

These children here we see to-day,  
Will fill our places soon,  
You who are in the eve of life,  
And we who are near the noon.

May bonds of love our hearts unite—  
A threefold cord and strong—  
Nor old acquaintance be forgot,  
But be remembered long.

May robes of Charity full large,  
Be o'er a brother thrown,  
It's ample folds we oftimes need,  
To cover up our own.

So thus in union may we live,  
Our hearts inspired with love,  
And when the toil of life is o'er,  
We'll find a home above.

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AN INDIAN BURIAL.

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THE widow of Johny Green died in the Indian camp, on the Des Moines River, one-half mile north-east of Tyson's Mill, Webster county, a short time ago. She took sick rather suddenly, and after a short illness died. She was kept four or five days owing to the absence of her son "Buck" Green, who was away from camp at the time trapping and hunting. When he arrived at the camp and was informed of the death of his mother, arrangements were made for her burial. Four white men who had observed

the Indian medicine men engaged in digging the grave, told him they would dig the grave if he would allow them to remain and witness the ceremonies, which offer he readily accepted. After the grave was finished the men proceeded to the camp where the dead woman was lying, to see them go through the ceremonies, which were commenced by laying the old Indian woman out on a new blue blanket, in the center of the tent, after which "Buck" Green sang several chants. They then commenced to rattle gourds, filled with shot, and continued to do so for some time. All of a sudden the rattling ceased. One of the men seated near one of the Indians, asked what they were doing now, whereupon he answered that they stopped the gourds to "let squaws cry." The white men then picked the corpse up and carried it to the grave, where she was put in a rude coffin, an old blanket being put under her head by one of the squaws for a pillow, after which every thing belonging to the old squaw was placed in the coffin with her among which were a small bag of corn and some herbs. They then covered the coffin and put her down into her bed. "Buck" stood at the head of the grave looking into it for some time, when he picked up a handful of dirt, and threw it into the grave. "Knew Top," and others did the same.

"Buck" again sang several chants, when the medicine man commenced to fill up the grave with earth, all leaving the grave while he was performing this duty. Her age was eighty years. The white men informed us that every thing was done with much respect and in a very interesting manner.—<sup>V</sup>*Webster City Index.*

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