SANDY'S LUCKY SHOT.

A THRILLING STORY OF EARLY PENNSYLVANIA.

How a Generous Action Saved a Pioneer Boy From Sudden Death by the Tomahawk.

(By William Murray Graydon, copyright, 1895, by William Murray Graydon.)

I.

A sturdy lad of 18, with a bronzed and ruddy Scotch face, sat on a bench outside of a log cabin industriously polishing a musket, and whistling cheerily while he worked. The cabin stood in a ten acre clearing well up on the flank of a mountain, and afforded as charming a prospect as could be found in all William Penn's fair province—for this was the year 1756, after the Indian war had begun.

It was time of impending danger and trouble for the young pioneers, though for the most part the settlers went simply on with their daily toil, relying on God and their muskets to take care of the future. General Braddock's defeat near Fort Duquesne was fast year's history, and now that the spring had opened, scattered bands of Shawanese and Delawares, egged on by the French, were penetrating south and east through the province.

Massacres and attacks were of frequent occurrence, and each day the tomahawk and scalping knife were cutting a wider swath. The assembly at Philadelphia was concerting no fresh measures for defense, now that it had finished erecting a line of fortified blockhouses along the Susquehanna, each garrisoned by a sergeant and a handful of privates.

Some few of the settlers had already sought refuge in the forts with their cattle and household goods, but Donald MacNeal was not so quick to take fright. This stout hearted man was loath to abandon the home for which he had toiled himself from his native Scotland. He would not yield to a panic scare, and he had at the same time nothing to fear from the Indians, seeing his neighbors had not been molested.

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But he knew that the red fiends were sure to come his way before the summer was over, and he was preparing for a desperate resistance to the last extremity with his wife and son, Sandy. New June was half over, and as yet the lower reaches of the Susquehanna had not range with the terrible war whoop of the savage.

Have I proved it, Donald? Rest easy until it flashes in the sunrise, Sandy" he had the weapon carefully, poked the ramrod, threw over his shoulder a powder horn and bullet pouch that lay on the bench beside him, and rose to his feet with a stick of stalwartness. As he towered above his father (some towered him from his side—a giant but powerful man, with a reddish beard hanging down his chest.

"You're thinking of going out to Lewis's, my lad," said Donald MacNeal. "I'd forgotten this was the day."

"You said I might go," replied Sandy.

"But if there's work to do—"

"No, no, lad! I don't need you. Give Davie a greeting for me, and tell him stop with us over night. The lad has been down to the fort for supplies. Aye—and keep your eyes going and coming, lad."

"For Indians?" asked Sandy. "I'll do that, father. But you don't think they are about?"

"It's not likely," replied the settler, "for we've heard of no massacres within forty miles. But a bit of caution won't go amiss."

"And be sure you're home before dark," added Mrs. MacNeal, leaving her pots and pans to come to the cabin door, "else I'll be sore worried."

"I'll start back at a o'clock," promised Sandy, and shifting his father and mother goodby, he shouldered his musket, crossed the clearing, and struck into a path that led westward along the densely wooded base of the mountain.

II.

The lad's destination was the cabin of the nearest neighbors, three miles over in the next valley. Here, all alone on a little grant of land, lived David Leslie, an elderly man, with the retiring disposition of a hermit. He had come to America some years before, after taking an active part in the Jacobite rising of '45. Prior to that time he and Donald MacNeal had been friends and neighbors in Scotland, and now they were on the same terms in this foreign land.

Visit to David Leslie was a rare treat for Sandy, and he managed to spend a day there about once a month. The old man had taken a fancy to the youngster, and he would sich him tales by the hour of the Jacobite rising, and Bonnie Prince Charlie, and the brave Flora McDonald; sometimes he would take the lad into the forest, and get him a shot at a bear or a deer.

To-day Sandy was looking forward rather more eagerly to a hunting trip than to the stories, for his father had recently bought him a new musket in the place of the old family one with which he had learned to shoot. He trudged on his way with a light heart on his nimble feet, giving scarcely a thought to Indians, but from very habit keeping eyes and ears on the alert as he threaded the familiar path through the depths of the wood.

When he was nearly two miles from home the track forked sharply off to the left and led up the mountain side. Sandy saw had a little more than a mile to go yet, but this was the worst part of the journey, up the one face of the mountain, down the other and across the swamp to the old Scotchman's cabin.

