

CUT TO THE QUICK.

Liberal Unionists Plunged Into Despair by the Election at Eccles.

TORIES TAKE IT TO HEART.

The Home Rule Victory Causes Them to Use More Caution in Public Utterances.

PARLIAMENT IN A TIGHT PLACE.

The Irish Land Question and the Local Government Bill Cannot Both be Settled Now.

ONE OF THE TWO MUST BE DROPPED.

Believe Returns After His Lightning Tour Through Various Parts of Ireland.

A DESIRE TO RUSH THE WORK OF RELIEF.

LONDON, November 1.—[Copyright.]—The lesson taught by the great home rule victory at Eccles has evidently been taken to heart both by the Tories and the Liberal Unionists.

Lord Hartington, speaking at Edinburgh to-day, expressed the opinion upon which the Unionists put more vigor into their work their cause would be lost at the next general election, and the value of this admission may be estimated by the undeniable fact that at Eccles the Tories and their muck-wamp allies labored with the energy of desperation.

Hartington Restive.

Hartington is apparently becoming restive in the Tory harness. Perhaps he has been struck by the personal applicability of Lord Beaconsfield's remark quoted in the Liberal press about the Whigs playing a Tory game.

The Government is in a tight place. Both measures cannot possibly be passed in one session, and a decision will soon have to be taken as to which one shall be dropped.

The Irish land owners are so used to being kicked, and have so few friends that it is not improbable that they may be sacrificed at the eleventh hour in order to appease the Unionist discontent.

Another Unionist leader, Mr. Courtney, Deputy Speaker of the House of Commons, has been kicking over the traces. His view is that the land bill should be passed first, and that a modified form of home rule should follow in settlement of the Agrarian question.

But the Tories think of their prospects is clearly shown by the facts that they are already approaching Lord Randolph Churchill with a view to offering him the leadership of the party in the opposition, and that Sir William Marriott, member of the Government, has publicly asked why it should commit suicide by dissolving Parliament and appealing to the country.

Tories After Churchill.

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Prises for Balfour.

Now that he is back in Dublin the Tory newspapers are praising his unexampled bravery, and are seeking to make political capital out of the courteous behavior of the people on the assumption apparently that because he was not shot at or pelled with offal, the Concomera farmers had absconded home rule.

The suggestion first appeared in all its impudent nakedness the day Balfour left Galway on his return to Dublin, and the townspeople promptly responded to it by assembling at the railway station and cheering loudly and enthusiastically for O'Brien and Morley until the train steamed away.

ON THE BRINK OF A CRISIS.

LONDON DOCKMEN WILL FACE THE CRUCIAL TEST TO-MORROW.

Companies Will Employ Any Men They Choose—The Tough Element of the Dock Workers Not Inclined to Submit—Internal Fights.

LONDON, November 1.—Monday will be the crucial day for the London dockers. From that date the dock companies claim the right of employing any men they please, and intend placing their own foremen over each gang.

Monday the majority of the deputations were drunk and clamoring for money from the union funds, at the same time upon union business. The leaders declined to see them, and threats of personal chastisement were freely offered.

The crisis on the Stock Exchange continues, and speculators who are loaded up with stock which they are unable to sell except at enormous sacrifice, and upon which they are unable to borrow anything from the banks, may be reckoned by the hundreds.

The public are not buying and in a greater number of stocks an attempt to sell any more than a few hundred shares would result in an immediate collapse.

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STORY OF THE SINGER.

SCOVELL, THE TENOR, TELLS WHY HE RETIRED FROM LA CIGALE.

He Says It was Because the Manager Objected to Paying the Salary in the Contract—Absurd Report of the Artists' Drunkenness.

LONDON, November 1.—The retirement of Edward Scovell, the American tenor from the cast of "La Cigale," for five days last week and his subsequent return to the stage of the Lyric, has caused considerable gossip, owing to the wonderful success of the piece, as well as to his prominence as a singer.

