno advanced down the valley at its left margin. He had with him as scouts White Swan and Paints Half His Face Yellow, both Crows, and several Arikara. The distance from the point of separation as travelled by Reno to where he began his fight is, by the United States Geological Survey map, three and one-half miles.

With Custer were the Crow scouts, White Man Runs Him, Hairy Moccasins, Goes Ahead, and Curly, and Mitch Boyer as interpreter

[8] This creek is sometimes referred to as Sun-dance creek and as Benteen creek, and is known to the Indians as Thick Ash creek.

and scout. Custer's command bore off to the right down a sharp bank, across a narrow flat, then across a small cut of a dry creek and out on a rising plain, Custer with his staff and scouts in the lead and their horses at a gallop. The course was gradually up and out of the valley of Reno creek. Off to the left Reno's command was in full sight, moving down the valley almost within hailing distance. As Custer's command emerged from the valley it passed, for two or three minutes, from the sight of Reno's men, then came up close to the crest of the hill overlooking the valley. Just before reaching this crest — the distance is about a quarter of a mile — the command was halted and the scouts were sent ahead. They appeared at the top of the hill, riding along silhouetted against the sky, and signaling Custer to follow; he and his staff went at once to the summit. This is Point 2 on the map, and is where Custer was seen to wave a salutation to Reno's command. To quote Lieutenant-Colonel Bowen, U.S.A.:[9]

"Some of Reno's men had seen a party of Custer's command, including Custer himself, on the bluffs about the time the Indians began to develop in Reno's front. This party was heard to cheer, and seen to wave their hats as if to give encouragement, and then they disappeared behind the hills."

This statement by Reno's men verifies the scouts' story and proves that Custer's route paralleled the river rather than went far back from it, as some have stated and as his line of march is traced on many published maps. When Custer reached this outlook, probably one-half or three-fourths of the Indian encampment was in plain view. Reno had already forded the river and was riding down the valley toward the Sioux camp. The distance from the point of separation to where Custer now stood on the outlook is one mile, and to where Reno was seen across the Little Bighorn beginning his march down the valley, it was the same distance. From these points either or both commanders could have ridden into the Sioux camp in less than ten minutes. Custer stopped here, as the Indians expressed it, "only as a big bird alights and then flies on."

The ground in general is a sharp ridge sloping abruptly toward the river on the one hand and gently on the other, this easy slope ending in a draw, which from here to the point where the attack on Custer began parallels the river. The peculiar topography enabled Custer and

[9] Brady, *Northwestern Fights and Fighters*, pages 347—348.

his staff to keep close to the crest where they could have a full view of the valley, while at the same time the troops were entirely ignorant of what was in the valley on the other side of the ridge. Within one minute from Custer's starting from this first point of vantage he passed over the ground on which Reno's disordered force was later to make its stand. This spot is now strewn with the bleached bones of troop-horses and pack-mules.

Hugging the ridge for a time, Custer passed behind a hill and out in full view of the valley again. This last point is one of the highest in the region and gave a perfect view of the entire Indian encampment and the ground on which Reno made his attack. It is Point 3 on the map, and is a mile and a quarter from the scene of Reno's fight in the valley. The nature of the intervening ground is such that cavalry could have covered it at a lope. The distance from here to the point of separation is two and one-half miles.

Custer's route thence practically paralleled the valley for a distance, then turned to the left down a dry creek, by the Indians called Medicine Tail Coulée. Here he rode out close to the river, and probably planned to ford at this point and attack the Sioux. But the Indians had now discovered him and were gathered closely on the opposite side, and if the plan had been to cross, it was given up without an effort, even without going quite to the stream. It has been said that this was not a good ford — that the river had cut banks and quicksand. On the contrary, there is no better fording place in the river. The ground slopes down without a bank of any sort, and the opposite side is likewise favorable to passage, although a little higher, and there is no sign of a treacherous bottom.

From here Custer turned slightly, led his command back up the valley a short distance, then swung to the left, and with Boyer and some of his staff dismounted and went out on a fairly high point overlooking the whole encampment. This is Point 4 on the map. The configuration of the land is, as at the other stopping place, such that the troops now dismounted were back of him, and in part, at least, out of sight of the Indians. At this time some Indians were crossing the river here and there, and others were stealthily creeping up in Custer's front. When Custer had reached this point, Reno's fight in the valley had closed, and his men, with those of Benteen, were together on the bluffs, so that the entire Sioux force was free to attack Custer. Lieutenant-Colonel

Bowen[10] says:

"While waiting for the ammunition pack-mules, Major Reno concluded to make an effort to recover and bury the body of Lieutenant Hodgson. At the same time he loaded up a few men with canteens to get water for the command; they were to accompany the rescuing party. The effort was futile; the party was ordered back after being fired upon by some Indians who doubtless were scalping the dead near the foot of the bluffs. At this time there were a large number of horsemen, Indians, in the valley — at least one thousand, says Benteen. Suddenly they all started down the valley, and in a few minutes scarcely one was to be seen."

According to the testimony of almost innumerable Sioux participants, this rush of warriors down the valley commenced when they had sighted Custer's command, and this was the beginning of their attack on him. Custer personally, while sitting there, shot at Indians who were reckless enough to come within range. Boyer sat at Custer's side and the Crow scouts were behind with the troops. [11] Boyer called White Man Runs Him, who came up to them on his hands and knees, when Boyer said to him, "You have done what you have agreed to do — brought us to the Sioux camp; now go back to the pack-train and live." The scouts then mounted and rode away, and as they came in sight of the attacking Sioux, many shots were fired at them, but they were soon out of range. They say they did not ride hard very long, but as soon as well out of range proceeded more slowly and watched the

[10] Brady, *Northwestern Fights and Fighters*, page 347

[11] Curly had deserted Custer more than an hour before the attack, the place of the desertion being close to Point 2, where he joined some of Reno's deserting Arikara scouts, who had stolen Sioux horses in the valley previous to the beginning of the fight there and were running away. As these fleeing scouts passed Custer's command on the hill, Curly joined them and made his escape. As there has been so much discussion relative to Curly's part in the affair, it seems necessary to present some of the evidence bearing particularly on the action of this scout. The three Crow scouts, White Man Runs Him, Goes Ahead, and Hairy Moccasins, stated positively that Curly ran away at the time and in the manner mentioned, and, without leading questions, the Arikara scouts verified their assertions. John Burkman, Custer's hostler, also supported the statements of the Crows, having personally seen Curly with the escaping Arikara; while Curly himself, when sharply questioned, admitted that he was never anywhere near the actual fight. The only knowledge he has of the affair was gained from a distant outlook.

fight. Theirs was only a distant view, hence they could give no details of the encounter. Custer mounted at the time the scouts left him and began his retreat, and it was at this point that seven bodies were found by the burying squad. None of these men had empty cartridges, which clearly indicates that they were killed in the first attack, before there had been any considerable firing by the troops.

Custer made no attack, the whole movement being a retreat. Whether he thought only of withdrawing far enough back from the river to find a favorable position to make a stand, or had undertaken a long retreat to the mountains, cannot be told. The Sioux thought he was trying to reach the distant hills, and headed him off, forcing the retreat in a line more or less paralleling the river.

A careful study of the ground convinces one that within miles there was no more favorable ground for a stand than that occupied by Custer's troops when the Sioux made the attack. To the west was the circling cut-bank protecting a third of his line; to the east his position commanded all the immediate points; there were no hills near enough to form a satisfactory commanding position for the Indians, and he was within fifty yards of water.

On June 27, two days after Custer's defeat, Terry arrived with Gibbon's men, forming a junction with Reno's force. They buried Custer's two hundred dead, gathered up Reno's wounded, and withdrew to the mouth of the Bighorn. The wounded were sent to Fort Abraham Lincoln, and Terry applied for reinforcements. Large additional forces were hurried to the front, but no considerable body of the Indians could be found; they were apparently satisfied for the time with their bloody victory, and had scattered, many going back to their reservations. The soldiers now adopted the policy of disarming and dismounting all the Indians at the agencies. Colonel Miles, in pursuit of the fleeing Sioux north of the Yellowstone, had two parleys with Sitting Bull, Gall, and others. No understanding being reached, the chase was resumed. Five of the chiefs surrendered and were held as hostages, but Sitting Bull and Gall with their immediate bands escaped into Canada.

After the Custer battle Congress as well as the military authorities awakened to the seriousness of conditions among the Lakota. On August 15, 1876, an act was passed for the appointment of a new commission, and on August 24 the personnel was made up as follows: George W. Manypenny, Henry C. Bullis, Newton Edmunds, Bishop

Henry B. Whipple,

A.G. Boone, A.S. Gaylord, General H.H. Sibley, and Dr. J.W. Daniels. They prepared a treaty in advance, the main object of which was to secure the cession of the Black Hills. Many concessions and advantages were promised, and an effort was to be made to move the Lakota into Indian Territory. In violation of the Laramie treaty of 1868 no effort was made to obtain the consent of three-fourths of the adult males;[12] but instead, the treaty was first presented to the friendly Spotted Tail and his leaders, and then to the headmen of the other bands separately. By the end of October all the Lakota except the irreconcilable bands of Gall and Sitting Bull had signed. The Indian Territory project was abandoned, and after discussing other localities without result the bands settled down to a prosaic existence on the reservations where their survivors are still living.

When Sitting Bull and Gall fled to Canada, Crazy Horse remained with his followers in the Bighorn mountains. During the winter General Crook learned that he probably was ready to surrender, and sent Spotted Tail, uncle of Crazy Horse, to bring him into camp. The emissary returned from the hills with nineteen hundred and seventeen Indians, and on May 6, 1877, Crazy Horse came in and surrendered with eight hundred and eighty-nine people and two thousand ponies. For this successful winter errand Spotted Tail was recognized by the authorities as head-chief of all the Lakota and was accorded other honors. Crazy Horse remained at Fort Robinson under military surveillance, but became uneasy in the summer. Resisting arrest, he was bayoneted by a sentry and died, September 5, 1877.

Early in 1881 Gall, crossing the border into the United States with most of the Lakota that had fled into Canada, was speedily confronted by General Miles, and after a stubborn resistance he surrendered. He was taken to Fort Buford, and later to the Standing Rock agency, where he lived peaceably until his death, December 5, 1894. In 1881 Sitting Bull surrendered at Fort Buford. After serving two years as a

[12] Article 12 of the Laramie treaty of 1868 reads: "No treaty for the cession of any portion or part of the reservation herein described which may be held in common shall be of any validity or force as against the said Indians, unless executed and signed by at least three-fourths of all the adult male Indians, occupying or interested in the same; and no cession by the tribe shall be understood or construed in such manner as to deprive, without his consent, any individual member of the tribe of his rights to any tract of land selected by him, as provided in article 6 of this treaty."

prisoner of war at Fort Randall, he too was taken to Standing Rock agency. It was in the year of Sitting Bull's surrender that Spotted Tail was murdered by Crow Dog, a Brulé sub-chief, as the result of a feud involving jealousy and politics.

The capitulation of Sitting Bull and his Hunkpapa marked the completion of the labor of reducing the Lakota to a life of peace. There remains to be mentioned one last unfortunate disturbance.

News of a Messiah cult, which originated among the Paiute at Walker Lake, Nevada, at the time of the total eclipse of the sun on January 1, 1889, reached the Lakota by the summer of that year. A delegation sent to Nevada to investigate the new religion brought back in the following spring an enthusiastic report: a new order of things was prophesied, by which the white men would be swept from the country, life would be restored to the bodies of slain Indians, and the lost buffalo brought back, once more to blacken the prairies with their teeming herds. A new kind of ceremony, the Ghost Dance, was to produce the resurrection of their dead relatives and of the buffalo, while sweat-baths, prayers, sacrifices, and the wearing of a distinguishing form of shirt would protect the dancers from every harm. It was indeed a luring promise, and Red Cloud, with the others, was carried away by it. The Ghost Dance spread rapidly, until every band of the Teton Sioux was asmoulder with the excitement of the craze. The flames actually burst forth at two points: on the Pine Ridge reservation, the home of Red Cloud and his Ogalala, and at Standing Rock, where the medicine-man, Sitting Bull, that implacable foe of encroaching civilization, thought he saw a day of hope dawning upon his people.

The agents at Standing Rock and Rosebud were well equipped by experience and character to face the crisis, but unfortunately the case was far different at Pine Ridge, where the Government's representative, the successor of the efficient Dr. McGillycuddy, became alarmed and called for military assistance. Later other local agents reported that as a result of the new religion the Indians were beyond their control — all except Agent McLaughlin at Standing Rock, who still insisted that he and his Indian police could cope with the situation

In November the War Department was called upon to prevent an outbreak, and under orders from General Miles General John R. Brooke was despatched from Fort Robinson to Pine Ridge. His forces were rapidly increased until three thousand troops had been assembled in

the Sioux country, and General Miles himself established headquarters at Rapid City, South Dakota. At the first appearance of the soldiers, Short Bull, a Brulé, who had been one of the tribal delegates to the Paiute Messiah but was now living among the Ogalala and declaring himself to be the true Messiah, fled with his immediate adherents to the Bad Lands.

It was decided to arrest the leading chiefs implicated, and W.F. Cody (Buffalo Bill), an old friend of Sitting Bull, was deputed to capture that chief. Agent McLaughlin protested that such action would precipitate a conflict, and he promised to bring in the chief with his agency policemen. During this attempt, on December 15, 1890, occurred a clash in which the forty-three Indian policemen held their ground against one hundred and fifty warriors. There were casualties on both sides in this skirmish, and among the slain was Sitting Bull.

After Sitting Bull the most dangerous leader in the north was Hump, whose band of four hundred, with an equal number under Big Foot, were dancing on the flat at the confluence of Cherry creek with Cheyenne river. For seven years Hump and his band had been charges of Captain E.P. Ewers, who at this crisis was summoned from Texas and sent to Hump's camp. His success was such that Hump was completely won from the hostiles to active and efficient service with the military. Captain Ewers, Lieutenant H.C. Hale, and others, manifested splendid courage during these disturbances by going alone into the Indian camps and effecting peace without force.

Big Foot's band was now the chief menace in the north. After several parleys they agreed to follow the orders of the military and the agent, but at the last moment they changed their minds and made a dash for the Bad Lands. In the meantime successful negotiations had been conducted with the hostiles already in the latter region: Two Strike had come in, and even Short Bull and Kicking Bear had yielded and were within five miles of Pine Ridge agency, when an unlooked-for catastrophe occurred at Wounded Knee.

When Big Foot's band fleeing to the Bad Lands was overtaken by Major Whitside's command on December 28, 1890, the chief asked for a parley, but, refused in this, he surrendered on demand. Captives and troops moved to Wounded Knee creek, twenty miles northeast of Pine Ridge, and General Brooke sent additional forces under Colonel Forsyth, who now assumed command of the total force of four hundred and seventy men as against one hundred and six captive warriors.

The next morning the troops began to disarm the captives, but the task proved a slow and tedious one. While it was in progress Yellow Bird, a medicine-man, was encouraging the warriors to resist, blowing on his eagle-bone whistle to incite them to action, and when the troops began to search for arms under the blankets of the braves, Yellow Bird suddenly threw a handful of dust into the air. At the signal Black Fox fired at the soldiers, who at once responded with a deadly volley, and before the slaughter was ended three hundred Indians, men, women, and children, were dead. The bodies of women and children were found two miles from the scene of the first assault, indicating that revenge had impelled some of the troopers beyond all reason. The unfortunate occurrence was followed by a terrible snow-storm, but three days later a detachment was sent out to rescue the wounded, if any survived, and to bury the dead. Strange to say, a number of women and children were found still alive, in spite of the fury of the three days' blizzard that had raged about their unsheltered bodies.