But the lad was well trained in wind and muscle and with nothing energy he mounted higher and higher, pulling himself from ledge to ledge, from tree to tree, and scrambling between the thickets of fern and laurel. At length he gained the flat and narrow summit of the mountain, and as he paused for a brief rest he heard two sounds that made the hot blood leap quicker through his veins—a shrill cry from human lungs and the angry, rasping scream of a wild animal.

Sandy was more startled than scared, but his hand trembled a little as he pulled back the hammer of his musket, and he felt a queer sensation at his heart.

"It's a panther," he said to himself, "and the settler chasing some person. It can't be Dave Leslie, because I know his voice, but maybe it's one of the settlers from higher up the valley."

The possibility that Indians were in the neighborhood never occurred to the lad. The sounds came from the left, and for a moment or two he stood motionless, his eyes that direction, expecting to see man and beast burst into view from the bushes.

"They ain't going either way," he muttered, as the shrill outcry continued incessantly. "It sounds like they were fighting and the man was calling for help. I must try to save the fellow, whoever he is. Won't father be pleased if I shoot a panther! I never had a chance at one before, and I'll show the boys when I get home."

While the clamor of the combatants ringing in his ears Sandy turned to the left and crept through the low thicket that covered the flat side of the mountain. He moved cautiously, but rapidly, holding his musket ready for instant use.

He had gone no more than a dozen yards when the bushes ended in an open glade. A tree, was conveniently near, and crouching behind it, the lad watched with bursting eyes and fast beating heart the thrilling scene before him.

On the further edge of the glade, half a dozen yards across, a ledge of rocks rose to a height of twenty feet. At the base of the ledge was a narrow, triangle shaped cleft, and before this squatted a huge, tawny animal with a sweeping tail, the largest and ugliest panther Sandy had ever seen.

The creature was lashing and screaching ferociously, and suddenly, made a spring at the cleft. Then quickly a dusky face flashed into view, an a naked brown arm, clutching a tomahawk, made half a dozen quick, sharp stabs at the intruder. With a fierce howl the panther drew the baffled panther strange back, its face dripping with blood and crouched for another attack. From the depths of the rock secure rang a loud "whoop"—more a signal for aid than an expression of triumph.

Sandy's looks were ghastly pale as he watched from behind the tree, and there was a little fear at his heart with which the panther had nothing to do. He had seen the swarthy face in the cleft, and he knew what it meant.

"This critter has got an Indian cooped up in a cooler," he whispered to himself. "Injun or white, he's one more of the reliable sheet. Mebbe he's this time they're down at our cabin, a bit begin' father and mother? What shall I do?"

Well might the lad ask this question. He had been brought up to fear and detest Indians as he would rattlesnakes. Now that the long-threatened peril had actually arrived, he felt it his duty to hurry off at once, and spread the alarm among the scattered settlers. Moreover, he knew that he should say the panther—as he stood a fair show of killing—he would in all likelihood speedily find himself a prisoner, with a good prospect of being put to death.

So his first impulse was to leave the Indian to his fate, and get noiselessly away from so dangerous a neighborhood. But before he could act upon it the situation changed with startling celerity. The panther made another dive at the cleft, and this time, in spite of the tomahawk, it got one of its forepaws fast in the thick tuft of hair on the redskin's crown. As the Indian was drawn out of the cleft, kicking and screaming, Sandy saw that he was a mere lad of about his own age.

The screaming of the panther and the cries of its victim moved the young robber to sudden pity. His prudent resolve was forgotten, and without a moment of it, he leveled his musket, he knelt on one knee and took a careful aim on the beast's head. He hesitated an instant, fearing to shoot the Indian instead, and then pulled the trigger.

Amid with a loud report mingled a cry of agony. Through the curling smoke the

FROM VERY INSTINCTS KEEPING EYES AND EARS ON THE ALERT.

panther bounded high in the air, rolled to the middle of the glade, quivered convulsively and lay still stretched out.

Elated by the success of his shot Sandy could scarcely repress a shout of triumph. With his empty musket clutched in one hand he jumped up and ran forward. He found the brute stone dead, the ball having penetrated its skull.

By the time the young Indian was on his feet. He was a slim, handsome fellow, loosely clad in buckskin breeches and fringed moccasins and armed with a tomahawk. A few bruises and bleeding scratches were all that he had to show for his terrible encounter with the panther.