Several and Miss Umar both say that this report is absolutely untrue, and Scovell has written to the papers denying that he had anything to do with the occurrence. He states that his retirement from the cast was due to an attempt of Horace Sedger, manager of the Lyric, to play a game of bluff.

Scovell under his contract with Sedger is to receive 70 guineas per week for ten months, and 10 per cent of the profits of the performance, an unprecedented salary in the annals of light opera.

When Scovell found, however, that "La Cigale" was an assured success, and that Scovell was no longer an essential factor, the size of the artist's salary caused a bitterness of feeling which was not shared by the ground, therefore, that Scovell was drunk at one performance, he requested him to return his contract and send in his resignation, and when the board launched at the idea Scovell wrote him a note informing him that his services were no longer required.

Scovell left the theater but took his contract with him, and for five days he toiled not neither did he spin, knowing full well that under his contract his 70 guineas per week and 10 per cent of the profits were due him just the same as if he sang. Scovell found this most annoying, and he consulted a solicitor, and the result was an apology to Scovell and a request that he would resume his part.

HE IS SLOWER THIS TIME.

The Duke of Nassau Does Not Rush to the Side of Mad King William.

LONDON, November 1.—Less than a year ago a dozen Dutch doctors and a couple of German specialists assembled around the bedside of old King William, of Holland, declared that the august sufferer was in a moribund condition physically and mentally, and incapable of transacting the affairs of state.

KILLED BY WINE.

A Boy Becomes Drunk on Wine and Dies on the Ocean.

BY DENIAL'S CABLE COMPANY.]—A boy, aged 15, was killed by wine on the ocean.

QUEENSTOWN, November 1.—The Umbria arriving this morning reports a strange incident three days after leaving New York.

POISONED BY POTATOES.

Unwholesome Vegetables Said to Have Caused Two Deaths.

KILLER, November 1.—Several cases of fever are noted here. In the parish of Queen's County, where the epidemic is feared.

TICKET THAT WON AND LOST.

A Lottery Number Good for \$2,500 Confiscated to the Flannes.

NEW YORK, November 1.—A quantity of property, confiscated from gambling houses and lottery and policy offices, was destroyed day before yesterday at police headquarters.

STANLEY'S NEW YORK LOTTERY.

Small Fortunes Paid for Boxes in the Metropolitan Theatre.

NEW YORK, November 1.—The sale of seats for Stanley's lecture at the Metropolitan November 11, for the benefit of the Cause of Home, of Summit, N. J., occurred this afternoon.

Patents Reported.

Higdon & Higdon, Patent Attorneys, (Washington Associate, late Ex. U. S. Patent Office), 127 Fourth Ave., Pittsburgh, and opp. Patent Office Washington, D. C., report the following patents granted to Allegheny county inventors: J. C. Dilworth, strainer for oil tanks; Thomas Hipwell, lamp; H. F. Mann, car wheel; H. S. McCree, hydraulic press; P. Orr, crossing for cable railways; R. E. Clark, rearing box for machines; William Reams, combined table, stool and writing desk; H. E. Safford, fire extinguisher.

The production of The Great Metropolitan, which will be seen at the Grand Opera House next week, is said to be the most elaborate and realistic production of melodrama ever given in this country.

Fall and Winter Opening.

Nobby suits and overcoats at Dickson the Tailor, corner Fifth Ave. and Wood St., second floor. Telephone 1558.

Stylish Suitings.

For a good fitting suit or overcoat go to Pittman's, 424 Wood St.

THEY KEPT RIGHT ON.

Neither of the Vessels That Collided Off the Jersey Coast

CHANGED ITS COURSE AN INCH.

Though the Hargraves Sighted the Vizcaya Five Miles Away.

CAPTAIN ALLEN BLAMED BY HIS MATE.