A long trench was dug, and in it were piled the frozen corpses. The thirty-one soldiers that had fallen had already been buried at Pine Ridge. In the summer of 1907 the outline of that huge grave of the Sioux could still be traced in the grass at Wounded Knee. The Indians had placed about it a neat fence, and had reared a monument on which may be read the names of forty-three of the victims and this inscription:

"This monument is erected by surviving relatives and other Ogalala and Cheyenne River Sioux Indians in memory of the Chief Big Foot Massacre, Dec. 29, 1890. Col. Forsyth in command of U.S. Troops. Big Foot was a great chief of the Sioux Indians. He often said, 'I will stand in peace till my last day comes.' He did many good and brave deeds for the white man and the red man. Many innocent women and children who knew no wrong died here.

"The erecting of this monument is largely due to the financial assistance of Joseph Horncloud, whose father was killed here."

Compared with the quiet yet brave and efficient action of the Indian policemen in overcoming Sitting Bull, to the future historian if not to our own generation the so-called Battle of Wounded Knee will appear to have been little less than a massacre.

The four thousand Indians at Pine Ridge, who had prepared to follow the path of peace, fled in anger at the news from Wounded Knee. It looked as though a war had now begun in earnest, but the

soldiers were numerous and alert. General Miles knew personally all the leading chiefs and had their confidence. He promised to have army officers appointed as agents and to use his full power at Washington to have the wrongs of the Indians adjusted. It was midwinter, the Ghost Dance craze was subsiding, and by January 16, 1891, the Indians had all surrendered and the last Sioux disturbance was at an end.

RELIGION

According to tradition and the legendary lore of the Teton Sioux, the self-termed Lakota, their teachings — religious, social, ceremonial, and medicinal — are divine laws revealed by Pte-sán-winyan, White Buffalo Woman, acting as emissary of the Great Mystery. As indicated by their mythology they were, before the coming of this divine messenger, a people with slight knowledge of how to live or to worship. The palladium left with them by White Buffalo Woman was the sacred Calf Pipe, now in the keeping of Elk Head, a member of the Sans Arc band living on the Cheyenne River reservation. Elk Head's version of the myth agrees with the versions obtained from other sources. He has been the keeper of the pipe for thirty-one years, having received it the year following the Custer fight in 1876; and he names six other keepers, beginning with Tatánka-nazhin, Standing Buffalo, who is said to have received it directly from White Buffalo Woman.

The next keeper was the brother of Standing Buffalo, Pehí^{n}-sha, Red Hair. The pipe then descended to Heháka-pa, Elk Head, who was succeeded by his brother, Mató-makpa, Bear's Ear. Then followed in order Wi-hi^{n}ná^{n}pa, Rising Sun; He-héhuloghecha, Hollow Horn; and the present guardian, Heháka-pa, Elk Head.

If Elk Head is correct in his statement of the number of pipekeepers, the myth is of comparatively recent origin. What seems to be a proper rendering of High Hawk's winter-count places the date three hundred and sixty-eight years ago, which would require each of Elk Head's predecessors to have been the guardian of the pipe for fifty-six years. There may have been keepers of whom Elk Head has no knowledge; but it is more likely that the winter-count is in error, due to the attempt of the annalist to record events that occurred in the misty past.

To the Lakota the pipe is the holy of holies. During the tribal journeying a virgin, carefully guarded by the priest, bore it in advance

of the band, and but one instance of the opening of the bundle during Elk Head's priesthood is known. That was when it was taken from him by the Indian police at the command of the resident agent and opened by that official, but the people made such an outcry against the sacrilege that the pipe was quickly restored to its keeper.

MYTH OF THE WHITE BUFFALO WOMAN

Many generations ago, when the Lakota still dwelt beside the lake far away in the east, they experienced a winter of terrible severity. The snow lay deep on the ground, and the streams were frozen to their very beds. Every day could be heard the sharp crack of trees as the frost gnawed at their hearts; and at night the piles of skins and the blazing fires in the tipis scarcely sufficed to keep the blood coursing through the veins. Game seemed to have deserted the country, for though the hunters often faced the hardships of the winter chase, they returned empty-handed, and the wail of hungry women and children joined with the moan of the forest. When finally a tardy spring arrived, it was decided to leave a country so exposed to the anger of Waziya, Spirit of the North, and seek a better homeland in the direction of the sunset, where ruled the Wing Flappers, who existed from the beginning.

There was little enough to pack besides tipis and fur robes, and what few dogs had not been eaten were soon harnessed to the laden travaux. Two young men were sent in advance. No pair could have been more different in their nature than these two, for while one was brave, chivalrous, unselfish, and kind, the other's heart was bad, and he thought only of the sensuous and vicious.

Unencumbered as they were, the scouts were soon far ahead of the wearily dragging line of haggard men, women bent under burdens that dogs should have been drawing, straggling children, and a few gaunt dogs tugging at the overladen travaux. Late in the day the scouts succeeded in shooting a deer, and thinking their people would reach that point for the night's camp, they left it where it had fallen and were turning away to seek other game when one of them felt a sudden impulse to look back. Wonderful sight! There in a mist that rose above a little hill appeared the outline of a woman. As they gazed in astonishment, the cloud slowly lifted, and the young men saw that she was a maiden fair and beautiful. Her only dress was a short skirt, wristlets, and anklets, all of sage. In the crook of her left arm she carried a bundle wrapped

closely in a red buffalo-skin; on her back was a quiver, and in her left hand she held a bunch of herbs. Straightway the young man whose heart was evil was overpowered by a desire to possess the beautiful woman, but his companion endeavored to dissuade him with the caution that she might be *waká*[n] and a messenger from the Great Mystery.

"No, no!" he cried vehemently, "she is not holy, but a woman, human like ourselves, and I will have her!"

Without waiting he ran toward the woman, who forthwith warned him that she was a sacred being. When he persisted and went closer, she commanded him sternly to stop, for his heart was evil and he was unworthy to come near to the holy things she bore. As he still advanced, she retreated, laid her burden on the ground, and then came toward him. Suddenly it appeared to the waiting youth that the mist descended and enveloped the mysterious woman and his companion. Then followed a fearful sound of rattling and hissing as of thousands of angered rattlesnakes. The terrified observer was about to flee from the dreadful place when the cloud lifted as suddenly as it had descended, disclosing the bleached bones of his former comrade, and the beautiful virgin standing calmly beside them. She spoke to him gently, bidding him have no fear, for he was chosen to be priest of his nation.

"I have many things to impart to your people," she said. "Go now to the place where they are encamped, and bid them prepare for my coming. Build a great circle of green boughs, leaving an opening at the east. In the centre erect a council tipi, and over the ground inside spread sage thickly. In the morning I shall come."

Filled with awe, the young man hastened back and delivered to his people the message of the holy woman. Under his direction her commands were reverently obeyed, for were they not a message from the Great Mystery? In the morning, gathered within the circle of green boughs, they waited in great expectancy, looking for the messenger of the Mystery to enter through the opening left at the east. Suddenly, obeying a common impulse, they turned and looked in the opposite direction, and behold! she stood before them.

Entering the tipi with a number of just and upright men selected by the youth whom she had chosen to receive the sacred rites, she at once spread open the red buffalo-skin, exposing its contents — tobacco, the feather of a spotted eagle, the skin of a red-headed woodpecker, a roll of buffalo-hair, a few braids of sweet-grass, and, chief of all, a red stone pipe with the carved image of a buffalo calf surmounting its wooden

stem. At the same time she explained that the Great Mystery had sent her to reveal to them his laws, and teach them how to worship, that they might become a great and powerful people.

During the four days she remained with them in the tipi she instructed them in the customs they were to observe — how the man who would have great *waká*ⁿ power should go into the high places and fast for many days, when he would see visions and obtain strength from the Mysteries; how to punish him of evil heart who sinned against the rights of his brother; how to instruct girls at maturity, and to care for the sick. She taught them also how to worship the Great Mystery by selecting, in the summer of each year, a virgin who should go into the forest and cut down a straight tree; this was to be dragged in and erected for the Sun Dance, but before the ceremony all the virgins should come up and touch the pole, thus proclaiming their purity. But a false declaration would be challenged by the young man who was able to testify to the transgression and she should be driven from the place in derision. A young man wishing success in war or love should paint a rock and make a vow that in the coming dance he would offer himself to the Mystery; then whenever he saw this rock he would be reminded of his vow.

Then she taught them carefully the five great ceremonies they were to observe: *Huⁿká-lowaⁿpi, Wiwáⁿyaⁿk-wáchipi, Haⁿbelé-cheapi, Tatáⁿka-lowaⁿpi,* and *Wanághi-yuha* — the Foster-parent Chant, the Sun Dance, the Vision Cry, the Buffalo Chant, and the Ghost Keeper. The sacred pipe she gave into the keeping of the chosen young man, with the admonition that its wrapping should be removed only in cases of direst tribal necessity. From the quiver on her back she took six bows and six arrows, and distributed them among as many young men, renowned for their bravery, hospitality, and truthfulness. These weapons she bade them take, after her departure, to the summit of a certain hill, where they would find a herd of six hundred buffalo, all of which they were to kill. In the midst of the herd would be found six men. These also they were to kill, then cut off their ears and attach them to the stem of the sacred pipe. Her last words were these:

"So long as you believe in this pipe and worship the Mystery as I have taught you, so long will you prosper; you will have food in plenty; you will increase and be powerful as a nation. But when you, as a people, cease to reverence the pipe, then will you cease to be a nation."

With these words she left the tipi and went to the opening at the eastern side of the camp-circle. Suddenly she disappeared, and the people, crowding forward to see what had become of her, beheld only a white buffalo cow trotting over the prairie.

The Sioux, like other Indians, are exceedingly devout in their gropings after deity. They may not be able to explain to alien thinkers their subconscious strength, but their faith is such that almost every action of their lives is formulated by their creed and divine promptings. In their belief the sun, the earth, the moon, the stars, and the more important perceptible forces of nature are personified and deified, and called *waká*^{n}, mysterious. The sun is addressed as *To*^{n}*káshila,* Grandfather, and the moon as *Ónchi*, Grandmother. In the west is the Nation of the Thunder, the Wing Flappers, who first existed, while from the north comes Wazíya, Spirit of the Cold. In extending the pipe in supplication the four cardinal points, the zenith, and the nadir are invariably observed, beginning at the west, but beyond this supplication of the various deities there is the invocation in word and thought of the power that controls all, Waká^{n}-ta^{n}ka, the Great Mystery. The translation of Waká^{n}-ta^{n}ka as "Great Mystery" most nearly approximates the true Indian thought, while as rendered for missionary purposes into "Great Spirit" it is misleading, presupposing the Lakota to be monotheists, which is far beyond any concept in the minds of the oldest men. Certain men who have been won over to the precepts of the Christian religion translate *waká*^{n} as "spirit," and, attempting to reconcile the primitive with the Christian religion, assert that their people originally believed in a single god. These, however, will quickly break down when confronted with the teachings of their own people.

To the Lakota all things passing the understanding are *waká*^{n}. When supplicating Waká^{n}-ta^{n}ka, the Indian conceives the Mystery as possessing and being all things that transcend his comprehension. After invoking successively each deity in his belief, he comprehends all in the prayer, "Great Mystery!" and in the cry he has included all the forces of the universe, from that represented by the personal fetish on his body to the undefined consciousness of the infinite.

Not only the heavenly bodies, but cold, heat, snow, rain, frost, a tree struck by lightning — all these, as well as the tipi used for ceremonies and all the consecrated paraphernalia, are *waká*^{n}. The ceremonial pipe is *waká*^{n}, likewise the tobacco-pouch that accompanies it. The spot

where the ceremony is held is holy ground, *waká*^{n}. The horse, which came first as a strange, huge beast, they call mysterious dog, *shú*^{n}*ka-waká*^{n}; and the gun, which they could not understand, became *máza-waká*^{n}, mysterious iron.

Wakí^{n}ya^{n}, Thunder, is a nation of enormous birds, the flash of whose eyes is seen in the lightning; of whom, in one of the *Hu*^{n}*ká-lowa*^{n}*pi* 'prayers, it is said, "Ye are half chiefs, half soldiers." Long ago, runs a Lakota tale, a returning party of hunters saw on a bare plain a great white bird, or something in that form. Around it a fog was rising, in the midst of which flashes of lightning were playing. No one dared to approach, but the next day several of the party started back to see what the creature was. Again they found it enveloped in cloud and lightning, and in great fear retreated; but the next day they approached once more. The creature was gone, and where it had lain was now a broad, burned space, from which ran zigzag furrows in four directions. Then they knew that they had seen a Thunderbird.

The medicine practices of the Lakota are inseparable from their religious rites. Disease is evil, brought on by some malign influence, and naturally the treatment is in no case by pharmacy alone. In fact, such medicinal plants as are used are those revealed to the individuals during their fastings, and are therefore *waká*^{n}.

The word "medicine" is continually employed by those writing and speaking of the Indians. This common usage has caused it to appear in modern dictionaries, and, as misleading as the word is, it seems impossible altogether to avoid its use. For this reason it is essential to define its meaning. As used in connection with the Sioux and other plains tribes the word does not in a true sense imply medicinal properties, but rather spiritual strength.

In his *Origin and Growth of Religion* Max Müller discusses *Mana,* a Melanesian name for the Infinite, quoting Mr. R.H. Codrington, a missionary with the Melanesians:

"'The religion of the Melanesians consists, as far as belief goes, in the persuasion that there is a supernatural power about, belonging to the region of the unseen; and, as far as practice goes, in the use of means of getting this power turned to their own benefit. There is a belief in a force altogether distinct from physical power, which acts in all kinds of ways for good and evil, and which it is of the greatest advantage to possess or control. This is Mana. The word is common, I believe, to the whole Pacific, and people have tried very hard to describe what it

is in different regions. I think I know what our people mean by it, and that meaning seems to me to cover all that I hear about it elsewhere. It is a power or influence, not physical, and, in a way, supernatural; but it shows itself in physical force, or in any kind of power or excellence which a man possesses. This Mana is not fixed in anything, and can be conveyed in almost anything; but spirits, whether disembodied souls or supernatural beings, have it, and can impart it; and it essentially belongs to personal beings to originate it, though it may act through the medium of water, or a stone, or a bone. All Melanesian religion, in fact, consists in getting this Mana for one's self, or getting it used for one's benefit."'

Substituting "medicine" for Mana in the above citation, we have a very satisfactory definition of the term.

A medicine-man is called *wichásha-waká*^{n}, man of mystery. His power is derived from spirits that appear in visions, which he may have in his own tipi as he sleeps at night, or out upon a hilltop whither he has gone for the express purpose of becoming a medicine-man, or in the observance of *Ha*^{n}*belé-cheapi,* the Vision Cry. In his vision a spirit comes to him, sometimes in human form, and commands him to look in certain directions where he will behold *wówash'ake,* power; and there in each place he sees a man standing. As he gazes they vanish, and in their places are certain plants, which he now knows are, for him, medicine. This *pezhúta,* grass-roots, he will use as medicinal remedies, but never are they considered as other than a part of his *waká*^{n} strength. When the dreamer or faster turns about after beholding these powers, he finds that his visitor has vanished, so far as human form goes, and is walking away in the shape of some animal — a buffalo, perhaps, or an elk, or a bear. From the animal he receives certain prayers and songs, which will always remain the same in different ceremonies. The songs and prayers of two medicine-men taught by the same animal vary somewhat, though all bear resemblance to one another. The same man may fast many times, have many visions, and be taught by different spirits; and in addition to his medicine acquired by fasting and supplication he can have transferred to him the medicine-power of others. The medicine ceremony of the Lakota is called *wapíya,* to which is added the name of the animal that taught it, as *Mató-wapíya,* Bear Medicine Ceremony; *Tatá*^{n}*k-wapíya,* Buffalo Medicine Ceremony.

