

chew up herbs and blow them on the patient. The successful doctor first imbues his patient with much superstition and keeps him or her as ignorant as possible. The so-called music of a tom-tom is very weird and dismal, and very much out of place in a sick room. The Indian doctor, when treating a patient, paints himself in dazzling colors, and arrays his body in fantastic garments and furbelows, which are designed to, in a measure, increase the awe inspired by his presence at the bedside of his stricken brethren. The part played by medicine men in war or on raiding expeditions is an important one, for to them is attributed the success or failure of the foray. The fact that their predictions usually conform rather closely to the information brought in by scouts does not appear to excite suspicion in the minds of the warriors, or lessen, in their opinion, the supernatural power of the

conjurers. Medicine men are aware that white physicians use a black medicine—laudanum—which quickly alleviates pain. They make frequent attempts to procure it at drug stores in the border towns. Their requests are always denied, for laudanum in the hands of an Indian doctor would be exceedingly dangerous, as they go upon the plan when treating patients that if a small quantity of medicine is a good thing, a large quantity would be proportionately effective. Since the establishment of Indian courts at several of the Sioux agencies, a tireless warfare has been waged against the medicine men and their practices, and it will not be many years before these picturesque and interesting characters will be a thing of the past. The onward march of civilization and enlightenment will, in only a short time, compel the last of the once-powerful medicine men to follow the buffalo "over the range."

MY BEADS.

Sweet, blessed beads! I would not part
With one of you for richest gem
That gleams in kingly diadem;
Ye know the history of my heart.

For I have told you every grief
In all the days of twenty years,
And I have moistened you with tears,
And in your decades found relief.

Ah! time has fled, and friends have failed,
And joys have died, but in my needs
Ye were my friends, my blessed beads!
And ye consoled me when I wailed.

For many and many a time in grief,
My weary fingers wandered round
Thy circled chain, and always found
In some Hail Mary sweet relief.

How many a story you might tell
Of inner life to all unknown;
I trusted you and you alone,
But ah! ye kept my secret well.

Ye are the only chain I wear—
A sign that I am but a slave,
In life and death, beyond the grave,
Of Jesus and His mother fair.