NEW YORK, November 1.—The pilot boat Charles H. Marshall No. 3 anchored off Tompkinsville, L. I., at 1 o'clock this morning, having on board five sailors of the ill-fated Spanish Vizcaya, and the second mate, Walker, of the Cornelius Hargraves. The pilot boat picked them up five miles south of the scene of the collision, and they were taken aboard this morning. Mate Walker, who is an intelligent young Yankee, gave to a reporter who boarded the Marshall this morning a graphic and detailed account of the disaster. He said: "I had just finished supper and came on deck a few minutes before 7 o'clock Thursday evening. I saw the Vizcaya about five miles off. Her green light shone on the port side. I did not feel the least bit uneasy."

THE VESSELS APPROACHING.

"Our lights were burning, and must have been plainly visible to those on board the Spanish. We were sailing at the rate of eight knots, and I turned a sharp right to show him that a sailing vessel was near, but he held on his way, and I began to think that he was not going to give us a chance. I did not alter our course."

"Captain Allen and First Mate Henry Phelan were below and I was in charge of the deck. I saw the Hargraves about 10 miles off, and I turned a sharp right to show him that a sailing vessel was near, but he held on his way, and I began to think that he was not going to give us a chance. I did not alter our course."

"I watched the two vessels drawing near, and finally ventured: 'I think we will strike them, Captain.' " "Yes, but heaven, we will. Hard a port! Like a race horse our vessel darted forward."

THE FATAL CRASH.

"We struck the Vizcaya amidships, and I hope I may never be a witness to such another scene. The Hargraves was a great big boat in the Spanish style. I saw our bowsprit sweep along her deck, and a man in gold buttons and peaked cap, whom I took to be the Captain, was knocked off his feet. I saw the Hargraves slowly until almost side by side, and for a fraction of a second there was the solemn hush of death."

"Then a raging human cry burst forth. Men and women darted higher and thither on the big steamship's deck, and soon I heard the sound of their feet as they jumped overboard. I saw the light of a flare as they would find safety, but our ship was as badly off as their own."

"A moment after the crash I caught a glimpse of Captain Allen's face, as he stood in the water, and I saw the light of a flare as they would find safety, but our ship was as badly off as their own."

THE CAPTAIN'S COWARDICE.

"Walker, keep back! Let's save our own skins. I saw the Hargraves' bowsprit sweep along her deck, and a man in gold buttons and peaked cap, whom I took to be the Captain, was knocked off his feet. I saw the Hargraves slowly until almost side by side, and for a fraction of a second there was the solemn hush of death."

"I felt the schooner sinking, and fearing that she would be submerged, masts and all, I grabbed a big gangplank and jumped overboard. I saw the light of a flare as they would find safety, but our ship was as badly off as their own."

"I counted 13 of the Vizcaya's men clinging to the gangplank with me. One was a gentle-faced Spanish lad, about 16 years old. The sea was calm, but there was a heavy, low swell. We were all clinging to the gangplank, and I saw the light of a flare as they would find safety, but our ship was as badly off as their own."

"Our chances are mighty thin," he said to me. I acquiesced, and he continued: "Every time the old gangplank tapers over I grow weaker and weaker. I don't think I can hold on any longer."

"Well, I guess we have all got to go, I told him, but let us hold on as long as we can. When we go under, hold your breath; don't let the water get into your eyes."

"I don't know how long I can live, but I will live as long as I can, the poor lad returned, smiling sweetly, and a few minutes later he was floating on the water. I tried to throw my arm up to him, but before I could reach him he gave a great choking sob and rolled over into the deep. He seemed to sink like lead."

"There were only four of us left. I could see that the others could not last long. They were in the water hanging to the gangplank, with their hands and arms too exhausted to cling to it. I saw the light of a flare as they would find safety, but our ship was as badly off as their own."

