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SHINKAH

THE OSAGE INDIAN

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Author of

"GERONIMO'S STORY OF HIS LIFE"

"MOCCO, AN INDIAN BOY"

"HOISTAH, AN INDIAN GIRL"

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PREFACE.

The author was born among the western Indians and has lived for many years in close proximity to various tribes. He has observed much in their private life that is interesting and exemplary. In this volume he has tried to recite some Indian lore that is in itself a real contribution to literature and to indicate the nature of the sociology of the Osage Indians.

To a casual reader it might seem that Shinkah as a boy is too free from such mischievous activities as are characteristics of boy life in our own homes. It should be remembered, however, that in this primitive society there were not many artificial barriers against which the activities of the youthful aborigine would rebel. Group conformity would therefore be the natural order for an Indian boy placed in such environments.

If this book contributes to the perpetuity of valuable Indian lore and to a better understanding of the sociology of this tribe, its mission will have been fulfilled.

S. M. BARRETT.

Claremore, Oklahoma.

February, 1915.

CHAPTER ONE.

THE OSAGE RIVER CAMP.

From its head waters, in Osage County, Kansas, the Osage River flows in an easterly direction to central Missouri; there it enters the great Missouri River and thence its waters find their way into the Mississippi River and on into the Gulf of Mexico. In its lower course, near the central part of Missouri, the Osage River forms the crooked boundary line between two counties, Cole and Osage.

In one of the numerous bends of the river between Cole and Osage counties, on the south side of the stream and therefore in Osage County, a band of Osage Indians made their winter camp late one autumn more than a century ago. They were accustomed to spending the winter in this place and therefore called it their winter home.

Around the camp grounds, west, north and east, flowed the Osage River, and on the south a rugged bluff arose as a barrier against those who might seek to invade the valley from that direction. The space thus enclosed by the river

and the bluffs was overgrown with dense woods. In the central portion of this valley was an open glade in which the tepees of buffalo hides were erected. All about the camp were fallen trees so that dried wood was convenient and abundant.

Thus this band of Osage Indians placed their camp so that the dense forest protected the tepees from the north winds of winter, the winding river and the rugged bluff served to protect the camp from molestation and added to the seclusion of this primitive abode.

Within a few days after their arrival at this place the whole camp was set in order and the regular routine of life began here where the Indians had frequently spent the winter in years gone by.

Soon after these Indians camped in this pleasant valley early winter with its bleak winds and killing frosts came. Then it was that the hickory and pecan trees in the groves cast their brown nuts upon the ground; on the upland above the cliffs lay bushels and bushels of walnuts under the trees where the wind had shaken them down after a still clear night when Jack Frost had played all night in the tree tops; along the bluff, clusters of black haws hung ready to

be picked and eaten; here and there persimmon trees were standing bravely beneath their weight of ripened fruit; by the river's bank the paw-paw bushes had for a long time held up their broad leaves to protect and conceal their fruit, but the frosts caused the leaves to turn golden and then brown and the ruthless north wind blew them down, so that the ripe fruit hung from low boughs, an inviting sign that the Indians could easily read; scattered through all the forest were trees garlanded with grape vines whose purple fruit shone temptingly against a background of leaves of red and gold, and when the leaves had blown away, there in the winter sunshine hung the grapes waiting to be gathered.

Every day the Indian women and children gathered nuts and stored them away for winter use. Whenever they wished they ate of the plenteous mellow paw-paws and the luscious purple grapes. When meat was wanted the hunters killed game. In this manner, nestled in seclusion and comfort, dwelling in the midst of plenty, the Osages lived in peace.

By and by, the deep snows came and mantled the camp in white. Then one stormy night a tiny babe was born in one of these tepees. For

want of the real name of the babe we shall call it child, or in the Osage Indian language, SHIN-KAH.

All winter the child stayed in the tepee. Usually it was tied to a board, which was the only cradle provided by the Osages for their babes. Outside the tepee the snow lay upon the ground or drifted about in the cold gusts of wind. But when springtime came, Shinkah (child) was placed outside the tepee where the other children played. When the sun shone warm and bright the babe "cooed" and smiled, and when the children at play laughed loudly in their glee, he too laughed. So in that quiet valley spring passed into summer.

One morning in early summer, these Indians left the camp. All day long the camp remained quiet. The low murmur of the gently flowing Osage River, the occasional songs of wild birds, and the much less frequent sounds of his mother's voice were all that the babe heard. In his childish way, he dimly wondered what was wrong. He had been accustomed, day by day, to watch the other children playing. Frequently he had cooed his approval of their frolicsome games and merry laughter on other days, but upon this day he could not find them



OSAGE BABY IN OSAGE CRADLE
(Modern)

with his bright searching eyes, and he was lonely.