For several moments the two lads, so widely different in nature and appearance, scrutinized each other curiously. Then Sandy suddenly concluded that it was time for him to leave, and just as he was about to do so, without ceremony, a hand was touched over his shoulder, and his musket was torn from his grasp.

With a start and a gasp Sandy wheeled around, to find himself face to face with a Shawanese warrior—a huge brawny savage, decked out in war paint and eagles' feathers; his commander was relieved and tomahawk and the freshly severed scalps dangled at his belt.

Uttering a guttural exclamation, the Shawanese pinned the lad by the throat with one hand, while in the other he lifted high a glittering tomahawk. But before the deadly stroke could fall, the young Indian gave an eager cry and thrust himself between the two.

Sandy was instantly released, and he stood trembling and panting as he watched while the two Indians conversed in their native tongue. They were evidently father and son, and it was equally clear the latter was telling the parent how he had been rescued by the boldness twice to the dead panther. The discussion lasted for a few moments, then the elder savage turned to Sandy.

"How white boy come here?" he demanded, in broken English. "What no? Where live?"

"I live down yonder by the river," Sandy stammeringly explained, pointing behind him. "I was going to—to see some one."

The Shawanese appeared to understand, "Come, boy," he said, with a shrewd look. "Me show you."

He led Sandy to the opposite side of the mountain, and, gazing far across the intervening ridges and swamp, showed the lad a column of smoke rising in the clearer tones in Dave Leslie's cabin. His eyes filled the eyes and he clinched his fists with unmistakable rage and indignation, forgetting for the moment his own doubtful plight.

"Ugh, good boy," the Shawanese added, touching Sandy on the shoulder. "More Indians come—big kill white boy. You shoot panther—save little warrior. Me—Injun—no white. I know you—bone—tell you to—look out. Injun come—big kill white boy."

The redskin looked intently on all sides for a moment, listening intently. Then he stripped the lad of his powder and shot, and made signs for him to load the way.

Silently, and in single file, the father and son followed Sandy over the ridge, down the village by a circuitous route along the line of a winding forest path, it was plain, by their purpose to prevent him from other Indians.

On the edge of the clearing, and in sight of Donald MacNeal's little cabin, the two Shawanese silently shook hands with the lad, and swiftly vanished in the depths of the wood.

Sandy hurried on, grateful for his escape, but grieving bitterly for his lost musket and for the terrible fate of the kindly old Scotsman. However, on burstine into the cabin, the first person he saw was David Leslie. The settler had given the redskins the slip and had arrived but a few minutes before.

Sandy was greeted as one dead, his parents having abandoned hope of his return. He narrated his story, and as it was too late to warn the settlers farther up the valley, it was decided that he already seemed imminent, the three set off early, took boat down the Susquehanna to Fort Hunter, giving the alarm along the way.

That night a number of families came in to the fort for protection, and the murderous band of Shawanese and Delawares left the neighborhood a day or two later, after ruthlessly destroying the crops and cabins of the settlers.

Sandy grew up to manhood among those times of bloody perils, and played a prominent part in the history of the province. But he never afterwards saw either of the Shawanese who had befriended him, and in the autumn of his life he loved to tell the story to his grandchildren, as they sat on his knee in the dusk of the winter evenings.

HE LIFTED HIGH A GLEAMING TOMAHAWK.

Wind for Car Fenders.

An enormous number of trolley car fenders has poured into the patent office at Washington for registry. A traction company official said a few days ago that he had examined plans of 300 different designs submitted by inventors, and then he had to put up a sign, "No trolley fenders wanted." Some scores of these have been patented to keep the tracks clear of pedestrians. There are hideous bells and noise generators to scare people off, cowcatchers to knock them off, revolving brooms to sweep them off, and now comes a Philadelphia inventor with a device for blowing them off. He has just been granted a patent. His apparatus consists of a tank in the forward part of the car, lightly charged with gas or air, with nozzles arranged at an angle, in front and under the dasher is a pivoted framework forming a trigger. As these are touched by a person who has fallen in front of the car the air is freed, and a powerful stream issues from the nozzle, blowing any ordinary obstruction off the track and out of the way of the wheels.

SISSY.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOUIS ALLISON, THE MINISTER'S SON.