To illustrate the general custom: A young man has had a vision

in which the Bear gave him his medicine. In order to make a public announcement of the fact, he first erects a *waká^{n}-tipi* and calls into it a number of young men, who help him array himself in a bear-skin with the head and claws still attached. Then he comes forth, and word is passed through the village that the bear-man is coming. Men, women, and children scramble hurriedly out of his path, for if he catches one of them he treats him much as a genuine bear would, hugging him and sinking his claws into the flesh of his captive. His young men accompany him, representing bears, though they are not necessarily dressed in skins, and always in advance of the party goes the crier announcing the approach of the bear-man. Henceforth he is known to the tribe as a Medicine-man of the Bear, and he possesses the most efficacious medicine for the treatment of wounds. In treating a patient he first seizes the man by the hair and shakes him, at the same time growling like a bear; then he strikes himself on the sides of his body and spits out several June-berries, which he picks up and puts in the wounded man's mouth. In his own mouth he places a pinch of the mixture contained in his medicine-pouch and blows it into the mouth of the patient. Then some of it is sprinkled on the man's eyes, rubbed on his temples, and held under his nose for him to inhale. If no improvement is shown, he proceeds no further, for there is no use: the man is bound to die. If, on the other hand, the patient seems to yield to the treatment, the medicine-man continues it by making incense of sweet-grass and purifying in it his *wópiye,* a long rawhide cylinder, three or four inches in diameter, from which he then takes his medicine and puts it into a bowl of water. Next he repeats his own individual prayer, which is addressed to the bear and for the greater part is merely a description of the appearance of the animal that came to him in his vision, ending with a request that he "make his deed powerful." Then he gazes into the bowl, and from the fantastic shapes of living creatures that the mixture, to his imagination, assumes, he predicts recovery. Three or four assistants, men whom he has previously treated for illness, now beat the drum and sing the Bear songs. The medicine-man, while they sing, approaches the patient, simulating the actions of a bear, lifts him and almost throws him down, tumbling him over and over, just as a bear might do. The mixture is then administered, a portion being first blown upon the wound. This treatment is repeated once or twice daily during the four days.

Medicine-men of other animals confine their incantations to one

day, following much the same course of procedure, each impersonating the animal from which his power is derived. There is no ceremonial gathering of herbs, the plants revealed in the vision being collected immediately after the public announcement of the fact that one is a medicine-man, and thenceforth as occasion requires. In treating disease the medicine-man locates the seat of the ailment by mixing his medicine in a bowl and obtaining the desired inspiration from some peculiarity of the shape it assumes. The affected spot he then sucks, and spits forth either blood or some sticky substance, ostensibly pus.

Strong light is thrown upon the method of acquiring medicine-power by a description of *Ha*^{n}*belé-cheapi,* the Vision Cry, one of the ceremonies taught by White Buffalo Woman, as previously mentioned. It shows clearly that the men are not mere idle tricksters, as is generally supposed, but rather, within the limits of the primitive mind, thinkers, understanding well the great mental and spiritual power to be gained by subduing the physical man and by concentration of thought.

THE VISION CRY[13]

The father of a child seriously ill may beseech its recovery by a vow to worship the Great Mystery in fasting and prayer. First, filling his ceremonial pipe, he takes the child out under the open sky at break of day, holds it in his arms, and reverently raises the pipe aloft to the west, praying, "Great Mystery, All-powerful, permit this child of mine to recover health, and when the summer comes I will worship you with many offerings." The Vision Cry may also be observed by one desirous simply of a revelation and the gift of mystery-powers. As soon as possible the intending faster collects the materials for the promised offerings: a red-painted buffalo-robe, a calf-skin, tobacco, and kinnikinnick; all of which, wrapped in a bundle, he suspends from the tipi-lifter, where they remain until the time comes to redeem the vow.

[13] In this and in other ceremonies herein described the reader is taken back to a period when more primitive conditions existed, when the religious rites were performed in their aboriginal purity. With the gradual civilization of the tribes much of the old life has passed away, so that their ceremonies are now in most cases little more than a memory. The Foster-parent Chant is occasionally still observed, but the Vision Cry, the Sun Dance, and the rites of the Ghost Keeper have not been performed within very recent years.

Near the end of June he summons to his tipi, through the herald, the prominent men of the village. In silence the pipe is filled and passed about the circle. Soon the host apprises the company of his unredeemed pledge to the Mystery, and inquires if they know of a man who understands this rite. "Yes," is their response; "we know of one who is a priest of this *Ha*^{n}*belé-cheapi."* At once he fills a pipe, bears it to the tipi of the priest, and silently extends it to him. Without a word it is accepted, lighted, and offered successively to the spirits of the Four Winds, the Sky Father, and the Earth Mother. Having smoked with deliberation, the priest speaks:

"I understand what you wish. This is my rite. I stood alone a day and a night, worshipping the Great Mystery, but it was hard. Do you wish this one day? If you do, tell me. Then I stood two days and two nights alone on a hill. That was yet harder. Do you want that? If you do, tell me. Again I stood three days and three nights, crying to the Mystery, and it was very hard. Do you want that? If you do, tell me. Then I stood four days and four nights upon a hill-top, praying and crying to the spirits of Sky and Earth, to *Waká*^{n}*-ta*^{n}*ka,* Great Mysterious One. I drank no water and ate no food. That was the hardest of all. Do you want that? If you do, tell me."

"My heart is strong; my father's heart was strong. I have promised the Great Mystery to worship him. I will fast four days and four nights," is the response.

"It is very hard, but the Mystery will aid you. Go now to your tipi; choose two good young men and request them to build a sweat-lodge for you early in the morning."

The selection of the two *Iní-wowashi*, Sweat Workers, and the bestowal of presents upon them, end the day's preparations.

At sunrise the sweat-lodge is erected, facing the east. In the centre is a small pit to hold the heated stones, and behind this the ground is strewn with sage. Ten paces from the entrance the turf is removed from a spot designed to receive the fire and is heaped up just east of the cleared space. Firewood and twenty-five smooth round stones are gathered, and the latter, painted red by the faster, are thrown into the leaping flames. The priest enters the sweat-lodge, and, sitting in the place of honor at the rear, lays before him the bundle containing red robe, calf-skin, tobacco, and kinnikinnick. These articles he unwraps, while the faster enters and sits down at his left. He next commands the Sweat Workers to procure four young cherry stocks, in length seven

or eight feet, untrimmed and not cut with axe or knife, but twisted and broken from the roots. Two buffalo-chips are laid side by side back of the stone-pit, and behind them a glowing ember, carefully borne on the prong of a fire-stick, is deposited by one of the young men. With the never-omitted motions of raising the hand to the four world-quarters, the sky, and the earth, the priest makes sacred smoke by dropping a bit of sweet-grass upon the coal, and passes the tobacco through the incense four times, to make it sacred. Having thoroughly mixed tobacco and kinnikinnick, he sanctifies the pipe by rubbing his hand downward on each of its four sides, before each movement placing the hand on the earth as if to draw its essence from it. Then with ceremonious deliberation he fills the pipe, seals it with buffalo-tallow, ties a stalk of sage about each extremity of the stem, and hands it to the faster, who places it, bowl to the westward, on the heap of turf outside.

The priest is now to prepare *waó^{n}yapi,* offerings to the Great Mystery. The principal *waó^{n}yapi* consists of a quantity of tobacco tied into a corner of the red robe, which is attached to a branch of one of the cherry poles. For the others fifty smaller portions of tobacco tied up in pieces of calf-skin are fastened to the twigs of the other three boughs. All four are then deposited in a row to the cast of the pile of turf, the principal offering being farthest removed. Beyond this is placed a buffalo-robe, previously purified in sacred smoke. During the portion of the ceremony thus far performed — *Waká^{n}-kághapi* (make sacred) — no one save the two young men is permitted to approach the sweat-lodge, which is *waká^{n}*.

Priest and faster now step outside and remove their clothing, while one of the Sweat Workers calls for worthy men to come and take part in the sweat. Those who respond disrobe to the loin-cloth and follow the two principal actors into, the sudatory. None may touch the faster, for he is holy. When all are seated, the priest chants a song and speaks:

"This is my rite. This young man has given me many presents and asked for *Ha^{n}belé-cheapi*. I have worshipped the Great Mystery many times, and I now ask Thunder for a blue day. The Mystery has created many animals, some of which are like men. This young man will see them."

Continuing, he instructs the faster:

"This sweat removes from your body all evil, all touch of woman,

and makes you *waká*^{n}, that the spirit of the Great Mystery may come close to you and strengthen you. When our sweat is over, you will take pipe and buffalo-robe and go to some high mountain where the air is pure. On your return you must be careful to speak the truth in telling us of your visions, for should you deceive us, we might work you great harm in trying to aid you in interpreting the revelations sent by the Mystery."

The stones, glowing white with heat, are placed in the pit. The priest offers to the Great Mystery a small piece of dog flesh and another of dried buffalo-meat taken from a bowl of each brought by the faster's relatives, and after marking with charcoal two stripes across the inner surface of a wooden cup, he fills it with water and gives both meat and cup to the faster. The attendants close the entrance, the priest chants another song, and, bidding the faster cry, dashes water twice on the stones. After a time air is admitted; then follows another song, and more water is thrown on the stones. Twice more this is repeated, and the faster, never ceasing to cry aloud, comes forth, puts on his moccasins, takes the pipe in his left and the robe in his right hand, and starts out on his sacred journey. Behind him follow the two *Iní-wowashi* bearing the offerings.

At the foot of some lonely hill miles away from human habitation the faster halts, still crying aloud to the Great Mystery and holding the pipe before him in supplication. The two attendants pass by him and proceed to the summit, where they plant the four *waó*^{n}*yapi* at the corners of a square of some six or eight feet, the chief offering being, of course, to the west. Within this space they spread a thick covering of sage, for this is sacred ground and must not be touched by the feet of the suppliant.

The faster is now left alone in the presence of the Mysterious. Reverently he removes moccasins and loin-cloth, throws the robe about his shoulders, and stands with uplifted face in the centre of the sacred square, extending the pipe to the sun. At noon he turns and prays to the Mystery of the South; at sunset to Thunder, the Wing Flapper, Spirit of the West. As darkness spreads over valley, plain, and hilltop, he lies prone, with face still turned to the west, calling upon the Thunder Mystery to grant him a vision. In awe-inspiring solitude and the darkness of midnight he prays to Waziya, who sends the biting north wind and blinding snow, and who also controls in some mysterious way the movement of the buffalo. The first glimmer

of dawn beholds him in the attitude of humble supplication before the deity that holds sway in the east. As the rim of the sun appears above the horizon he stands erect, clasping the shaggy buffalo-robe to his breast and offering the pipe to the orb, while with loud cries he expresses to the mysterious powers of the universe his heart's desires.

Having become *waká*^{n}, mysterious, supernatural, by reason of the ceremonial sweat, the faster is now able to understand the speech of supernatural beings, and of animals and birds. At some time during his vigil on the hilltop one of these creatures — bird or beast, tree, rock, natural phenomenon, ghost of ancestor — appears before him, either in its own proper body or in the form of a man, and after commending his strength of heart in having endured the pangs of hunger and thirst and the temptation of evil spirits to leave the sacred spot in fright, the spirit-being reveals to him information of the future, and then, pointing out some shrub or plant, says: "There is medicine; take it, and cure your people of illness." Thus every man who has seen such a vision becomes, to a certain degree, a medicine-man; whether he uses his divinely given rites and remedies so extensively as to be known generally as a dispeller of disease,*wicháshawaká*^{n}, man of mystery, depends upon his own initiative. He has the medicine; it is for him to use it, much or little. The mysterious creature itself becomes the suppliant's tutelary spirit, his so-called "fighting medicine," to aid him in battle and in every crisis of life. Its image is painted upon his shield, his tipi, his gala robe, and before entering upon any undertaking of importance he beseeches its favor and guidance in prayer and song.

But not to every one that endures the pangs of the four days' fast is it given to behold a vision. While to some may be unfolded many events of the future in the course of a single fast, there are many well-known instances of a man having sought more than once in vain for a revelation of the supernatural. The truth of the vision seen is never questioned; it may be wrongly interpreted, but always subsequent events will prove that the spirit-creature was not at fault. It follows naturally that a man never feigns to have seen a vision, for such a course could result only in misleading the people and thus bringing misfortune when the sages give their interpretation.

The first day of the fast is the prototype of those that follow. If in the end the seeker after divine favor is still denied his prayer, he no longer stands with face confidently uplifted to the mysterious powers, but sinks to the ground, bowing his head upon his knees in

utter dejection, and praying, aloud or in silence, to the Spirits of the West, the North, the East, the South, the Sky, and the Earth. His eyes are downcast, averted from the face of the Great Mystery in the sky until his appeal is granted and the revelation given, or until he has relinquished all hope, knowing that in some way he has offended the divine ones and that the power of the supernatural, for the present at least, is denied him.

When the proper time has elapsed, the two attendants return to the hill, mounted, and leading a horse for the faster, who, weak and emaciated from hunger, thirst, and lack of sleep, is lifted bodily to the animal's back and supported as the horse is led slowly homeward. The trio halt in front of the sweat-lodge, into which the priest and a helper bear the faster, still clasping his pipe. The old men, anxious to hear the story of his visions, quickly disrobe and enter. The faster can now detect a disagreeable human odor, for he is holy, and human flesh, however clean, has for him a peculiar smell. The priest takes the pipe from his hands, removes the tallow, and, looking into the bowl, says:

"There is nothing in it. What have you done that the pipe is empty?"

"I do not know," answers the faster.

"The Mysteries," solemnly announces the priest, "have smoked this pipe. Tell us, my friend, truthfully all that you have seen."

The vision, if one has been experienced, is then described, and, unless its significance is obvious, is interpreted by the priest and the sages. A cup of water and a piece of meat, both having first been purified by exposure to the incense of sweet-grass and offered to the Mysteries by the priest, are given to the faster, and the sweat now takes place as on the first morning.

On the distant hilltop remain standing the four withered boughs bearing the robe and the little bags of sacred tobacco, offerings to the mysterious, the infinite, the incomprehensible powers of sky and earth.

CEREMONIESTHE FOSTER-PARENT CHANT

The name of the *Hu*^{n}*ká-lowa*^{n}*pi* ceremony is derived from *hu*^{n}*ká,* a term of respect for one's parents or ancestors, and *lowá*^{n}*pi*, they chant. As the Singer becomes the grandfather of the initiate, child or adult, a proper translation of the name seems to be Foster-parent Chant.

The principal purpose of *Hu^{n}ká-lowa^{n}pi* is to implant in the initiate the virtues of kindness, generosity, hospitality, truthfulness, fairness, honesty. At the same time it is a prayer for continued prosperity — for abundance of food, for health, strength, and moral well-being as a people.