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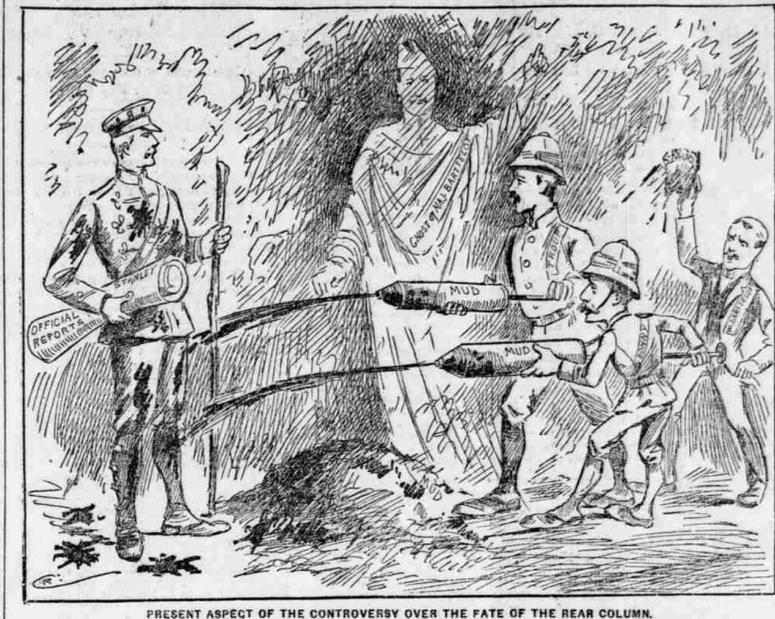
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PRESENT ASPECT OF THE CONTROVERSY OVER THE FATE OF THE REAR COLUMN.

A MIGHTY FORTRESS.

Built in the Heart of Africa by Some Great Prehistoric Peoples.

ITS STORY IS A PERFECT BLANK.

The Simple Blacks Living Among Its Ruins Have No Traditions.

PERHAPS SHEENA'S QUEEN MADE IT.

THE EXISTENCE OF CERTAIN ANCIENT RUINS FAR FROM THE BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA COMPANY'S CAMP ON THE MASHONLAND PLATEAU WAS RECORDED RECENTLY IN A LETTER TO THE LONDON TIMES FROM A CORRESPONDENT WRITING FROM THAT POINT. THEY WERE AT THE HEAD OF WHAT IS KNOWN AS THE PRIDEVAL FAN.

"I have since had the good fortune to visit them," he writes in a second letter, "and now see the first opportunity of chronicling the existence in this neighborhood of ruins and remains of absorbing interest, not only to the antiquary and archaeologist, but of so massive a character and still sufficiently perfect appearance as to make even the most casual and indifferent sighter pause in wonderment, and for the first time in his life, perhaps, betray a genuine desire to be supplied with some information about these relics of the ancient past."

"Some 12 or 14 miles from our camp to the southeast, close to the edge of the plateau, lie the massive ruins of Zimabaye, long sought for and discovered by the well-known German traveler, Mauch, and alluded to and illustrated (upon verbal description from him) by Baillies in his work entitled 'The Gold Fields of Southern Africa.' The general impression at the time when Mauch's discovery was first made known to the world was that he had a good deal to do with the ruins, and had drawn considerably upon his imagination for many of his facts and figures."

"As a matter of fact, however, his description of the ruins is so full of mistakes, as many members of this expedition are now able to testify, in the main exact and correct."

REMAINS OF MIGHTY WALLS.

"The ruins themselves lie at the base of a striking and precipitous granite 'kopje,' inhabited by one of the Mashona tribes, under a chief called Moghobi. The first feature to be noticed on approaching the 'kopje' is the existence of an outer wall, four feet high, running apparently right round the entire 'kopje,' but owing to the high grass and dense jungle-like undergrowth, it was found impossible to trace this wall more than a few hundred yards from the base of the kopje. Next come indications of a second and inner wall, which it was found impossible to trace for any distance for the same reason."

"Then, amid a perfect labyrinth of remains of small circular buildings—a mighty maze, but not, apparently, without some plan—southwest of the 'kopje' and 300 yards from its base, we find ourselves confronted with the starting point of a series of walls, which close examination reveals to be what was once a well-defined, narrow entrance, as shown clearly by the rounded-off corners."