A Quiet Lad Who Surprised a Town Full of Boys by His Pluck and Courage.

By C. F. Lester.

(Copyright, 1895, by C. F. Lester.)

"Say, fellows, he's a regular sissy!" said Will Frost to a group of boys on the school ground one afternoon. He was Louis Allison, the latest arrival at the Elmwood school, and the other boys seemed to share Will's opinion. To begin with, Louis was the son of the new minister. "And of course," said Jack Woods, pitifully, "what could you expect? Furthermore, he looked rather sugar, was very quiet and had a paler English face and said 'Thank you,' whenever anyone did anything for him. He had been in school three days now, but in that time hadn't thrown a spitball, passed a note, eaten anything behind the desk or had a bad lesson—in fact, "hadn't gone a thing to show any spirit," said Will. "Sissy" he was already nicknamed, and no doubt, rightly.

"Fair play, boys," said the good natured Walt Brown. "We ought to give him a show, you know. Let's see if he won't play now. There he is, by the end of the ledge."

"Well, we might try him, I suppose," said Jack Woods, the bright particular star of the school nine, "though I don't suppose he can hit a balloon."

Louis accepted the invitation, somewhat to the surprise of the boys, who had hardly imagined he would even care to play. It was "three old cat," or "porch," as the boys called it, and he went into right field as the newest comer. "You'll bat by and by when you're worked round, you know," explained Jack Wood, patronizingly. "Thanks, I think I understand," responded Louis, with a queer look in his eyes. "Played in America all his life," thought Jack. "I suppose he's hardly had a ball in his hand."

But as the game went on the boys began to conclude that "Sissy" knew a little of the game after all. At last Tom Brooks struck out and Brown passed the ball to Louis as next pitcher and went in to catch.

It happened that the mighty Jack Woods was the next batter. The queer look came into Louis' eyes again. He rolled his shirt sleeves and tug his too high pants around. "Swish!" came the first ball right at Jack's head. "Wild, of course," thought that hero as he dropped back to get out of the way, but Walter Brown smiled, as he said, "What do you want, Jack? That was square over the plate." The ball by a beautiful cut shoot had "cut the center" almost exactly.

The boys grinned, Jack muttered something or other, and as the next ball came slowly in, just level with his chest, made a savage strike at it. But about that time the ball seemingly to grow weary all at once, sank gracefully toward the earth and passed a good foot below his bat. "Swoop!" again went the bat, with a grunt from Jack, now thoroughly on his mettle. This time the ball shot in, narrowly missing his ear. The boys were perfectly still. Was the "Sissy" going to strike out Jack Woods, the "slugger?" It looked so.

II.

But just then something happened that saved Jack from the fate he was really beginning to fear, but drove all thoughts of baseball from the minds of the boys. Desperate at the thought of striking out,

MADE A RUSH FOR THE FENCE AFTER THE FLEEING FIGURE.

and that, too, on the pitching of a fellow whom he had so lately patronized, Jack made a grand final effort and succeeded in hitting the next ball pitched, not fairly, though, for it shot over Brown's head, a high foul, and fell in the road beyond. Scarcely had it struck when a ragged, agile figure, seemed to rise suddenly out of the ground, caught it on the bound, and was off like a shot up the road toward Marble Hill. The boys stood for a second speechless, and then, with a wild, superhuman, scary shout, of "Dan Hennessy! Catch him!" "He's hooked the ball!" the whole crowd made a rush for the fence after the fleeing figure.

As in most small towns, there was a lower class in Elmwood, the workers at the marble quarries, whose boys seemed to have a natural antipathy to the weaklier, better educated fellows at the town, who attended the school. A leader among these was Dan Hennessy, who had just now so effectually broken up the game. He was known by many of the boys to their sorrow, as a cold, bold enemy, able both to fight and to run. The latter was his worst police nose, and he was reckoned a fast and furious. He had a good mile to go to the stream, which was the undesired boundary of the Hillers' territory, but had counted on the surprise of the boys to give him a start. The chase had begun more promptly than he had anticipated, however, and when Woods and Brown, the two nearest the road, had cleared the fence, the Hiller

ON THE BRIDGE.

was more than seventy yards in the lead. But a stern chase is a long one, and the result was dubious for the schoolboys. "How far's he got to run?" asked Louis of the boy next him, as he tumbled into the road. "More'n a mile," was the reply, "but he runs like a streak. I don't believe we'll catch him. Dollar'n a quarter ball game, most likely."