Hu^{n}ká-lowa^{n}pi is usually observed for a child who has been near to death, whose recovery is regarded as the result of the father's solemn promise to worship the Mystery by means of these rites. Having made such a vow, he begins to bend every effort to the accumulation of property—horses, skins, clothing, deerskin bags and parfléches, and many varieties of food. A sufficient quantity collected, he goes to the *Hu^{n}ká-lowa^{n}kta,* the Hunka Singer, and after the usual formal smoke announces his intention, requesting him to take charge of the ceremony.

The Singer, accepting, provides the necessary sacred articles mentioned throughout the description of the rites, and on the day before the ceremony is to occur - it may be months after the intention was proclaimed — he calls to his tipi a certain man, to whom he offers the ceremonial pipe. After the smoke the man is informed that he has been selected as *Wówashi-echú^{n}kta,* the Work-do, or Worker, which means that he will appear as the principal active participant in the rite. The Singer arrays him in new clothing, and the two sit in the rear of the tipi with the ceremonial paraphernalia tied into a bundle at the Singer's left. Work-do now appoints the Fire-carrier, giving him the two fire-sticks — peeled cherry rods about eighteen inches long, split at one end to form a prong — and with his knife shaves the grass from a small circular spot. The Fire-carrier, at his bidding, brings a burning coal on the end of one of his forked sticks, which he deposits with the end inside the circular spot, exercising the greatest care; for to drop the coal would portend the death of himself or one of his family. With his pipe-stick Work-do gently brushes the coal into the sacred plot, breaks the tip from a braid of sweet-grass, and extends it successively to the west, north, east, south, zenith, and nadir. He advances his hand toward the burning coal with four short movements, and near the circle extends the sweet-grass again to the four quarters and the zenith, finally dropping it upon the coal. This is the prescribed manner of making incense. As he raises the sweet-grass to the cardinal points the first time, Work-do commences to repeat this prayer:

> "Great Mystery, you have existed from the firstThis sky and this earth you created.Wing Flapper, you have existed from the first;Your nation is half soldiers and half chiefs, so they say.Lend me a good day; I borrow it. Me, the Indian race, you have uplifted.But now I am in despair;Yet this good boy will renew the life of his people.So, Great Mystery, look upon me; pity me,That the nation may live —Before the face of the North, the nation may live."

The closing words are spoken as the sweet-grass falls upon the coal. As the incense begins to rise, Work-do places his open hands upon the ground, one on each side of the cleared space, then holds them in the smoke and rubs them over his entire body from the head downward, purifying himself Next the bundle and the knife are passed through the incense for their purification, and Work-do ceremoniously cuts up tobacco leaves and kinnikinnick. Placing a dried buffalo-bladder upon a roll of buffalo-hair, he calls for a new coal, sanctifies a pinch of the tobacco mixture in the new-made incense, and from the westward drops it into the bladder. A small portion is dropped in from the direction of each of the other three winds, then the remainder of the mixture is poured in.

A piece of blue paint is now placed in a wooden bowl and moistened with spittle; then, using a roll of buffalo-hair as a brush, Work-do paints stripes down the four sides of the bladder, and circles about the opening and at the bottom. The neck is drawn together with a thong, which includes also a roll of buffalo-hair and a braid of sweet-grass, and the bladder tobacco-pouch is enfolded in a new calf-skin furnished by the Singer, the bundle being tied at the ends and provided with a pack-string. Beside it the Singer lays a small stick, token of a gift to be made to the initiate, and Work-do ties it to the bladder bundle. At this juncture the Fire-carrier enters with the food prepared by the Singer's women, serving Work-do first, then the others, all of whom should properly be Hunka, though there may be present old men of high standing who have never been initiated. Before food is touched Work-do chants, *Hu*^{n}*ká oyási*^{n}, "Hunka all"; and they answer assent, "*Hô!*"

The feast disposed of, Work-do appoints a man to bear the pack to the initiate's tipi, and, expressing his thanks, — for the task will be requited with a gift, — the one selected swings the roll to his back and sets forth, followed by Work-do, Fire-carrier, and some others, but not

the Singer. As the procession halts outside, either parent of the initiate appears and carries the pack into the tipi, where it is deposited on a new robe stretched out in the place of honor at the rear. The visitors sit down, Work-do beside the robe, with the initiate at his right. The necessary space having been previously prepared, he calls for an ember, and in sweet-grass incense purifies his hands and the bundle, which the initiate then unties, the parents at this point announcing a gift to some needy person.

Work do touches both cheeks with the bladder, which now represents a child, and hands it to the initiate, who does likewise and passes it along the circle, whence it finally returns to Work-do and is replaced on the new robe. The Fire-carrier fills a wooden bowl with food and sets it before Work-do, who places a morsel in a horn spoon, purifies it with incense, and lays the spoon on a braid of sweet-grass beside the bladder. At this point he prays thus, addressing the bladder:

> "Wherever a man goes, he remembers his relations,
> And wherever he goes he quiets the child.
> He enters and kisses the child on the mouth, so they say.
> Now, this day, new-born, though your face is invisible, you lie there.
> Having this family as your own, you lie there;
> Having this tipi-lifter as your own, you lie there;
> Having these four poles as your own, you lie there;
> Having the two sun-holes for your own, you lie there;
> Now, with no shaking of the tipi-poles, to-morrow you will reveal your face to the camp.
> This food you will partake of first;
> Afterward all we who are Hunka, assembled, will eat of the food.
> This food I will eat, and before the face of the North the nation will live.
> Pity me."

Work-do then gives the holy food to the initiate and asks how many eagle-feathers are to be prepared; for in addition to the one for whom

primarily the ceremony is performed there may be other initiates, for each of whom a feather must be made ready. However, the one whose recovery from illness was besought of the Great Mystery is chief of the initiates. Finally Work-do ties the bladder containing the tobacco mixture to the tipilifter, and the consecrated food is distributed.

Following this, the procession returns to the Singer's tipi, stopping four times while the pack-bearer calls like a coyote: "*Hu-u-u-u-u,*" an intimation of good news for the Singer. Work-do informs the Singer how many feathers are needed, and asks a number of men to remain and assist in their preparation. The others file out.

To the quill end of each eagle down-feather are attached three or four hairs from a horsetail, dyed red, and some of the feathers of the loon. The Fire-carrier brings in four trimmed cherry sticks about thirty inches long, from two of which pieces about six inches in length are cut and tied on at an angle, so as to form a crotch. Another is sharpened at both extremities, one of which is inserted into the end of a perfect ear of corn. Work-do then paints the ear blue, just as the bladder was painted, and with the same ritualistic motions. The four sticks are painted blue. From two trimmed cherry sticks about a yard in length are prepared two wands called *Hu*^{n}ká-cha^{n}nó^{n}*pa,* Hunka pipes. One is stained red, and at intervals extending somewhat more than halfway down are tied four red horsetails, with a red feather of the woodpecker at the same places. Below these are attached four, five, or six eagle-feathers in the fashion of a war-bonnet, while over the lower end is stretched the neck-skin of a mallard drake, the head projecting. The other wand differs only in that blue-black paint and spotted eagle-feathers are used. These Hunka pipes are said to represent the wings of Thunder, suggested in the first prayer by the epithet Wing Flapper, while the Mysteries residing in the other three world-quarters are symbolized by the feathers of the three birds.

The Fire-carrier is sent for a whitened buffalo-skull with the horns still attached, and a quantity of sage, both of which are brought and left a short distance from the tipi. This ends the preparations for the actual ceremony.

The next morning, when the sun has travelled about halfway to the zenith, Work-do fills a ceremonial pipe, elaborately ornamented with horsehair and feathers, and seals the bowl with buffalo-tallow to prevent the tobacco from falling out. The man who on the preceding day bore the bladder pouch to the initiate's tipi now carries the pipe

to the same place, the stem held in both hands and pointing to the front. Followed by the others he enters, circles to the left, and lays the pipe beside the incense altar, behind which sits Work-do, with the Hunka Chief on his right and those entitled to be present ranged in two large semicircles extending to both sides of the entrance. Now the Singer enters, passes to the left, and sits down at Work-do's left, and the Fire-carrier brings a coal. After making incense in the prescribed manner, Work-do holds the pipe-bowl to the ember, first on one side, then on the other, repeating both motions, and each time puffing at the mouth-piece as if lighting the pipe. He then passes it through the sweet-smelling incense and lights it with a piece of sweet-grass, having first removed the tallow and laid it on a piece of skin. The pipe is handed, stem first, to the Hunka Chief, who puffs four times and starts it about the circle. When it returns to Work-do he loosens the ash, pours it upon the skin beside the tallow, wraps up both, and ties the roll to the bladder pouch, which still swings from the tipi-lifter. Leaving the pipe with the Hunka Chief, Work-do and his party return to the Singer's tipi.

Outside the women are preparing a feast, while at a short distance some of the female relations of the Hunka Chief are erecting the ceremonial tipi. Its flaps are opened to their full height and extended outward in parallel lines some thirty feet by the use of other tipi-coverings. To this *waka*^{n}*-tipi* the wife of the Singer bears a quantity of skins, clothing, tobacco-pouches, and parfléches, arranging the skins in the rear as if for a luxurious bed, and hanging a robe as a curtain inside the tipi-wall and at each end of the couch another supported by a tripod. Then comes the mother of the Hunka Chief, removes the gifts, and leaves in their place a similar collection. There is thus an exchange of presents between the Singer and the Hunka Chief.

Work-do and the Fire-carrier enter the *waka*^{n}*-tipi,* the former taking position immediately in front of the couch, the latter by the entrance. The Fire-carrier is commanded to bring "those things," that is, an axe and a knife wrapped in one or more buffalo-skins in the possession of the Hunka Chief. First presenting the wrappings to the Fire-carrier, Work-do shaves the grass from the incense-altar, calls for an ember, and makes incense. With the usual motions he purifies the axe, then rises and extends it toward the west, repeating the prayer:

"No other creature may be mentioned save you, Wing Flapper,

who first existed.
This boy will renew the life of his people;
So lend me one of your good days,
That this day the nation may live.
This axe I swing toward the earth for you.
Let there be no adversity, that the nation may live."

Then four times he swings the axe downward as if to smite the ground, the fourth time actually striking it gently at the southwest corner of a square, which is to serve as an altar-space; and moving the blade sidewise he scratches the loosened earth to the centre. With similar movements he strikes the other corners and the centre, and utters the following prayers in order, addressing the Mystery-creatures that hold sway over the several world-quarters:

To the North:
"This day no other creature may be mentioned beside you,
Spotted Eagle, most powerful.
Lend me this day one of your good days.
This boy will renew the life of his people.
One of your plumes I borrow;
Lend me one of your good days.
May the nation live, and may there be no adversity.
Before the face of the North, let the nation live."

To the East:
"Sunrise, no other creature may be mentioned.Red-headed Woodpecker, your day is good, they sayLend me, this day, one of your plumes.This boy will renew the life of his people.Lend me a good day.Let there be no adversity, that the nation may live."

To the South:
"South, no other creature may be mentioned.Green-head,[14] your day is good, they say.Lend me this day a good day.Your plume I borrow;With it lend me a good day.This boy will renew the life of his people.Let him have a good

[14] The Mallard

day.May there be no adversity, that the nation may live."

To the Zenith:
"No one else may be mentioned.Great Mystery, you were the first to exist.This earth you created and placed here;Above it you have raised the Indian race. Now I am in despair;I pray that the race may grow strong in numbers; I pray that there may be no adversity.
Great Mystery, you are mighty; pity me, that the nation may live.Lend me a day.This boy will renew the life of his people.So, Great Mystery, help me, help me with a good day."

With a shell knife Work-do shaves the grass towards the centre, working successively from each of the four cardinal points, and finally brushes it to the east, outside of the square.

At his bidding the Fire-carrier brings from the Singer's tipi and lays beside Work-do a bundle containing the four cherry sticks, the ear of corn, the eagle-feathers, the two Hunka pipes, and the red and blue paint — all to be used in preparing the altar. The bundle is passed through the sacred smoke. Returning to the Singer's tipi the Fire-carrier receives another skin, which he fills with sage and brings to the *waka*^{n}*-tipi*. Spreading it between himself and the altar-space, Work-do calls for the buffalo-skull, which the Fire-carrier brings, wrapped in a buffalo-skin given him by the Singer, and lays tenderly on the sage. Work-do as cautiously removes the covering. He now thoroughly works a bit of red paint into a piece of buffalo-tallow, and purifies, first this mixture, then a roll of buffalo-hair and a braid of sweet-grass. The hair and the sweet-grass he extends to the buffalo-skull, and after offering them to the spirits of the four quarters feigns to mark a line across its face from left temple to right, just above the orbits. After brushing the hair and grass downward over the face of the skull as if washing it, he offers the reddened tallow to the four spirits and paints a line across the forehead of the skull, with others down the right cheek, nose, and left cheek, and a few stripes on the horns. Back of the skull he plants the two forked sticks, lays the third wand across them, and leans the two Hunka pipes from the ground immediately in front of him to the cross-stick. Beneath it are laid two buffalo-skin rattles.

The fourth stick with the ear of corn impaled on its tip and the eagle-feathers, one for each initiate, attached lower down, is implanted to the left of the two forked sticks and in a line with them. The altar is now complete.

The Fire-carrier enters with the drum, and as the drummers gather about it, Work-do announces, "Now is the time to go for the Hunka." Selecting any one of the men present, he bids him, "Come, carry this ear of corn." Two others are appointed to bear the Hunka pipes and the rattles, the pipe in the left and the rattle in the right hand. The procession sets out for the Hunka Chief's tipi, the Corn-bearer leading, the Pipe-bearers swinging pipes and rattles, the drummers beating their drum and singing over and over again:

Meanwhile the initiates have been arrayed in their finest garments, and now sit in a row at the rear of the tipi, with the entrance closed.

Halting outside, the Corn-bearer recites his war record, then enters, and takes the hand of the Hunka Chief, who rises at once, and together they encircle the fire four times, once for each of the Four Winds. As they step outside other men appointed previously by the parents of the initiates enter one by one to lead out their charges. The party now returns to the *waká*^{n}*-tipi,* the Corn-bearer leading the Hunka Chief and followed in order by the other initiates, the Pipe-bearers, and drummers, with a throng of onlookers straggling behind. Again the drummers chant,

Tuktél Hu^{n}*káke típi so?*

Four times the Corn-bearer halts and voices the good-news signal, "*Hu-u-u-u-u!*" Entering the *waká*^{n}*-tipi* they march about the circle four times, and the initiates sit in a row, the Hunka Chief at their left behind Work-do. At the left of the Chief sits the Singer. Pipe-bearer and Corn-bearer deposit their sacred implements in their proper places at the altar.

The initiates are now to be ceremonially painted and costumed; and as this part of the initiation may be witnessed only by Hunkas, two men hold a large buffalo-skin over the entrance, but for the entertainment of the spectators the Pipe-bearers and drummers pass into the extended wing, where the former dance to the sound of the drum and the following air:

Inside, Work-do is making incense and purifying a roll of buffalo-hair and a piece of red paint. With ceremonious motions he paints the Hunka Chief with a stripe down the forehead to the tip of his nose,

and a crescent across the forehead from the left to the right temple. Each initiate is painted the same way. Following Work-do comes the Singer's wife, who removes the outer clothing of each and replaces it with new garments. Work-do removes the eagle-feathers from the corn-stick, and after purifying them and making the sacred motions, he touches them to the top of the Hunka Chief's head, gives him one of the feathers, and passes on. This is regarded as a blessing of the initiates by Work-do. The Singer's wife ties each initiate's feather to the hair on the right side of the head.