"Inside the building itself (which is most difficult to examine thoroughly, owing both to the dense undergrowth and presence of quantities of trees hundreds of years old, which conceal traces of seemingly, a series of further circular or elliptical walls), and close to the entrance or outer wall, here 30 feet high, stands a conical-shaped tower, or turret, 35 feet in height and 18 feet in diameter at the base, built of the same granite blocks and consisting of solid masonry."

APPARENTLY A FORT.

"Lastly, the remaining feature of this building to be touched upon in this brief account is that on the southeast front of the wall 20 feet from its base runs a double zigzag scroff, one-third of the distance round, composed of the same sized granite blocks placed in diagonal positions."

"On the 'kopje' and hillside itself, too, there are numerous traces of remains of a similar character, circular buildings wedged in among boulders of rocks, walled terraces at least nine in number; and, built on the very summit, an enormous mass of granite blocks, to be used, apparently, as a fort, and which, owing to the complete absence of any disintegrating forces in this climate, is in an almost perfect state of preservation."

"The view obtained from the summit of the 'kopje' commands a panorama probably unrivaled in South Africa scenery."

NO LIGHT ON ITS HISTORY.

"What may be the origin, history and intention of these curious ruins, and, in particular, of the large circular building with its cone-shaped turret, is, as far as the members of the present expedition are concerned, a perfect mystery. The more scientific and learned element is mute in the presence of these prehistoric remains, and stands in silent amazement at their grandeur and solidity. One thing is certain, however, that the area covered by the numerous walls and circular buildings points clearly to the existence some time—perhaps 'before the ages'—of a large and semi-civilized population at a time when slave labor was procurable to an unlimited extent."

"From the natives themselves, as is invariably the case with all South African natives in similar circumstances, we can give no information whatever, respecting these ancient relics, under whose very shadow they dwell; nor do they appear to entertain any superstitious reverence for them. They found them there, as did their forefathers, and they treat them as their own, and information being sent and end."

QUEEN OF SHEENA SUGGESTED.

"The Portuguese have suggested that these ruins form portions of the remains of the city and palace of the Queen of Sheena, the hand of Oshib, Acacia, anciently, Portuguese report repeatedly to a people in this part of Southern Africa whom they found to be established long before their own arrival, and whom they represent to be working for gold in the far interior. To these people they give the name of Morisco (Moors). These are questions which only the skilled antiquary and those versed in such matters should presume to decide."

"It is the opinion of many of us who have been privileged to set eyes upon a spectacle which, with the exception of Mauch, as far as we know, no white man has ever witnessed before fortunate enough to behold. Remains of a similar character did exist within the knowledge of many, but on a far smaller scale, and in a far more desolate region. Numerous photographs, drawings, and measurements have been obtained, which will, no doubt, in course of time find their way to some of our museums, and will be of great value to the archaeologist and ruin hunter for many a long day to come."

HELD FOR BOARD BILL.

A Mother Denies the Possession of Her Infant by a Missouri Court.

NEVADA, MO., November 1.—A highly dramatic court scene was witnessed here yesterday afternoon in the Probate Court room. Habeas corpus proceedings had been instituted by Mrs. Della J. Jeffries for the possession of her 2-year-old baby boy, who was held by a hired nurse for a \$100 board bill due. The mother had placed the child in the nurse's hands to be cared for at a stipulated price per week. She failed to pay the amount agreed. Meanwhile Mrs. Harvey, the nurse, became so attached to the child that she refused to surrender him.

The evidence showing that the mother was an unfit custodian of the child, Judge Gray ordered it to be left in Mrs. Harvey's possession. That another appeared, startled by the decision of the court, and gave voice to her grief by very loud shrieks. She was with difficulty removed from the room.

A RETALIATION CLAUSE.

A Passage in the New French Tariff Herebefore Not Generally Known.

