

lame, and big-jawed cattle when we know we are entitled to good beef. We know the difference between good and poor beef.

#### LITTLE WOUND

corroborated what Big Road said about the dance. Policemen, squaw men and other Indians had lied about them. Those Indians, he said, wanted to be chiefs, and they hoped to get to be chiefs by lying and making trouble and talking with the agent.

Mention of the word agent again brought Young-Man-Afraid to his feet. We want, he said, a soldier agent, maybe, after a time, we shall want a man who is not an officer; we don't want any more Indian police either, they always make trouble. Scouts can do the work and they won't make trouble, because they will be under the army. We want the government to do what they promised—give us plenty of beef. Our blankets and things, too, ought to be here when the leaves fall; a woman on her way last winter for her annuities was frozen to death.

We got our blankets in time twelve years ago, said Fire Thunder, not since then.

In answer to a question, Young-Man-Afraid said, Yes, some of our children ran away from school, but that is not strange, white children often do the same, but we want them to go to school. Little Wound said that at Medicine Root school the children are often very hungry, and their clothes poor; that many left the school because there was less to eat there than at home. I have asked the teacher to send to the Great Father for more food and clothes. Little Wound also said that his people would rather have red and white and blue and green blankets, and not all the time have black blankets; that Indians like bright colors, and it hurts no one if they do have pretty blankets; and then, he said, we ought to have a little tobacco as we can't raise it.

This was, the correspondent says, ingeniously put, as it was the sign for another smoking bout. This ended the talk of the Ogallala, and the Brules were next heard from.

#### TWO STRIKES,

so named after knocking two of his enemies off their horses, complained of four of their young men conspiring with the agent, half breeds and police to have the agency moved from the Rosebud some twenty-five miles nearer the Missouri River, where there was less timber and less water, simply because the agent wanted to do it, and he worked these young men for that purpose. This was the reason he left the agency.

#### CROW DOG

also complained about the agent taking away from them plows and wagons and things to work with when had Indians would tell him lies, also about the lack of food. Nine years ago there was enough rations all the year round, now they didn't get half enough, and no game in the hills. The beef too he complained of, it was often poor and tough, and it was a common thing to have big-jawed animals and bulls turned over to them. White people would not have these but anything was good enough for an Indian. They had twelve school houses at Rosebud, but they would rather

have less school houses and more to eat; better have a satisfied stomach and know little of school learning than to starve half the time and be very wise. Indians can't learn to be happy and good on an empty stomach. Indian don't feel good when he is hungry. The agency farmers would often take away their things and give them to other Indians which makes us very mad; sometimes a mare or ox would get hurt by no fault of the Indian, and the agent would put the man in the guard house. We have tried to complain to the head agent about these things but he won't hear us; his policemen keep us out of the agency. These things make us leave Rosebud. Big Road, he said, told the truth about the dance. We did not want to fight the whites. The police at Rosebud lied about the dance. He complained also about the lateness of the arrival of the annuities, and about the agent refusing to pay them cash for hauling goods to the agency; he pays orders on the store, and the post traders get too much and the Indian not enough. Years ago they received one beef for every ten people, now they receive one beef for thirty, and not so good beef either. Texas two-year-olds are small and poor, Indian don't like 'em. Spoke highly of Captain Jesse M. Lee as the best agent they ever had. If he (Crow Dog) had stayed at Rosebud it would have resulted in a fight, therefore he came to Pine Ridge, for he and others were very mad, especially the way their young men were acting. He denied that the Indians had destroyed furniture and schoolhouses. Half-breeds and bad white men did it and said it was Indians. He asked that the half breeds and whites who always try to get them in trouble be charged, and men be given them such as Captain Lee employed.

#### LONG BULL,

a Sioux who escaped from the battle of Wounded Knee, told how the Big Foot Indians came to leave Cheyenne River. After telling about bad treatment, short rations, etc., he said Red Cloud sent word for them to come to Pine Ridge, where they would perhaps get better treatment. They were at their home when a white man came to them whose Indian name was Red Beard, and told them the soldiers were coming to fight, so we better get out. Then we came to Wounded Knee and had that fight. We did not want to fight. The soldiers said we must give up our arms and some of us did. I had no gun. Then the soldiers went into our tipis and kicked the beds about and upset everything a great deal. Some Indians had guns under their blankets, hiding them, for Indians think much of their guns. The soldiers used the Indians very roughly and made them mad, until by and by Sits Strait (the Medicine Man) gave the signal to shoot. Big Foot did not want to fight, he was sick. We were prisoners all the night before in our tipis and we talked peace. Indian like white man gets mad when white man hurts him and tears his clothes and takes his gun away. That made the fight.

#### HUMP'S ACCOUNT.

Hump is said to be one of the best Indians in the Northwest. Previous to 1877 he was a hostile of the most pro-

nounced description, but in that year he surrendered to General Miles and has since fought with the army against the Nez Percés.

Big Foot, he said, left Cheyenne river because he wanted to dance. Red Cloud and others had been writing him to come to Pine Ridge, and Big Foot thought there would be fighting there. There was a great deal of discontent among Big Foot's Indians at Cheyenne river agency. Rations were issued once a month and they were very small, consisting of a little flour and beef, sometimes there was a piece of bacon as big as my hand; annuity goods were not as much as promised and they did not come till late in the winter. The agents all the time keep on promising to give more and gave less. Only one crop in three is good. I think Big Foot came to Pine Ridge thinking to get better treatment or to fight. I don't like the government to change good agents. When we know a good man he is taken away and some man not so good put in his place; would rather have a soldier officer for agent, because soldiers when not fighting the Indians treat them good. Indians are willing to work many ways, but agents say they must farm whether they know how to or not. The agent only gets his favorites among the Indians to freight goods in from the railroad, and that does not give as many Indians a chance to work as would like to. We want more rations, more wagons, more tools and more ways to work. All white men are not farmers even where the land is good and grows much. Our land is not good. We must have something to eat while we are working and waiting for the crops that so often do not come. There is no hunting, and many of us would like to be soldiers.

G.  
WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 29, 1891.

#### JAMES H. JENKINS SICK IN PRISON

Information has reached us that James H. Jenkins, of Goshen, Utah County, who is serving a term in the Utah penitentiary for infraction of the Edmunds-Tucker act, is in a dying condition. His son, John L. Jenkins, of Nephi, received a dispatch to that effect yesterday, and has come to the city in order to be near his father in his expiring moments. The case is one of surpassing sadness.

The offense of which Father Jenkins was adjudged guilty was adultery with his plural wife. He was sentenced by Judge Blackburn to a term of two years' imprisonment. At the time judgment was passed upon him he was in feeble health, being barely able to walk to the train with the aid of a staff. He is on the verge of threescore and ten years, being in his 69th year. He is now in the fifth month of his imprisonment, from which he is soon to be released by a power greater than that which placed him in "durance vile."

A new committee for the purpose of taking some action on the matter of defenses of Norway was organized recently at Christiania.

Sigrid Arnoldson, the great Swedish songstress, appeared lately at the Lcees Theater, in Barcelona, Spain, and made a grand success.