Apparently the newcomer was discouraged by this news for he seemed to make no effort to overtake the leaders, but rather to drop back if anything. Will Fox skimmed by, "Huh, afraid, I suppose," he said, to himself. "It's a wonder he started."

But by the time a quarter of a mile had been run, an observer would have begun to see a method in Louis' behavior. He rolled up his other sleeve as he ran, opened the neck of his outing shirt, took out a rubber band from his pocket and began chewing it, and even stopped to snatch a couple of pieces of deadwood from the ground, which he held in either hand, as runners do "grips" in a long distance race. In fact, the last idea was the very one on which he was acting. He saw that it was a race between Dan Hennessy and "the field," as a sporting man would say. The two nearest pursuers, Brown and Woods, were playing the part of pacemakers. He could see that they were not saving themselves at all, and would probably be unable to catch the Hiller before he reached the bridge. But they might tire him so that Louis, by saving himself for a determined spurt at the end, might overtake him. Hence our young friend's apparent indifference.

III.

At a half mile Louis passed two or three who had been leading him, and just then the road curved. Passing the bend he could see the bridge a half mile ahead, and began to calculate his distance. Brown and Woods were just holding their own, but evidently with an effort. Even now Brown dropped back, holding his side. "Wood'll never do it, thought Louis. "Now for it."

Will Frost was just muttering to himself between breaths, "No use—might as well give up" when a gray and white streak shot past him up the road. "Well, of all things," he gasped. "Hum, Jimmy, see him go."

He was "going" for a certainty, and there was need of it. Only a third of a mile more and then the bridge, and safety for the bold Hiller. Suddenly the fugitive heard a shout behind him. "Good boy, Allison! Go it, we'll back you!" It was very shaky, for Brown and Woods hadn't much wind left. Dan Hennessy turned and saw our hero coming for him like a small whirlwind—teeth set, hair flying, fists clinched, and not twenty yards away! "Little fool," he said to himself, "He can run, but wait till he catches me!" and a contemptuous grin came across his face as he plodded on. He had already formed his plan. He would reach the bridge if he could, then turn and demolish his pursuer with a single blow, and with the start this gave him on the others he could cross the long bridge to his own side and safety.

He glanced back again. His enemy was gaining fast. A stone's throw from the bridge he was not a rod behind. With a last spurt the Hiller ran a dozen steps on the bridge, then turned like a flash and prepared for a left hand blow straight in his pursuer's face.

The rest happened so fast that the panting boys behind hardly knew what took place. "Look out!" cried Woods, as the Hiller turned around. But he had hardly got the words out, when he saw Louis spring forward, dodge beneath the dangerous left hand, block the right with his own left, catch his opponent's neck in his right arm, and, bending suddenly forward and toward the left, shot the astonished Hiller over his head like a bag of meal. There was a loud crash as the flimsy rail gave way under the shock, and then with a howl of fright Dan Hennessy tumbled head foremost into the deep stream ten feet below.

Before the boys could reach the spot Louis had looked over the edge for a moment, then with a frightened exclamation, he, too, disappeared into the river below. "Quick fellows," he gasped in a moment, coming to the surface. "He hit his head when he went. I've got him, but he's awful heavy, hurry, hurry," his head sank beneath the surface, but came up again, white but determined. In a moment more the boys had rushed down the bank, shoved off an old skiff and hauled the two boys into it, both unconscious.

Dan, strange to say, was the first to come around. "Well," he gasped, with a weak attempt at his old bravado, "You've got me now. I 'spose I's got ter take it. Wot's the matter with him?" he asked in wonder, as he caught sight of Louis, drenched like himself, just opening his eyes under the vigorous though unscientific treatment of two or three others.

"Hum," said Jerry Nichols. "Why he went in for you, you know. You hit your head on a beam."

"Wot's that?" cried the Hiller, starting up, but sinking back dizzily, "Did he jump in after me, an' fainted away tryin' to git me out? Well I'll be blowed! Say, young feller," he said to Louis, who was fast getting back to his normal state, "You're a brick, you are, you beat me runnin', an' you done me in a fight, an' you slung me in the river, an' I guess I'd never come out only for you. An' if you want ter take it out of me now for hookin' yer ball, why just pitch in; you got a right to, an' I'll take it like a sojer."