Then the robe is lowered and the Hunka Chief receives the corn-stick from Work-do, holding it with the end resting on the ground. "Now it is ready," announces Work-do, whereupon the Pipe-bearers step to the front of the buffalo-skull and face the west, waving their pipes rhythmically, while the drummers sing four times:

Wiyóhpeyata le' Hu^{n}ká, echá le Hu^{n}ká. "West is Hunka, indeed Hunka."

Then while the pipes are swung successively toward the north, east, south, sky, and earth, and finally over the buffalo-skull, these songs are repeated four times each:

Wazíyata le Hunká, echá le Hunká.	"North is Hunka, indeed Hunka."
Wiyóhinyanpata le Hunká, echá le Hunká	"East is Hunka, indeed Hunka."
Itókaghata le Hunká, echá le Hunká	"South is Hunka, indeed Hunka."
Wonkátuki le Hunká, echá Wonkátuki le Hunká.	"Above is Hunka, indeed Above is Hunka."
Le Hunká, echá Makáki le Hunká.	"Earth is Hunka, indeed Hunka."
Le Hunká, echá Hunkáki le Hunká.	"Hunkas1 are Hunka, indeed Hunka."

As the drumming begins afresh the Pipe-bearers dance to the rear of the tipi, one on each side, swinging the Hunka pipes over the initiates, then back to their station by the entrance. This movement is repeated four times to the accompaniment of the following airs:

When the pipes have been replaced, the Fire-carrier brings in successively two wooden bowls, one containing dried buffalo-meat, the

other fresh water. Work-do cuts off a morsel of meat for each initiate and for the Singer, purifies them in the sacred smoke, and replaces them in the bowl. It is about this time that the mother or the father of the Hunka Chief leads the horses, one given by each initiate, into the outer passage-way, and the Singer's wife drives them away, an addition to her husband's herd. Work-do dips a stem of purified sage into the bowl of water, approaching it from the west, and with ceremonious motions drops a globule of water on the nose of the skull, repeating the act from each of the remaining three sides of the bowl. Then he hands it to the Hunka Chief, who turns to the Singer, saying,

"Father, you are to drink this water, and you are to do no wrong; so long as you live we are to be relatives."

After drinking a portion of the water the Singer takes the bowl and thus addresses the Hunka Chief:

"My son, you are to drink this water, and you are to do no wrong; you are to be my son so long as we live."

The Chief then drinks, and passes the bowl along to his companions, each of whom takes a sip, the bowl passing from the last one into the crowd of onlookers, and returning empty to be replaced beside the skull.

Work-do holds a piece of meat to the nose of the buffalo-skull, and prays:

> "Ho, Greatest of Hunkas, you first will put food into your mouth; Afterward, Greatest of Hunkas, we will put food to our mouths. May there be no evil result to our bodies; That we may live, facing the North; that the nation may live."

Depositing the food on the ground in front of the skull, he takes the previously sanctified morsels to the Hunka Chief, and holding a single piece in his right hand speaks as follows:

"Grandson, put this food into your mouth, and may no evil result to your body. I am a poor man, but having the right to perform this ceremony among the nation, I live. So, grandson, I tell you of it. Whenever an orphan child comes into your tipi, whatever you are eating, take it from your mouth and give it to him. Grandson, when an old man or an old woman comes into your tipi, hasten, take food and feed him. I myself, grandson, I do that. Days are of two kinds; both will be good for you, grandson."

After delivering this admonition, Work-do places a piece of meat in

the mouth of each initiate, gives a larger piece to the Hunka Chief and another to the Singer, each of whom repeats the formula used when he received the bowl of water. Work-do then takes the corn-stick from the Hunka Chief and plants it in its proper position at the altar.

By this time the relatives of the Hunka Chief have completed preparations for the feast. The Fire-carrier brings into the tipi three large wooden bowls, one of dog-meat, another of buffalo-meat, the third of some sort of berry-soup, and setting them down at the right of the buffalo-skull he invites all who have been Hunka Chief to enter and partake. This is called *Hu*^{n}*káki-chíchopi,* Hunkas Assemble; and as those invited enter one by one, the parents of each make a gift to the poor. Work-do places a filled bowl before each person present, serving the initiates first; while outside the wife of the Singer moves about in the assemblage, leaving a vessel of food and a pile of clothing in each group.

Work-do purifies a braid of sweet-grass and a roll of buffalo-hair, and rubs the hair over the red stripes on the skull, as if washing them off, and with the Hunka pipes, the cross-stick, corn-stick, and rattles, all together in his left hand, he brushes downward over them on each of the four sides, symbolically removing the sacred paint. In a similar manner he cleanses the faces of the initiates and ties their feathers again to the corn-stick, which, after removing the ear of corn, he presents, together with the Hunka pipes, cross-stick, and rattles, to the Hunka Chief, whom he addresses thus:

"My grandson, you are to have these things. Whenever on any day you feel lonely or in despair, remember these things, and make a feast, my grandson, that you may eat food with the Hunka Chiefs; and take your Hunka child,[15] fill a pipe, and smoke with your friends. If you do this, grandson, you will become strong and happy, and the wind will not shake the feet of your four tipi-poles. This day has been given to us by old men: this ceremony has been transmitted by old people to the young, and we have come thus far with it. Grandson, it is true, what the old men say. I am an old man now, but I cherish the advice that was given me by the old men, and I have had a long, happy life. Do the same, and you too will live long and happily. My grandson, I have delivered to you the old men's advice. In the future the people will live

[15] The bladder containing the tobacco mixture, which still hangs in the tipi of the Hunka Chief.

and grow to great numbers. So I tell you."

By this time the feasting is at an end, and Work-do calls out, *Metákuye Hu*^{n}*ká oyási*^{n}*!* "Relatives, Hunkas all!" which all present repeat in unison. This is the prescribed formula in an assemblage of members of the order.

The Hunka Chief now raises the buffalo-skull on its carpet of sage and places it on the ground a short distance back of his own tipi. The other initiates then file out, the parents of the Chief bearing away the skins and clothing given by the Singer. Thus ends the ceremony.

The Hunka Chief takes to his tipi the sacred implements that have been given to him. The ear of corn and the eagle-feathers he wraps up with the bladder tobacco-pouch in a calf-skin, laying the bundle carefully away in a quill-worked deerskin bag. The Hunka pipes, the cross-stick, forked sticks, and rattles, he ties in a sheaf which he suspends from one of the wooden pins that hold the tipi-cover together. When a storm threatens, the mysteries that control the winds must be propitiated; he therefore brings forth the bladder tobacco-pouch, fills the ceremonial pipe, and bids the herald summon the other Hunka Chiefs. The pipe is offered to the Spirits of the Four Winds, the Sky, and the Earth, is lighted and again offered to these mysteries, and then passed around the circle.

SUN DANCE

In one form or another the Sun rite was practically universal among the tribes of the Great Plains. The Sioux in all their numerous branches; their cousins, the Assiniboin, Mandan, Hidatsa, and Apsaroke or Crows in the north, the Omaha, Ponca, Kansa, and Osage in the south; the Arapaho, Cheyenne, and Blackfeet; the Arikara, Pawnee, and Wichita; the Ute, Shoshoni, and Kiowa — all did reverence and made supplication to the mysterious power that comes with the morn and disappears with the dying day. Naturally, among such widely separated groups, extending as they did from the Mississippi to the Rockies and from our northern border well-nigh to the Gulf of Mexico, the Sun rite differed not only in the details of its performance, but even in the thought that underlay it.[16] Yet so striking were the similarities in

[16] Even within the tribe the method of procedure varied considerably, the difference affecting, for example, such important features as the length of the period of fasting

practice and purpose, that, while speculation as to the origin of these rites is futile, one cannot escape the conviction that they all flow from a common source.

This most characteristic of the religious ceremonies of the Sioux[2] [17]was an occasion of thanksgiving, of propitiation, of supplication for divine power. Participation in the dance was entirely voluntary, a mental vow to worship the Mystery in this manner being expressed by a man ardently desiring the recovery of a sick relative; or surrounded by an enemy with escape apparently impossible; or, it might be, dying of hunger, with helpless children crying for food that he could not supply, since some inscrutable power had swept all game from forest and prairie. Others joined in the ceremony in the hope and firm belief that the Mystery, worshipped with such zeal and with such manifestation of valor would grant them successes against the enemy and consequent eminence at home; while always there was present the idea, perhaps subconscious, that the supernatural, even though a beneficent being, must be propitiated against future anger.

The silent vow of the worshipper, though as binding upon him as any oath, must be supplemented by a public declaration to the Great Mystery himself. At the earliest flush of dawn he rises and fills his ceremonial pipe, and slowly proceeds to the tipi of the village herald. "My friend," he says, "I bring you this pipe. I desire you to announce to the Great Mystery that I wish to worship him." The two smoke in silence, and the votary returns to his own tipi, followed shortly by the other. The herald fills the pipe, steps outside, and with stem extended upward to the west calls long and loud, "*Ha*^{n}*há*$^{n\text{-}n\text{-}n\text{-}n}$*!*" Four times thus he strives to gain the ear of the Mystery, and then invokes him:

> "Great Mystery, Grandfather, look this way Wing Flapper, Soldier, Grandfather, behold me This young man will offer you a pipe, That before you he may grow and be strong. Spirit-creatures of the Four Winds, to you will he extend a pipe; A red robe will he raise and bring to you. This day let the nation

and self-torture, and the sequence of the component parts of the ceremony. This was due partly to local and temporary exigencies, but largely also to the vagaries or preferences of the medicine-men in charge.

[17] *Wiwá*^{n}*ya*^{n}*k-wachipi,* They Dance Looking at the Sun.

live."

A smoke ends the announcement. In the interval between this and the day of the ceremony many others may express the same intention; but the man who first made known his vow is the Chief Dancer.

From now on until the summer solstice, when the dance takes place, the life of the votary is dedicated to the purification of body and mind. He is frequently in the sweat-lodge and drinks quantities of various herb decoctions. He is careful to avoid contact with any unclean person or thing. Fighting is not for him, and calm deliberation characterizes all his acts. Much of his time is spent in prayer and in crying aloud to the Mystery.

When the season of the Sun ceremony is at hand, it becomes necessary for the votary to select a medicine-man to preside over the rites. Clad in new moccasins, leggings, and loin-cloth, a thick-haired buffalo-skin thrown over his shoulders, he mounts his horse and, accompanied by a friend similarly garbed and mounted, proceeds, stern-faced and silent, his pipe filled and sealed held ever before him, to the home of the Priest. The horses are not permitted to go faster than at a slow walk, even though the chosen mystery-man live in a village so distant that the entire day is consumed in the journey. During all this time the worshipper must not dismount, and not a drop of water moistens his lips; for this is a part of his sacrifice.

News of his coming has already been conveyed to the medicine-man, who waits in his tipi with his herald. As the Sun Dancer enters and lays his pipe in front of the Priest, the herald calls out the usual formula, *Iyú*^{n} *hahékupo!* "All come home!" a summons to those entitled to sit in council. When the assembly is complete, the medicine-man purifies the pipe in the sacred incense of sweet-grass, and prays, holding forth the stem to the west:

> "O Great Mystery, Grandfather, you will be the first to smoke this pipe. Wing Flappers, you in turn will smoke.
> This day may the nation live.A blue day you will hold before my face."

Then, beginning at the entrance, he holds the pipe for each one

present to smoke, and after an intricate series of ceremonious motions returns it to the suppliant, bidding him remain until morning, when his journey of announcement and invitation to the other villages will begin.

Morning dawns, and the mystery-man fills and seals the pipe and places red paint before the guest, who rubs it on his palms and smears his face and body. "Now, on your way," says the medicine-man, "when you grow thirsty, dismount and drink, for this paint has purified you and made you *waká*^{n}. Therefore you may drink, but not from a vessel; on hands and knees you must drink from the stream."

The Sun Dancer and his attendant resume their journey with the sacred pipe, and, coming into the next village, enter the tipi of the chief, who forthwith summons his old men. A medicine-man sits down beside the chief, and with the words, "It is already prepared," makes offering of his pipe to the Mysteries of the Four Winds, the Sky, and the Earth, then carries it about the impassive circle.

"What did the Priest say to you?" the chief inquires.

"He said they would move to the ground four days thence," answers the Dancer.

"Then we will all move at that time," is the response.

Food and water are placed before them by the chief's wife, and soon the messengers set forth to the other villages.

Two days before the time set for the ceremony to begin the camp of the Chief Dancer moves to the spot selected, where the young men immediately plant green branches two or three yards apart to form a circle perhaps a mile in diameter and open to the east. During this day and the next the bands gather and pitch their tipis in a single large concentric circle outside that of the green boughs. Inside the latter each village erects a tipi for the use of such of its members as are to participate in the rites. Thick branches are piled close around the bottom of the tipi-wall, to prevent the entrance of cool, refreshing air, and in the evening a fire is kept burning. Having once entered their tipi of preparation, the dancers cannot leave it until the actual dancing begins three days later; nor may they scratch the head or body with the fingers, each being provided with a forked stick made for that purpose by one of his relatives. Each dancers' tipi has its attendant, who at sunset on the last day of camp preparation makes ready the sweat-lodge. After a final purification of the body the dancers enter their respective tipis.

A part of this night and of the two succeeding nights is devoted to the Imitation Dance, a rehearsal of the Sun Dance songs. The dancers sit in a circle around the edge of the tipi, the remainder of the space being filled with men of such prominence as to entitle them to participate. A great vessel of cooked dog-meat and buffalo-tongues is supplied by the women, but before food is touched, the songs of the Sun Dance are repeated to the accompaniment of the drums. Only the drummers and four women who sit behind them sing, the dancers retaining their places on the ground, but blowing constantly on their eagle wing-bone whistles. The fire is extinguished before the singing begins, and is relighted at the conclusion of the last song.

The next day is the first of the ceremony, and the scouts who are to search for the Mystery Tree are selected. In the early morning the heralds ride about the camp-circle, the *hóchoka,* bidding all men assemble in a chosen spot. There the chiefs select four men, who, dressed in full war regalia, seek out certain noted warriors, men of distinction, their chief a warrior who, while scouting, found the enemy, killed his man, and brought back a scalp with the news. These scouts, six or eight in number, dress and paint as for war, and prepare to search for a tree already marked out by the Chief Dancer's attendant, who, soon after the assembling of the bands, went into the woods and selected a tall, straight cottonwood from eight to twelve inches thick, leaning two poles against it as an indication that it had been chosen for the Mystery Tree. Drums beating and drummers singing, the scouts form in single file and ride four times around the *hóchoka,* then away toward the timber, accompanied for a distance by a legion of horsemen dashing around and around them. From the camp comes the song of the drummers, "He has gone again, he has gone again," meaning that the leader of the expedition is once more scouting in the enemy's country. The scouts disappear, and in the direction taken by them, some two hundred yards from the camp, the young warriors set up a bundle of branches to represent the enemy. After a while the absent party reappears, and about half a mile distant halts, while the leader utters the coyote cry; then, single-file, all ride toward the camp in a zigzag line, a signal that they have found the enemy. With one impulse the restless steeds of the impatiently waiting young men leap toward the returning party, sweeping around them four times in a great seething circle. Then back wheels the whole tumultuous horde, thundering down upon the "enemy." War-bonnets stream; weapons are brandished aloft; horses

strain eagerly forward. Loud and shrill the war-cry fills the air. For the moment the most ardent wish of every horseman is to reach the goal first, and no risk of reckless riding is too great to be taken in the effort, for he who is first to strike the bundle of boughs with bow or staff and utter the exultant shout, "*A*^{n}*hé!*" feels himself assured of achieving an honor of the highest class in his next battle.

