

return after many hundred years. Now the time was up, and God had told him the earth was old and worn out, and had sent him again to renew it, and make things better. He said that all the dead were to be resurrected and brought back to life on this earth, which was now too small to hold them all, but he would do away with heaven and make the earth large enough to hold them all. He spoke about fighting, that it was bad, and that Indians must not do it any more; that the earth hereafter was to be all good and everybody must love one another. He said he would send those among them who could heal wounds and cure the sick by a laying on of the hands, and that the good would live here forever and the buffalo would come back. He said it was wrong to kill men of any kind, that hereafter the whites and the Indians would become one people; that if any man disobeyed these teachings he would be banished from the face of the earth; that the Indians must believe all that he now told them, and not say that he lied, for he would know their thoughts, no matter in what part of the world they were, and they could not expect to deceive him. Among those whom Porcupine saw were some who seemed like white men, but they all seemed good, there was no drinking or fighting, and all listened and believed what the Christ said to them. During Porcupine's stay of many days the Christ several times repeated these talks, and told the Indians that when they returned to their people they must tell them all these things. But he was not at all times visible, and could disappear at will.

"He is here among us tonight, and knows all that we are talking about," said Porcupine.

Porcupine continued: "When I heard all these things I came back to my people, and they listened to me. Ever since I heard these things from the Christ I have thought they were good: I can see nothing bad in them. I knew my people were bad, and I got them together and told them. I warned them to listen, for it was for their own good. I talked to them four nights and five days, and said just what I have said here tonight. I told them these were the words of the Almighty God, who was looking down on them and knew what was in their hearts. I wish some who are here had heard my words to the Cheyennes. They have been bad and fools, and the sin of the killing of Ferguson will be visited on the whole tribe. I am sorry that there are one or two Cheyennes who do not believe what I have said. I wish these, and some of you, would go back with me and see that I have spoken the truth. When you have seen the Christ once you can see him in your sleep, that is, if you have shaken his hand; and through him you can go to heaven and see your friends who are dead. I see him often in my sleep, and when the soldiers went up the Rose Bud he came to me in my sleep and told me there was trouble for the Cheyennes. The next night he came to

me and told me that all would be well in the end."

Of Porcupine's sincerity there can be no doubt. As he says himself, he is "no medicine man," and seems to have no wish to become one. That he has seen the person whom he describes as "the Christ" there seems to be no question.

THE GRENADEER GUARDS.

The following is a dispatch from London, dated July 23.—After the order was given to the Grenadier Guards to leave England they were confined in Wellington Barracks. Great latitude, however, was given, and friends and relatives were allowed to visit them. The arrest of six Grenadiers and their trial by court martial tended to cast a gloom over the whole battalion. When the sentences were pronounced on parade yesterday, the same painful scenes occurred. The oldest soldiers of the companies seemed to have been selected for trial. The prisoners exchange their regimental for prison garb. The precise hour for their removal to Brixton Military Prison was a well-guarded secret, while their transfer to the ambulance wagon was so quietly effected that only a few soldiers and spectators were present. The grenadiers were handcuffed and escorted by non-commissioned officers.

The Queen is said to be greatly agitated over the discoveries of the last few days. The Second Battalion of Grenadiers was her favorite troop and she pleaded for the men to save them from exile. At the Horse Guards and War Office, however, no other course was open and it was even proposed to abolish the name of the Grenadier Guards. This mutiny has created the greatest sensation which London has had in recent years. The cause of the whole trouble is believed to be socialism, and agitators, it is said, have secured the enlistment of men in this particular troop for some years past. The alarmists believe it was a part of an extensive diabolical plot, embracing the police force and post-office employes, and that the demonstration of July 7th, when the Guards refused to "shoulder arms" when called out to preserve order during the police riots, was all a part of the plot.

Conservative Englishmen, however, do not accept the theory of socialism and say the guards were angered against their commander, Colonel Maitland, who is put down as a martinet. Colonel Maitland has asked for a court-martial and will be tried next week, when it is expected there will be sensational revelations. The black bearskin shakos were taken away from the men, who were given the white helmets used in the Indian service. Several officers of the guards resigned when the battalion was ordered on foreign service, but the war office refused to accept their resignations. Their place has been taken by the Coldstream Guards.

The following is a dispatch from London, dated July 27.—After the

order was given to the Grenadier Guards to leave England they were confined in the Wellington Barracks. By a strange misfortune a veteran named Perren was one of the unlucky prisoners. An older man named Riggs, belonging to the same company, had been transferred to the reserve the day before. Later in the day the prisoners exchanged their regimentals for prison garb. The precise hour of their removal to the Brixton military prison was a well-guarded secret, while their transfer to the ambulance wagon was so quietly effected that only a few soldiers and spectators were present. The authorities had three ambulance wagons, each drawn by a pair of horses, in attendance.

At the entrance men were brought down to the first wagon, while the other two were sent away in different directions. When the men emerged the curious spectators raised a loud shout. The Grenadiers were handcuffed in pairs and escorted by non-commissioned officers. The soldiers appeared dejected and haggard. One soldier in regimentals shouted, "Keep up your hearts, comrades!" Several prisoners burst out crying, tears streaming down their sad faces. "You'll be better off," cried another soldier as the vehicle drove rapidly away. After the departure of the men the story of their farewell parting with their wives and children spread through the barracks.

In a little while the feeling of depression gave way to excited indignation, which grew more intense as the evening advanced. Wives, children, sweethearts and comrades crowded into the spacious yard from 6 until 10 o'clock. No guardsmen were allowed. An exciting but painful meeting was held in the yard and canteen. At first the men of the second battalion bore themselves bravely and laughed at the expressions of fear of their wives and sweethearts. The sympathetic words of old comrades, however, soon kindled the angry feelings that smoldered in their breasts. The men were immediately aroused and inveighed bitterly against the order that confined them. Harsh, individual cases of men who had a few days only to serve to complete a long and honorable service, and who had been thus rudely awakened from their dream of future freedom from military duty, were cited and discussed. One had only seven days to finish twelve years, and another thirteen days to end seven years of active service. In one case the wife of a prisoner was inconceivable. She had three children with her and was in a delicate condition. As the marriage was without the consent of the colonel, the poor woman could not expect to get that assistance during the absence of her husband which those married by permission always receive. She could only mourn her double sorrow, which her husband's tenderness could not assuage. At length, as the bugle sounded for the visitors to leave, the husband raised his wife and almost carried her to the gate,