"But we don't want to do any pitching in, do we boys?" said Louis, with a smile. "I guess Dan has had enough pitching in for once, and I'm sure I have. Why can't we shake hands and be friends?" I think that was the more sensible, and he held out his hand to the Hiller, who grasped it eagerly, but shamefacedly. And right there in that handshake of those two water soaked, bedraggled boys, began a friendship and a better understanding of each other between the two sides of the town, that grew in strength and extent till the Hillers and school boys were as good friends as they had been bitter enemies, and the old fights and guerilla warfare became only a memory.

Louis, needless to say, became very popular in the school, and helped in many a game for the nine by the skill in the box. But somehow the old nickname still clung to him, and when years afterward, in one of the greatest college games of the season, the phenomenal batter of the opposing team, Woods, lost the game by going out on strikes, a young man named Frost stood up in the grand stand and shouted to the delighted crowd, "Now boys, let her go! Three times three for Sissy Allison!"

SHREWD CONVICTS' TRICKS.

How They Communicate With Their Friends Outside the Prison Walls.

From Tid-Bits.

"I was once offered $1,000 if I would agree to take a note from a certain prisoner in one of our big convict prisons to his friends outside," said an ex-prison warden the other day. "The prisoner was a J. P. who had appropriated some trust money to his own use. I promised to convey the letter, but instead, of course, took it up to the governor.

"It was found to contain a request, in a kind of abbreviated longhand not easily readable, that certain papers at the prisoner's late home should be destroyed. On a search for the papers being made they were discovered and found to contain particulars of other misdeings on the part of the prisoner. On their being laid before the judge who tried the case, he, however, after obtaining advice from the home office, decided that the sentence the magistrate had already received (ten years), amply covered the other misdemeanors.

"A successful attempt to communicate with an acquaintance was made by a convict two years ago. He had contrived to become friendly—by signs rather than by anything else—with a good conduct prisoner in the bakehouse. From this man he managed to get a stump of lead pencil—how the other prisoner had obtained possession of it passes my comprehension, although probably a warden had dropped it. Then on a piece of dirty brown paper he wrote a message in Pitman's shorthand, and when exercising he dropped the note, rolled up in a small compass, by the back side. The latter, however, placed it by mistake inside a roll intended for the governor's table. But it never reached the governor until one morning, when by an accident the man mixed up the roll with some others. At breakfast the governor's daughter was surprised to find a piece of paper in her roll. It was the shorthand letter and the whole scheme was given away. It had, it was discovered, been the baker's custom when passing within the outer walls of the prison, to throw over the roll at a certain spot, where it was found by the letter writer's friends."

CHIEF OF THE SIX NATIONS.

White Woman Who Is Ruler of the Indian Tribes of Central New York.

From the Boston Transcript.

The only white woman legally accorded full rights and privileges by valid recognition as chief, custodian and adviser of the Six Nations is Mrs. Harriet Maxwell Converse, who was born in Elmira, N. Y., but for many years has resided in New York city. For three generations her family has been accepted as the guardian and friend of the American Indian. Her grandfather was adopted by the Senecas in 1792 and called "Ty-we" (honest trader). After his death her father was made a member of the Deer clan in 1861, receiving the name of Ha-je-Now" (bravest boy). In 1880 Mrs. Converse was publicly adopted in the Seneca tribe and made chief of the Snipe clan, giving her the Indian name of the stepdaughter of Red Jacket, which is Ga-ya-hosha-oh, and signifies "the bearer of the law." She is, therefore, a member of the councils of the Six Nations. For her faithful work in legislature in protecting their original landed interests and territorial boundaries she received as an acknowledgment the title of Chief Ya-ie-wa-noh (she watches for us), conferred and signed September 18, 1891, by the chiefs of Six Nations at Onondaga castle, their national government house. She is in possession of the Indian relics, heirlooms, wampum belts and other historical relics of the different tribes. She considers the historical and national wampum belts the most valuable relics in her possession. They are centuries old, and in the rows of wampum beads, their color and arrangement, chronicle important events in their domestic and civil government. The reader of these belts is a most important personage in the tribe, generally transmitting this sacred charge to a special member of one clan, who is instructed privately for this office. Mrs. Converse is a reader of these belts and translates this history of different periods and important events.