Meanwhile the scouts have ridden into camp and dismounted. The chief gives their leader a pipe, and says: "Man, you are acquainted with all the creeks. You have been up and down all of them. If you have seen the movement of a coyote, tell me."

The leader answers figuratively: "I have seen a small village of the enemy moving toward us, and on the way back there were many buffalo."

The scouts disband.

In the afternoon the chiefs assemble in the *hóchoka,* and the Priest and the Chief Dancer bring two ceremonial pipes, already filled, and present them to the two medicine-men. The one thus chosen by the Priest is to dig a hole for the Mystery Tree, while the other presides at its felling. Each smokes and passes the pipe to the others, signifying his willingness to perform the service requested of him.

Some time during the morning of the second day the medicine-man selected by the Chief Dancer fills his ceremonial pipe and sets out for the chosen tree, four chiefs abreast behind him, and a throng of people following them. He sits at the foot of the Mystery Tree and holds his pipe out to it before making a similar offering to the Four Winds, the Sky, and the Earth. He smokes alone. The four chiefs sit in a row at a distance of about fifty yards, and between them and the tree no one may pass. They are now joined by the medicine-man, and two of them summon from the assemblage four warriors of distinction, whom they station in a row beside the tree. Next a virgin is selected and placed beside them. First passing an axe through the smoke of sweet-grass, the medicine-man gives it to one of the warriors, who relates his greatest exploits and strikes one blow at the tree. The other three follow his example, and the girl completes the work. The fall of the tree is greeted with a concerted shout, and the young men rush upon it as if attacking an enemy, striking it with cries of *"A*^{n}*hé!*" The maiden proceeds to trim the trunk, cutting off a length of about thirty feet and leaving at the top a fork with its branches and twigs.

Some of the men at once place short poles under the Mystery Tree

and bear it to camp, stopping four times on the way to give the coyote howl. The fourth start is made at a point about a quarter of a mile from the camp-circle, whence the carriers set out at a trot. Immediately bursts from the edge of the timber a swarm of men and youths, women and girls, the former in another wild charge upon the "enemy," the latter in a more leisurely return to the camp, horses bedecked with branches and trailing vines, and each person bearing at least one green bough to be used in the construction of the dance-lodge.

During the felling of the tree, the other medicine-man, the one chosen by the Priest himself, has been engaged in excavating a hole for it in the centre of the *hóchoka,* piling the earth to the west. The carriers enter running and deposit the Mystery Tree on the ground, the butt resting on the heap of fresh earth with its extremity directly over the hole. A sheaf of untrimmed cherry sticks is placed beside the tree near the crotch. This ends the ceremonies of the second day, and a general round of feasting ensues.

The events of the third day centre about the raising of the Mystery Tree. The Priest and the Chief Dancer issue from the dancer's tipi bearing certain ceremonial articles now to be used, and the former ties the sheaf of cherry sticks in the angle of the fork, covering it with an entire buffalo-skin painted red on the inner side. Along the nose of the skin are fastened bunches of eagle-feathers. The medicine-man who superintended the cutting of the tree now holds a piece of buffalo kidney-fat over the hole prepared for the tree, prays silently, and drops the fat therein. The Priest draws four red lines down the length of the pole and suspends from the fork a small rawhide effigy of a man — an enemy — and another of a buffalo. Two deerskin bags hang from the tree; these, as well as the images, are offerings to the sun. Two ropes are now attached to the top, and with men pulling and others lifting, the Mystery Tree is raised slowly and dropped into place amid a deafening shout.

The construction of the dance-lodge is next begun; this is simply a leafy screen supported on two concentric circles of forked sticks, with a wall of leaf shields and vines in which openings are so numerous that spectators can find no cause for complaint. An attendant is now despatched for a dry buffalo-skull, which is placed on a bed of sage west of the tree and is painted by the Priest with stripes of red. After the painting the skull becomes a sacred object whose presence will insure an abundance of buffalo in the ensuing fall.

Meanwhile a number of men have painted their faces white, and donned war-bonnets and scalp-shirts, if they have attained to that dignity. At the cry of the herald these come trooping into the lodge in single file for the performance of the Dance That Smooths The Ground. As the musicians drum and sing, the participants dance toward the pole, shooting at the two rawhide effigies of enemy and life-giving buffalo, retreating and advancing alternately. Both images are soon brought to the ground amid a storm of war-cries. It is now late afternoon, and from the close of this evening's meal the dancers will abstain from food and water until the end of the ceremony.

The final day dawns, but not before the Priest has arisen and purified his body with sacred smoke. Thus prepared, he paints the Chief Dancer with a black semicircle from the forehead down each cheek, others at the shoulder joints, and full circles about elbows and wrists. The rest of the body is painted red; and a roll of buffalo-hair is tied to each elbow and each wrist, to the latter being attached also small pieces of human scalp with long flowing hair. A single eagle-feather is fastened in the hair of the Chief Dancer.

At daybreak the participants file into the dance-lodge, where they are painted by the medicine-men. They are clad in double aprons of deerskin from waist to knee, and buffalo-skins, the hairy side outermost, about their shoulders and belted at the waist. From the neck of each is suspended his eagle wing-bone whistle, the mouthpiece wound with sage and the other end adorned with an eagle-feather.

All having been painted, they arise, dropping their buffalo-skins, and the Priest leads in the Chief Dancer, who takes his place in front of the others, all facing the east. Standing behind the Chief Dancer, the Priest points his whistle to the east and blows a shrill note beside the Dancer's right ear, then another at his left, and a third above his head — three invocations to the Mystery of the Sun. The other participants hold right hands outstretched toward the rising orb. Next the Priest leads them successively to the south, to the west, and finally to the north of the Mystery Tree, following the direction of the sun's course and sounding his whistle toward each point. The dancers now station themselves about the enclosure by villages, their leader between the pole and those assembled on the western side. All face the east, and at the word of the Priest, who stands just west of the painted buffalo-skull, the drummers commence to sing and the dancing begins.

As they dance, the performers never leave the spot on which they

stand, the movement consisting in a slight upward spring from the toes and ball of the foot; legs and body are rigid. Always the right palm is extended to the yellow glaring sun, and their eyes are fixed on its lower rim. The dancer concentrates his mind, his very self, upon the one thing that he desires, whether it be the acquirement of powerful medicine or only success in the next conflict with the enemy. As the day wears on, this unceasing mental concentration produces that state of spiritual exaltation in which visions are seen and the future is revealed.

Each song is chanted four times, and then follows a very brief interval for the singers to prepare for the next — a moment during which the dancers may rest standing, and lower their eyes to the ground.

When the zenith is reached, the Priest fills a pipe and hands it to the Chief Dancer, who proffers it to some individual, himself a former principal actor in the ceremony and therefore familiar with the proper mode of piercing the breasts. The pipe is refused. The Dancer attempts to force it upon him, striving to open his hand and thrust the pipe into it. But the hand is clenched. The Dancer then returns to the Priest, but receives the command, "Go again!" Once more, therefore, the trial is made, and yet again, but each time the pipe is declined. At the fourth offering, however, the pipe is accepted with the words "Hô! It is hard, but if you wish it, it shall be done to you;" and the pipe is lighted and smoked. When the Dancer has returned with the empty pipe to his customary station, the man chosen by him secures a picket-pin and splits it into quarters, two of which he reduces somewhat in thickness and to a length of about six inches, making them smooth and triangular. Singing and dancing cease. Over the multitude spreads a hush of expectant emotion, as he places the skewers on the ground beside the Dancer, and standing erect prays:

"Great Mystery, this is I who worships. This thing will I do, though it is hard. This young man requests it, and I will do it for him."

Then spreading sacred sage upon the ground south of the Mystery Tree, he leads the Dancer thither, lifts him bodily in his arms, and throws him down upon it with some violence. He now selects an assistant, who stations himself at the Dancer's left and begins to whet his knife on a stone. The other then grasps the muscles of the Dancer's breasts and pulls the flesh outward forcibly, while at his bidding the votary cries loudly and continuously, and holds a tuft of sage before his eyes, feigning tears; at the same moment the assistant, chewing a bit of sage, spits upon his knife and thrusts it deliberately under the extended

muscles. He next inserts the two skewers, pushing and twisting with considerable force. The Dancer is lifted to his feet, ever crying in a monotone utterly lacking in emotion; blood streams down his body; he is growing weak, and trembles as if about to fall. From the fork of the Mystery Tree dangle two plaited rawhide ropes, terminating in stout thongs, which are now slipped over the ends of the skewers. With his arms about the Dancer's body the assistant pulls him back four times, exerting his strength in drawing the loops tight. The Priest, chewing upon a bit of blue-flag root, now stands in front of the votary and spits toward his body and his face, imparting strength to him. Then after three long notes on his whistle, blown, as previously, beside and above the Dancer's head, he resumes his position at the latter's left, while the people shout their approval of the Sun Dancer's self-sacrifice.

Singers and dancers resume their functions; the Chief Dancer blows his bone whistle and extends his palm to the sun, throwing his weight upon the ropes in vain effort to tear himself loose, sometimes even leaping clear of the ground and letting himself fall back bodily. One song finished, the dancers turn to the south, and a little later to the west, following the course of the sun, right hands outstretched, whistles shrilling, voices wailing.

About mid-afternoon the Priest gives five small sticks to the Chief Dancer, who throws them among the spectators; each of the sticks is a token of a horse to be given by the Priest to the fortunate one who secures it. Then with his arms about the Dancer, he throws himself back in the endeavor to tear the skewers free; but by this time the flesh has so dried and hardened as to resist the strain, and the elastic rawhide ropes hurl them from their feet. If after four trials the flesh fails to give way, the Priest resumes his former station and fills a pipe, which he lays on the ground as a number of the Dancer's relations advance, each leading a horse packed with buffalo-robes, tanned skins, bags, or parfléches stuffed with pemmican. "We want you to cut the flesh of our boy," is their greeting. Then, while members of his own family take charge of the horses, the Priest bears the pipe to the man that assisted in piercing the Dancer, who accepts it and smokes, while the Priest throws off the ropes and lays the Dancer on his back. The assistant then cuts away the flesh, leaving a small part that can readily be torn through; and the Priest again raises the man to his feet and readjusts the ropes.

Once more the wild song bursts forth, and the Dancer, moving

slowly at first as he summons all the energy of his weakened body, suddenly hurls himself back and falls helpless and unconscious as the skewers rend the flesh. The Priest lays him full on his back, while the assistant cuts away the ragged edges of the wounds. Again the song is taken up, the Dancer, again conscious, supporting himself upon a staff and swaying his body in rhythm.

It is now the time when other dancers may be pierced. Any one of them, wishing to make this offering to the sun, takes his pipe to one of the old men, who, after smoking, throws him down, pierces his breasts without ceremony, inserts the skewers, and adjusts the ropes. Such dancers are customarily not pierced deeply, but if one seeks the aid of a man who performed the more severe sacrifice of his body, he, too, must endure the same treatment as was meted out to the Chief Dancer. The self-torture continues until the sun sinks, some freeing themselves as the afternoon wears on, others requiring the added strength and weight of the Priest. Each, as he effects his release, rises and dances with what vigor he can summon. Frequently, as an additional sacrifice, a Sun Dancer has a number of buffalo-skulls, or even of buffalo-heads, attached by a rope to the muscles of his back; and there have been instances of suspending a man in mid-air by the muscles of the hips and shoulders.

As the sun nears the horizon a profusion of food is distributed among the spectators; but the dancers remain standing, gazing at the sun, and at the conclusion of the feast they return to their preparation tipis, the Priest accompanying the party of the Chief Dancer. After the sweat-bath, they sit side by side in the rear of the tipi, and the Priest, offering a piece of dog-meat to the Four Winds, the Sky, and the Earth, repeats a prayer:

"Great Mystery, you existed in the beginning. We have finished our ceremony. After you have eaten, these young men will partake of food. Give us help, that they may become strong and many."

The meat is put into the Chief Dancer's mouth, and other pieces are given to his companions; and after similar consecration, water is served to each one. The chiefs congregate in the tipi, and the feast of dog-meat and pemmican concludes the day.

The Mystery Tree with its offerings remains standing, an object of veneration and awe: for they belong to the Sun, they are things *waká*^{n}.

THE GHOST KEEPER

Before beginning the story of the Ghost Keeper, the narrator smoked, pointing his pipe to the Four Winds, the Sky, and the Earth, saying that this was the rule, and to omit it would bring bad fortune to him. He said: "This is a very sacred ceremony, and in the old times it was believed that telling about it would result in a man's being struck by lightning. This ceremony is one of those brought by White Buffalo Woman."

If a man's near relation — son, grandson, sister, brother, father, or mother — dies, one or more old men come to him and say: "Your son is dead and you will see him no more on earth. He has gone to the ghost.[18] We advise you to keep his ghost for a while as a token of respect. We hope he is not gone with something in his mouth."[19]

The relation having expressed his wish that the ghost be kept, the old men go among the people and select a man who has dreamed about a ghost. He is the Ghost Keeper, *Wanághi-yuha*. and he appoints someone to cut a lock of hair from the body. The man so chosen makes incense of sweet-grass, and moistening a piece of sinew with the spittle produced by chewing a bit of blue-flag root, purifies it in the sacred smoke; likewise a knife and a buffalo-skin bag.

The helper now spits on his hands, and after purifying them in the incense, rubs them four times downward over his body from head to feet; then again holding them in the smoke he places them on his mouth for its purification.

Approaching the body, he separates and twists a lock of hair on the forehead, and with deliberation ties the sinew about it in a single knot. Not a word is spoken or a movement made by those assembled at this solemn moment. The helper addresses the body:

"Ho, Grandson, you are about to lose your relatives; you will make them poor. Nevertheless they hasten to remove a lock of your hair. You will have a tipi-lifter of your own, two sun-holes and a family of your own.[20] Do not take it to heart; your relatives will follow you.

[18] Wanághi yata iyáye. Ghost to he has gone

[19] If a man dies and his ghost is not kept, he will "go to the ghost" with ordinary food in his mouth, instead of the sacred food offered by the priest in the ceremony.

[20] Referring to the Ghost tipi to be erected for the ghost.

Hurry! Go!"

He then severs the lock and bursts forth into protracted weeping and loud lamentation, joined by all the assembled people. He ties the hair to a braid of sweet-grass, places it inside the outer cover of the buffalo-skin bag, which he ties securely, and lays it on the ground beside the body. Then he takes it into the tipi of the bereaved family. A relative brings a tanned buffalo-hide, from the centre of which an assistant cuts a piece about two by three feet; in this he wraps the bag, tying the bundle with thongs in the middle and at the ends. It is now fastened near the top of a tipi-pole, which is leaned outside against the tipi, where it remains four days. During this period the Ghost Keeper must provide a red-painted buffalo-robe, knife, tobacco, kinnikinnick, tanned deerskin, sweet-grass, red paint, blue paint, a fresh buffalo-hide, and food.

On the fourth day the prominent men are summoned to a feast in the tipi of the Ghost Keeper, and he then appoints one of them as the Work-do, his servant, whose duties will consist in waiting on the Keeper. At the same time the Ghost Keeper's tipi, *Wanághi yuha-típi,* is being erected by his family. It faces the east, and in its rear is a couch of skins and blankets.