PARIS, November 1.—The new French tariff bill which is now before the Chamber of Deputies contains one striking feature, which has heretofore escaped much notice. This clause which gives to the President and the Cabinet full power to retaliate to an export to France by any country which discriminates against French products, or in any way erects barriers against French trade. This clause is obviously modeled to meet the American tariff inspection bill and is intended as the French answer to that measure.

The general tone of the French press continues hostile to the adoption of retaliatory measures against the United States because of the latter country's tariff legislation. Instead of speaking in favor of retaliation, the papers say that such a course would be made by France and the United States.

BIG RAILROAD SALE.

Reported and Denied That the Big Four Has Bought the C. & E. I.

CHICAGO, November 1.—It is reported with a good deal of confidence to-day that the Big Four Railroad has purchased the Chicago and Eastern Illinois, and that one of the main objects of the visit of President Ingalls with a number of the directors of the Big Four to Chicago, this afternoon, is to close the deal.

President Saul, of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois, denied the report, but his denial appeared to be diplomatic rather than a downright denial of the absolute truth of the statement. The report receives a great deal of credence. It is a matter of fact, and the sale is admitted on all sides to be one of the most likely things in the world to occur.

IN AID OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

A Corporate Society Formed to Help Boykin Securing Employment.

ALBANY, November 1.—A certificate of incorporation of the Brown Memorial Association for the Education of Boys, having its principal office in the city of New York, has just been filed with the Secretary of State. Its objects are to receive, care for and educate, in connection with the Protestant Episcopal Church, such orphans and other boys as may be by their parents or guardians entrusted to it, and to aid in obtaining such employment as may enable them to secure a livelihood. The more scientific

DANCE OF THE GHOST.

Weird Orgies That Herald the Greatest Indian Outbreak of Recent Times.

ALL THE WEST ALARMED.

The Millennium as Painted by the Apostles of the New Messiah.

DELAYS OF GOVERNMENT SUPPLIES.

And Broken Promises Add to the Fantastic Fervor of the Red Men.

EXTENT OF THE NEW RELIGIOUS CRAZE.

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.)

PINK RIDGE INDIAN AGENCY, S. DAK., October 29.—The snake dance of the Moqui Indians, the strange sun dance of the Northern tribes, the roar dance of the hostiles, and the peace dance with which some tribes of red men ratify their treaties, have all been described in The Dispatch. The weird ghost dance with which the Sioux and Shoshones are now celebrating what they believe to be the approach of the Indian millennium has never been described, for the reason probably that it has never been witnessed by a white man.

And in the present state of feeling among the powerful bands encamped here and at Rosebud, as well as further to the west and north, in Colorado and Montana, it is doubtful if any white man known to have seen a ghost dance would live to write or talk much about it. For the very motive of the ghost dance is the resurrection of all the braves who have gone to the Great Spirit since the white man first set foot on American soil and the extermination of the whites.

And the power to work out this tremendous consummation is to come from the wondrous Indian Messiah, the Red Savior, reported months ago to have come down from the happy hunting grounds and lighted on the top of a mountain peak in Southeastern Montana in the wild country on the borders of the National Park.

WHAT THE DANCE MEANS.

The ghost dance seems to be tinged as a solemn veneration to come from the dead that they are now needed on earth to help the remnants of their people exterminate the whites and seize their own again. It is also a ceremonial veneration, in anticipation of the returning braves, and is at the same time a dirge.

The camp this friendly half-breed led is a hollow notification to spy upon it is his lowly surroundings, lowly surroundings, lowly surroundings, to summit across the valley would prove a mile. The wagons of the braves—many of them as farmers and freighters now have their horses and wagons—were corralled in the center of the valley.

A fringe of tent skirts the borders of the camp, and a score or so of painted teepees are the lodging for the warriors. The old squaws and bucks, who have never given in to "progressive" notions, go to wearing shirts or working like white people. The men, women and children, pig and chickens issued to these Indians by the Government for breeding purposes—or in the eye of the law most of them are farmers—have been welcomed in the valley also, and are isolated or corralled on the outskirts of the camp, where they are being killed and eaten at a