Now begins the portion of the ceremony called *Wanághimahéiyeapi,* Ghost Put In. The men assemble in the Ghost tipi, and Work-do removes the sacred bundle from the tipi-pole and places it on the couch. He then brings in three short poles of spruce for the tripod, and a cherry wand for the fire-stick. At this point the Keeper sends for a Priest, *Waéchu*^{n}*,* who takes his place in the position of honor in front of the couch. At the door sits Work-do, and on the north side of the tipi, the Keeper. In the centre burns a low fire. The Priest orders a coal and makes incense in the usual manner, while a ceremonial pipe is filled and sealed with buffalo-tallow by any of the men present, and laid before the couch, the bowl toward the north.

The Priest next sanctifies an axe in the sacred smoke, and strikes the ground on each of the four sides and in the centre of the altar space. With a knife he removes the turf from the space, a square of about three feet, levels the ground, and draws a shallow furrow around the edge with an opening to the east about eight inches wide. The pipe is purified and supported upon a braid of sweet-grass within the altar space, while the Priest repeats the following prayer:

"Earth, chief of nations, you have existed from the

beginning, they say; pity me.

Earth, chief of nations, for you I hold this pipe toward the earth; pity me.

Earth, chief of nations, your face is vast, they say.

This young man chief makes haste to smooth your face for you[21]

Mystery, red offerings together with shells he will spread over your face.

Earth, chief of nations, pity me.

Above you four nations[22], with human voices audible, will live.

Earth, chief of nations, this pipe you first will smoke; pity me.

Afterward the chiefs of both kinds[23] will smoke it.

Earth, chief of nations, with the face toward the north let the nation live."

The pipe is lighted, passed about the circle, and returning to the Priest is emptied and rubbed downward with sage. The Priest deposits the ghost-bundle upon the plot, and, the Fire-carrier having placed the ember beside it, he passes it through the sacred smoke and unties it. On the rawhide are spread out the red robe and other ceremonial objects provided by the Ghost Keeper.

The Priest throws open the ghost-bundle and places the hair and sweet-grass in the inner recess of the bag, which he fastens, and lays together with the paints, deerskin, and sweet-grass upon the red robe, in which they are folded and firmly tied. About the whole the rawhide is wrapped and secured in three places, a part of the thong forming a pack-string. The Priest now bids Work-do bring food, a wooden bowl of which he deposits near the altar as a symbolic offering to the ghost. A small portion in a horn spoon is then passed through incense and held over the altar while these words are repeated:

"Ho, Grandson, even a little ghost is intelligent, they say. You have

[21] The Priest preparing the altar space

[22] The Four Winds.

[23] Both chiefs and Ghost Keepers

made your relatives poor; nevertheless they make haste to tie up a little food for you. Now a mystery-thing is going over the Ghost Trail, is going; now they have cooked for you and send the food in to you. This food will I bring to you, but I am loath to do it, Grandson. Now, where your Grandfathers are gathered, there you have arrived. Now your Grandfathers are coming to meet you; as all creation has a longing of the heart for the pipe that lies on the earth-plot, so they raise you to embrace you. Grandson, look back for the last time; behind you life will spring up from the fertile spots made by Hunka[24], as your Grandfathers perhaps have told you. Whichever way the wind is blowing, on the lee side of me at dawn I shall awake to see our Hunka on the move, cutting a long deep trail in the ground. Grandson, I am unwilling. Nobody ever had a day like this of yours, they say. In the face of a red day you live to put food into your mouth, so they say, Grandson; using the blue sky above as a plume for your head-dress, you live to partake of food. The white-robed old men,[25] your relatives, love you most dearly; perhaps already you have come to sit among them. This food I will bring toward the ground for you, Grandson, though I am unwilling. You first put this food into your mouth, Grandson; make your mouth large and put food into it, Grandson. Send it forth and scatter it abroad for me, Grandson. Afterward we chiefs of both kinds will put it into our mouths; remembering our bodies, we will partake, Grandson. May we live without sickness, Grandson. On level ground we will make a step with our faces to the north. Pity us, that the people may live."

The ceremonial tipi now becomes the home of the Ghost Keeper for a period sometimes as long as half a year: a home he never leaves, save on errands peculiar to his office. A fire burns constantly in the centre, and at one side on the hard, bare ground is spread a single robe, the Keeper's bed: for the luxurious couch in the place of honor belongs to the ghost. Here during the day the old men congregate, those who have been Ghost Keepers sometimes remaining throughout the night, smoking, dozing, and talking over the times of long ago. No light jest breaks the solemnity of the Ghost tipi.

[24] Hunka is here figuratively the buffalo, and the "fertile spots" *(awáptaye)* are the patches of rank vegetation that mark the places where buffalo have been killed.

[25] Men who have performed the office of Ghost Keeper and hence have the right to wear white buffalo-skins.

At dawn each day Work-do replenishes the smouldering fire and deposits a glowing ember on the altar, and places beside it a vessel of food passed through the door by the Keeper's wife. One of the old men — the Priest of this rite, if he be present — consecrates a morsel by exposing it to the curling incense, repeating the prayer last given, and thrusts it into a hole made in the ground with his pipe-stick, finally covering it with earth. This is for the ghost. "All is ready," he announces, and the Keeper's wife enters, purifies hands and body in the sacred smoke, and carries out the tripod with its ghost-bundle, to set it in its customary position before the tipi. Thrice daily is food provided in this manner. At sunset, as the incense rises from the altar, the Keeper's wife once more sanctifies her body and brings in tripod and bundle, carrying the latter on her arm as if it were an infant, and depositing it on the ground behind the altar.

In the Ghost tipi a special pipe is used; its wooden stem is painted red, and it belongs to the Ghost Keeper, who is always the one to fill it and to start it about the circle. The pipe is passed from south to north, the mouthpiece held slanting toward the ground. The tobacco-pouch, too, wherever the deerskin is unadorned with quills, is painted red, likewise the faces and upper bodies of the men who enter the Ghost tipi.

The Ghost Keeper bears only pipe and tobacco-pouch, never a weapon, for he is a peacemaker. If two men fall into serious dispute, he fills and offers to them his pipe; and so highly is his office respected, so sacred is he considered, that his words are always obeyed. He lights the pipe, the erstwhile enemies smoke, and peace is restored.

When the camp moves, the ghost-bundle is carried on a gentle pack-horse, and the Keeper goes in advance of all save the scouts, even the chiefs following him. When he stops, all stop, and one of the chiefs hastens to bring a buffalo-chip upon which the Keeper may rest his pipe. Before it is lighted and passed to the chiefs, he utters a prayer:

"This day let my people hurry to see face to face a moving band of Hunka [*i.e.* buffalo]. This day, therefore, you first smoke this tobacco. Let my people with glad hearts behold a good day."

The Ghost Keeper selects the camp-ground, and the Ghost tipi is erected first; there is a stringent rule that none may pass in front of it. The young men returning from the hunt bring the choice parts of their meat to the Keeper's wife, who prepares them for the frequenters of the Ghost tipi.

When death enters the camp, the Ghost Keeper goes with his pipe to the tipi of the mourning family, followed by one, two, or three of the old men. All weeping ceases as he takes his place beside the head of the family and silently hands him the lighted pipe. In a moment or two the Keeper speaks:

"My friend, you have lost your son. It is very hard for you, but I have come for him."

"Yes," says the other, "you are right. I would have had a hard life, but fortunately you do me this favor. I shall live happy among the people. I thank you, my friend; my heart is good. You will now take my son on his own horse, with all his possessions."

"My friend, that is right," responds the Keeper. "I am glad that you are willing for me to take your son, for this is a great rite, one of the sacred rites[26] of the people. In the beginning the Great Mystery created us Indians. He created us on the earth, and the life is good, my son. We are to make this life long upon earth; the life that the Great Mystery has given us, it is ours, and we will make it long. My son, it is proper that you make a great camp-circle, within which all the tribe will live and be glad.[27] This is a great thing, and you will do it; so do not forget all the acts of kindness, my son. The nation will hear of your good deeds and will rejoice."

The ceremony of removing the lock of hair is next observed, and the Keeper bears the new bag to the Ghost tipi, where one of the old men attaches it to a pole leaning against the structure. Meanwhile the second favorite horse of the dead person has been packed with his personal belongings and other gifts from the family, and led to the tipi of the Keeper's wife. The head of the family is now summoned to the Ghost tipi, where the Keeper combs his hair and binds it with strips of otter-skin in two braids, paints his face red, and presents him with new clothing, tobacco-pouch, and pipe. This act is called *Washaíyapi,* Paint Him Red, and he is now to weep no more.

The second ghost is treated in the same way as the first, the ceremony of Ghost Put In occurring on the fourth day; but on this occasion are admitted to the Ghost tipi all members, male and female,

[26] *Wichóichagheki wa*^{n}*zhíyelo,* "It is one of the lives;" that is, one of the five ceremonies brought by White Buffalo Woman

[27] Referring to the great tipi of the last day, and the gladdening of the people with presents.

of the mourning family, all who participated in the feast of the first Ghost Put In, and all who have previously officiated as Ghost Keeper, or, in the absence of any such, one member from his family. Each, as he enters, must present a gift to the Keeper. The ghost-bundle is taken from its tripod, purified, and opened, and the new bag, duly sanctified, wrapped with the other in a large piece of finely tanned buffalo-skin painted with alternate stripes of blue and red, between which the white skin shows through. The old rawhide covering is discarded, its place being taken by a beautiful quill-worked deerskin fringed at the ends. As before, food is consecrated, offered to the ghost, and distributed among the people.

Now, so long as the Ghost tipi stands, the family of the Keeper bend their efforts to collect quantities of clothing, tanned skins and parfléches, sweet-grass, tobacco, and five buffalo-larynges, and to the preparation of a quill-embroidered tobacco-pouch with a V-shaped indentation at the bottom. Two pipes, their stems ornamented with horsetails and feathers exactly as are the Hunka pipes, are made by Work-do. These *Cha*^{n}*nó*^{n}*p-haka,* Branched Pipes, are the permanent property of the Ghost Keeper, and are used in ratifying peace treaties with other tribes. All this is in anticipation of the ceremonies of the final day.

On a certain day Work-do summons the heads of all the bereaved families, to whom the Keeper announces his readiness to complete the rites of *Wanághi-yuha;* and having received assurance that they too are prepared, he calls into the Ghost tipi various men of prominence, whom he thus addresses:

"My friends, I have now collected many articles of value, and I announce to you that I am going to complete this ceremony and dismiss the ghosts.[28] If this is not a good place for the performance of the rites, then move to some more favorable spot."

The camp leaders thereupon cause the village to be reestablished in a spot undefiled by human feet. A great quantity of meat and marrowbones, freely given by all the people, is collected and brought to the Ghost tipi by members of one of the societies called to the aid of the Keeper. Bones are crushed and boiled, meat is pounded and stuffed into bags of animal tissue by industrious women with faces painted red by the Ghost Keeper and bodies clothed in gala dresses given by him.

[28] Wichóha^{n} iyáye wákiyi^{n}ktelo.Deed go I shall let

As many as ten or fifteen balls of pemmican, each weighing about four pounds, are thus prepared for the morrow.

At nightfall Work-do lays ten sticks, such as are employed in making arrow-shafts, beside the Priest, who passes them through the sacred smoke. Five are given to the chiefs, who sit on the south side of the tipi, and five to the Ghost Keepers on the north; peeled and trimmed, they are returned to the Priest. The Keeper selects one stick for each horse he intends to give away, and those so chosen, painted red by the Priest, are laid aside. All this night the Ghost Keepers remain in the tipi, smoking, conversing in subdued tones, never sleeping.

At earliest dawn the village herald calls aloud to the society members to assemble and go forth to borrow the two largest tipis in the camp, and erect them as one in front of the Ghost tipi. A profusion of food collected by the pemmican makers is consecrated in the sweet-smelling incense by the Priest, and the Keeper, rising, invokes each ghost by name, adding, "He is going to open his sacks to-day." Then, while the feast is being prepared, the Keeper's wife arranges another couch for the ghost in the new tipi, and the participants — Work-do and Priest, former Ghost Keepers and chiefs, all except the Ghost Keeper himself — file in from the Ghost tipi. The Keeper's wife places the ghost-bundle on the couch, and a moment later reënters, accompanying her husband; she now paints the chiefs' faces red, but on the faces of the Ghost Keepers she draws a broad streak across the lower cheeks and mouth, another across the temples and forehead, two short ones from the temples over the cheekbones, and lastly a narrow band along the bridge of the nose. Thus marked, they represent White Buffalo Woman. The Priest's face is painted by the Keeper, from whom he receives new moccasins, leggings, and robe.

After clearing away the turf for the altar space with the prescribed ceremony, the Priest fills and seals a pipe, and hands it to the Keeper, and the two repair to the tipi of another Priest designated as *Itácha-kiyapi,* Used For Chief. To the latter is presented the pipe, representing the best horse in the Keeper's herd, and, greetings exchanged, Work-do enters to make the necessary preparations for incense. The Priest lights the pipe with a braid of sweet-grass and, after taking two whiffs with the bowl pointing westward, turns the stem to *Itácha-kiyapi,* who likewise puffs twice. This act is repeated toward each of the remaining world-quarters and the sky, and the Priest rubs the pipe downward with sage, finally presenting it to *Itácha-kiyapi.*

The party now returns to the ceremonial tipi, where the Keeper paints the newcomer and gives him new clothing. The Priest brings the ghost-bundle to the altar, passes it through the incense, and, after purifying his hands, carefully turns back the folds of the embroidered deerskin and the painted buffalo-skin. The small bags, of which there may be one or a half-dozen, each containing its lock of hair, are arranged in a row between him and the altar. He then gives a new axe and a filled pipe to Work-do, who takes them into the timber, and coming to a suitable sapling, offers to it the lighted pipe — an honor that must be shown a tree when necessity demands that its life be destroyed. After smoking, and emptying the ashes at the foot of the tree, he cuts it down and trims off a length of about five feet. With the same solemnity a sapling is felled for each ghost, and the short poles are carried to the tipi.

Selecting a helper and painting his face red, the Priest cuts from a rawhide ten strips about three inches wide and the length of an arrow-shaft, and in each makes five square indentations extending to within half an inch of the farther edge. Each strip is now painted blue on both sides, perforated at the ends and middle, and attached by these three holes to one of the arrow-sticks, an eagle wing-feather fluttering from its tip and another standing upright on the pointed end of the stick. From the red buffalo-skin are taken ten pieces an arrow-shaft in width, and tied with thongs to the three holes in the backs of the blue rawhide strips, the whole forming a sort of pennant. The ten are thrust into the ground in a row behind the ghost-bags as offerings to the ghosts.

At this point the Priest calls to his side a man who is to be the Ghost Painter, and sanctifies the poles that have been provided by Work-do. These poles Ghost Painter trims and points at the lower end, and from a buffalo-skin he cuts an equal number of strips about eight inches wide and two feet long, wrapping one with the hair inside about the top of each pole. With black paint he marks eyes, nose, and mouth on the skin, and plants the effigies about three feet apart in the earth a short distance behind the altar. Each is clothed in the garments of its sex, and moccasins are placed on the ground at its base. They now represent the ghosts; in fact they are called *wanághi,* and they are treated as if they were the living bodies of the departed.

After the painting of the ghosts, the Priest rolls up a white buffalo-skin, places it, east and west, across one edge of the altar, and, using a stick in order to avoid touching it with his hands, unrolls it so that the

space is completely covered. Priest and Ghost Keeper at the western, and two others at the eastern corners, take hold of the robe and stretch it out evenly. The Priest then lays upon it the five buffalo-larynges, and, pushing them with the stick, moves one to the edge at each cardinal point, and the fifth to the centre. Beside each of the four is placed an eagle wing-feather. Four children enter and sit around the altar, each holding a corner of the robe while the Priest repeats the prayer used by the Ghost Keeper whenever he smokes with the chiefs. As the children depart he makes incense, sanctifies the kinnikinnick and tobacco leaves, and upon a wooden block furnished by Work-do he cuts up a pipeful with a new knife. Ceremoniously he fills the pipe. In the meantime the man who assisted in the preparation of the offerings to the ghosts has been making ready a smooth, round, pointed stick, which he now delivers to the Priest; and the latter, placing the point on the ground near the altar, bears down forcibly with both hands and gives it a single twist. Should the ground prove so hard that the stick does not penetrate, he and his helper begin to wail loudly, for this is a portent of the death of the Priest before the season's close. At the same time he gives another twist, a third, and a fourth, by which time the stick has been forced into the earth. Holding a braid of sweet-grass about the lower end, he draws the stick from the ground, slipping its point through the sweet-grass to prevent any loosened earth from adhering, and consequent ill luck coming upon him. Beside the hole thus made, the Priest lays the forked tobacco-pouch, and after purifying his hands in freshly made incense, drops four pinches of the tobacco mixture into the hole and fills it with earth.

By this time the food has been prepared by the women outside, and Work-do places before each ghost-effigy a wooden bowl piled high with balls of pemmican. The Priest consecrates the food with the usual prayer, then places a small portion in a hole and covers it with earth. The mourners are now permitted to place bowls of food for the ghosts of their dead relatives, and the moment is given up to lamentation and embracing of the ghost-effigies. The bowls of food and the clothing of the effigies become the property of Ghost Painter, but before removing the pemmican he passes a bowl about the circle, all uniformly refusing, except the Ghost Keepers, who take one ball for each time they have acted in that capacity. One of the offerings, too, is given to any Ghost Keeper who may request it. The heads of the bereaved families now stand behind the effigies, and the Priest

places consecrated food in their mouths, after which their outer finery is distributed among the chiefs. As the mourners file out, the Ghost Keeper and his wife receive food from the Priest and present their outer clothing to some needy person.

The Priest enfolds the buffalo-larynges in the white skin and gives the roll to the Ghost Keeper, and the latter delivers the ghost-bags, with a valuable present in each case, into the care of the families of the dead, in whose memory they are carefully preserved in parfléches. The ghost-effigies remain standing until the following day, when the Ghost Keeper's wife places food before them, and certain old men come singing and remove them, depositing them in lonely spots among the hills. As the effigies represent those who have died, this disposal is symbolic of burial.

Within a short time after the close of the rites, the Ghost Keeper bears the white buffalo-skin far from the camp, to the west or north, and conceals it in a hole or cave. This act is called *Pte-sá*^{n}*-ha-o*^{n}*ya*^{n}*pi,* The Losing Of The White Buffalo-skin, and none may follow the Keeper on his mission, for the white skin is a sacred offering to the Mysteries.

FOLK-TALE
WEYÓTA AND IKTÓMI[29]

Long ago there lived an old woman all alone in a tipi far from the tribal camp. Why she remained in that remote and solitary place, no one knew. The people were destitute, for no large game was to be found. Yet every day came Wazíya and killed a buffalo or a deer near the tipi of Old Woman, and each time after butchering an animal he always rubbed the blood into the ground with his feet, that the people might not have even that to sustain life. Then he would load upon his back every particle of the flesh, hide, and bones, and depart for his home in the north.

One day Old Woman stood by watching Wazíya cut up a buffalo. As he rubbed the blood into the ground, a small clot, unnoticed by him, was kicked aside toward her, and quickly stooping she picked it up and hastened to her tipi. She placed it on the ground and sat looking

[29] The myth of Blood-clot Boy, varying more or less in detail, is common to a number of the plains tribes, including the Pawnee, Arapaho, Atsina, and Blackfeet.

at it intently. After a while she said thoughtfully,

"I do not know what to make out of this blood. I wish it were a man."

Immediately, and to her great astonishment, there stood before her a beautiful boy.

"*Hinun!*" exclaimed Old Woman. "You are Blood-clot Boy, and you are my grandson!"

And Weyóta-hokshíla became his name. He grew rapidly, and became expert with the bow.

The elder daughter of the chief was called Chokáptiki, because she lived in a tipi of her own inside the camp-circle, and on account of her unusual beauty she was wooed by many young men. Her younger and less comely sister was named Hakaktáki. Knowing of the wonderful skill of Weyóta as an archer, and having heard of certain remarkable things he had done, the chief believed him to be *waka*^{n}, and searched in his mind for a way to make a son-in-law of him.

Every morning a red eagle flew over the village, and every noon a red fox ran across the camp-ground. Confident that there was but one person whose arrows could wound them, the chief caused his crier to announce that whoever shot the red eagle and the red fox should have Chokáptiki for his bride. The news stirred the determination of all the young men to win the beautiful daughter of the chief, and morning and noon they gathered at a certain point and discharged their arrows at eagle and fox, but all in vain.

"Grandmother," said Weyóta one morning, "make me new clothing, for I am going to court Chokáptiki."

"Hinun!" breathed Old Woman; but she set about the task, and on the day when his beautiful garments were finished the young man donned them — moccasins, leggings, and buffalo-robe. Slinging his wildcat-skin quiver and his bow-sheath on his back, he started for the village. Soon he met Iktómi.

"Ho, grandson," called Spider, " whither go you?"

"I am on my way to the camp," replied the youth,"to court Chokáptiki."

At that moment a prairie-chicken sailed past and alighted heavily in a nearby tree.

"Grandson, shoot that prairie-chicken for me," begged Iktómi, and Weyóta obligingly drew out his bow and an arrow and sent the shaft through the bird. It fell, but was caught on a lower branch, and the

young man began to climb the tree, when Iktómi interposed.

"Take off your fine clothing and your necklaces, grandson, lest you harm them in climbing."

Weyóta therefore removed his new garments and necklaces, and with bow and quiver deposited them on the ground. Then he ascended the tree and threw down the dead bird, but as he started down Iktómi called softly,

"Stick! Stick! Stick!"

"What did you say?" asked Weyóta.

"I was telling you to come down quickly," was the answer.

The young man continued to descend, and when he was near the ground, Iktómi cried loudly,

"Stick! Stick! Stick!" And Weyóta stuck fast to the tree, unable to go up or down. There he remained like a great gnarl on an oak, while Iktómi appropriated his clothes and weapons, and thus equipped proceeded to the village. On a knoll not far from the tipi of Chokáptiki he sat down, and the people, recognizing the weapons of Weyóta, informed the chief that the wonderful archer had come.

Four leading men were despatched to bring him to the chief's tipi, and taking a white buffalo-robe they spread it before Iktómi, begging him to sit down upon it. Thus he was borne into the tipi of the chief, who, certain that Weyóta, and none other, could fulfil the terms of the contest, gave the beautiful Chokáptiki to the impostor.

The next morning the people assembled in great expectancy to see the chief's son-in-law shoot the red eagle; but to the surprise of everybody, when the bird came soaring overhead his arrow went wide, turned, dropped, and stood quivering in the ground.

"My robe was in the way," explained Iktómi.

At noon there was another throng of eager spectators, but a second time they were disappointed, for the red fox ran through the camp unharmed. The ready tongue of Iktómi, however, quickly offered a plausible excuse.

The chief, thoroughly chagrined and discouraged by the repeated failure of his son-in-law, began to think that perhaps the people had overestimated the skill of Weyóta, had been mistaken in regarding him as *waká*^{n}. Chokáptiki, on the other hand, was inordinately proud of her husband.

One day an old woman left her tipi on the outskirts of the village, where she lived with her grandson, and with a rawhide rope she

went toward the timber for a bundle of firewood. Weyóta saw her approaching and transformed himself into an ugly, ragged little boy. She stopped in astonishment at the strange sight of a child grown fast to a tree.

"Grandmother," said he, "cut me loose from this tree."

"*Hinun!*" she exclaimed. "This is something wonderful!"

Carefully she cut him away from the bark and took him home, where he became a playmate of her grandson. One day they were aroused from absorption in their games by a great clamor in the direction of the chief's tipi. Weyóta inquired the meaning of it, and when he was told about the eagle and the fox, he boasted,

"I will shoot both of them after a while. My friend," he continued, "let us go and cut sticks to make arrows."

They did so, and then made a sheaf of small arrows. When their grandmother saw that, she began to warn them never to go in the direction of the home of Wazíya, and she told them how he was killing all the game and starving the people.

"*Ho!*" said Weyóta. "He shall see me close after a while."

"Beware! Beware!" warned the old woman.

Not many days had passed when he proposed to his little friend that they search for Wazíya, and they set out at once. It was not long before they found his tipi, which they entered unceremoniously. Only the wife of Wazíya was there.

"No one is permitted to enter here," she protested fretfully, but Weyóta crossed to where a long bow hung. He adjusted the string and drew it back until the cedar cracked in the middle, then replaced the broken weapon on its tripod. When the boys returned home they related their adventure to their grandmother, who repeated her warning.

A few days later Weyóta told his comrade that he was going to the hills to look for buffalo, and bade him harness the dog to the travois. From a high ridge they saw beyond an abundance of buffalo, and Weyóta waved his robe to the camp, the usual sign that buffalo had been sighted. When the signal was noted, the people came swarming up into the hills, surrounded the herd, and slaughtered the animals with arrow and lance. While they were busily butchering, Wazíya and his children arrived and passed from group to group, robbing them of their meat. When he came to where the two boys were cutting up the buffalo they had killed, he cried,

"Do not eat any of that meat!"

"When I was not here," said Weyóta, straightening up, "you treated the people thus, and starved them; but now that I am here I shall not permit it!"

"Whence have you come," inquired Wazíya, surprised, "you that speak so impudently?"

"I am going to protect these people," was Weyóta's only answer.

"You are only a boy," taunted the other, "and you are trying to talk like a man. Do you want me to point my finger at you?"

"Point your finger at me if you wish," challenged the boy.

"You talk too much!" exclaimed Wazíya in disgust, and extended his forefinger at Weyóta; but it was immediately thrown out of joint. He put out another, but that too was dislocated, and so, one after another, all his fingers were crippled. Then, when he was helpless to use a weapon, Weyóta gave the word, and the people set upon him and his children with clubs. They killed all except one, who escaped into a rocky crevice, and became Frost.

On another day Weyóta said,

"Grandmother, go to the tipi of Chokáptiki and say, 'Iktómi, my grandson has sent me for his clothes.'"

"*Hinun!* If I go and say that," she protested, "they will beat me to death!"

Nevertheless she obeyed. When her words were heard, Iktómi cried,

"Who is it that calls me Iktómi? Depart, lest I beat you to death!"

The old woman ran to her tipi and told what had occurred, but the boy sent her back again on the same errand. A second time she was frightened away, and then Weyóta gave her this message:

"Iktómi, my grandson has sent me for his clothes. If you do not give them up, he is coming for them himself."

When the impostor heard that threat, he reluctantly took off his stolen finery and gave it to the old woman. In view of what he had done to Wazíya, the chief began to think that perhaps the ill-favored little boy who lived on the edge of the village was the real Weyóta.

So in spite of his apparent youth Weyóta received Hakaktáki, the chief's younger daughter, for his wife, and the two were settled in the tipi with Chokáptiki and Iktómi. The elder sister openly expressed her scorn of the new couple, and especially of her brother-in-law.

"I wish you would take your boy-husband," she would say to

Hakaktáki, "and go to some other tipi to live, for if you remain here he will get us very lousy."

One morning when the red eagle flew over the camp, Weyóta drew an arrow and sent it through the bird's breast. The eagle drew in its wings and fell to the ground on the opposite side of a hill. At noon he shot the fox, and its skin he suspended from the tripod at the head of his bed. The interior of the dwelling glowed with the bright redness of it, and jealousy took the place of scorn in the heart of Chokáptiki.

"They say ugly things are lucky," she remarked. "Your boy-husband is very homely; perhaps that is why he is so lucky. But I suppose it was an accident that he shot the eagle and the fox."

To all her jibes Hakaktáki and her husband made no reply. A few days later Weyóta set out to find the body of the eagle, for it seemed to him that he had inflicted a mortal wound. On the ridge beyond which the bird had fallen he overtook an old man with a pack.

"Where are you going, grandfather," he asked, "with that bundle on your back?"

"This is my medicine-bag, grandson, and I am going to a village over this ridge to doctor an honored child, who is ill with a wound through his breast. I have visited him several times, so that he is almost well, and this is my last journey to doctor him."

"Grandfather, what do you do when you reach the summit of this hill?" asked Weyóta.

"As soon as I arrive at the top," said the old medicine-man, "I walk zigzag back and forth, and sing. All the people run away and conceal themselves; then I enter the tipi where lies the honored child, and doctor him. When I come away, the people return to their dwellings."

"Which song do you sing, grandfather?" inquired Weyóta.

"This is the song, grandson: 'To doctor I come, to doctor I come, to doctor I come.'"

Having learned the secret, Weyóta clubbed the medicine-man into insensibility, seized the bag, and ran to the top of the ridge. There he walked back and forth, singing the medicine-man's song, and people came running out of the tipis that stood in the valley below, and hid themselves in the hills. Weyóta hurried down the slope, and entered the tipi of the patient, where, as he had expected, he found the red eagle. Without pausing he crossed to the bed, wrenched the creature's head off, picked up the body and his arrow, which was lying across the sacred earth-spot, and returned to the village. When the red eagle-

skin appeared beside that of the fox, Chokáptiki's jealousy knew no bounds.

On the following day Weyóta took his wife on a journey. After a while they came to a wide river, so deep that the water was blue. As they sat on the bank he said to Hakaktáki,

"Walk straight into the water, and I shall wait here until you come out."

As she refused to do it, he arose, took her by the arm, and threw her into the water. She screamed in terror, but soon sank. A long time elapsed before she reappeared, but she came out of the water without difficulty, and her beauty was wonderful. Her clothing too had been completely transformed by the mysterious water, and was now more gorgeous than any garment she had ever seen.

"Now I am going in," said Weyóta. "Wait here for me; do not go away."

He leaped into the water, and after a while he came forth a tall, handsome young man, splendidly garbed. When they returned to the village they were treated as strangers, until they revealed their identity. Then the chief knew certainly that this was Weyóta, the wonder-worker, and that the husband of Chokáptiki was Iktómi, who had deceived him. Filled with rage, he sent men to kill the trickster, but the latter, scenting trouble, made off to the hills and concealed himself in a cave.

Chokáptiki now became possessed of a mad love for her brother-in-law, and desired that he take her also for a wife; but custom required that the consent of the sister first married be obtained, and to all her tearful entreaties Hakaktáki turned a deaf ear.

"You despised him because he was a homely boy," she said. "Now that he is a handsome man you wish to be a wife of his, but I will not permit it. Besides, he might make you lousy!"

"The Teton Souix"
From
The North American Indian: Volume 3
by Edwards S. Curtis
All Rights Reserved. For Personal Usage Only
www.worldwisdom.com