Shinkah had seen no children nor had he heard any laughter, for the very good reason that on this particular day no children were playing in the camp. All of the band of Indians, save Shinkah, who was only a tiny babe, his mother, who was not well enough to undertake the journey, and his great-grandmother, who was an invalid, had gone to another Osage Indian village to visit kindred and friends. The camp which they were to visit was in the Ozark Mountains, about fifty miles distant from their own camp.

Because it was impossible for them to go with the others these three Indians of three distinct generations were left alone in the camp on the banks of the Osage River in what is now Osage County, Missouri. Under such circumstances of course the camp was unusually quiet, but Shinkah was too young to understand the cause.

Shinkah's mother had bound him securely in his Indian cradle and propped the cradle up among the branches of a fallen tree in the shade of a mighty century-old elm that stood by her tepee of buffalo hides. Near the cradle, and

under the shade of the same old elm tree, the mother placed for herself a buffalo robe. Lying upon this robe she could watch her babe, and at the same time have some oversight of her grandmother, whose tepee was on the opposite side of the open glade. As the babe cooed to himself the sick mother rested in the cool shade, and the aged grandmother sat in her lone tepee gently swaying her emaciated body to and fro with the regularity of a pendulum while she mumbled in scarcely audible tones the achievements of her ancestors as well as the legends and traditions of her tribe. Her sightless eyes seemed to look into the remote past and the distant future as a recompense for their inability to behold the beauties of the fatherland of the Osages.

At noon-time the mother arose from her sick-bed, and took some water and food to her grandmother. Returning, the mother gave Shinkah a piece of fat venison for his lunch and wearily reclined upon her buffalo robe again. The babe began at once to suck the substance from the fat meat and to swallow whatever portions of it he could detach without the aid of teeth. The child, however, soon greased his whole face and part of the cradle in fruitless

efforts to return the meat to his mouth whenever he in his eagerness jerked it away. Finally in his awkwardness and eagerness he dropped the meat and a hungry dog took it. He did not worry on account of his appearance, but he "scolded" several times when the meat was lost. As his mother was asleep and no one else was near enough to say anything to him, he soon forgot his troubles.

Near Shinkah's cradle stood a sturdy red-bud tree whose abundant blossoms pleased the child very much, and to this little tree and its bright appearance the child turned his attention. Before he had wearied of this pretty thing a red bird alighted on the topmost bough of a cedar tree nearby, and sang his sweetest song. Shinkah seemed to understand and appreciate the singing, too, for he interrupted the song in a very unsuccessful effort to imitate the singer. Only for a moment, however, did the song cease on account of the interruption, and then to show that he was not vexed, Mr. Red Bird began again, and sang such a joyful song that his mate came to him. Presently the pair flew across the river, and from the top of the tall sycamore tree, sang again. But they were so far away that Shinkah lost interest in them.

Indeed, he lost interest in everything, for gradually his little eyes closed and he slept peacefully.

In the stillness of noon time, the low murmur of the Osage River again rose drowsily. Ever and anon from the tree-tops along the river bank came the songs of birds. Under the trees in a sheltered nook near the camp the deer nibbled the grass cautiously, and then they went to the river for a drink while all about the meadow skipped their pretty spotted fawns as free and happy as could be. From the shattered bough of



BUFFALO HIDE TEEPEE.

a dead walnut tree that stood above the rugged bluff overlooking the camp came the dis-

cordant "caw! caw!" of the robber crows, but the campers slept on.

After a long time the slanting rays of the sun penetrated to Shinkah's cradle and disturbed him. Next a meddlesome fly annoyed him until he wriggled and tipped the cradle over. Then he called his mother, just as other little babes have always called their mothers, and just as they call them now. In maternal love she came to him, just as mothers have always come to their little babes, and just as they come to them now, and she took him from his cradle just as mothers have always done, and just as mothers do now. As he looked up into her eyes the dimples came back into his little brown cheeks. With chubby hands he patted his mother's breast and smiled and cooed until he finally laughed aloud in his happiness. While his mother prepared the evening meal the babe rolled on the buffalo robe and kicked, and cooed, and cooed and kicked.

When the aged grandmother had been served, the mother returned to her camp and ate some broiled venison and boiled dried corn while Shinkah again had some fat meat. When in his eagerness he dropped the meat on the robe, his mother gave it back to him, and he ate until

he could eat no more. Slowly then the evening shadows darkened the waters of the Osage River and the meadows along its banks. Silently the night came on, and the three Indians slept. Over the murmur of the waters of the Osage River came the deep voiced B-r-r-r-u-m! B-r-r-r-u-m! B-r-r-r-u-m! of the big green bull-frog. Through the deepest forest echoed the Hoo! Hoo! Hoo! of the great horned owl as he made ready for a night raid on the more timid and helpless birds. In tremulous wail came the lonesome howl of the wolves to announce that thieves, too, were coming forth.

When the voices of night ceased, and the first songs of the lark rang out free and clear, the aged grandmother sat up in her tepee and with sightless eyes faced the dawn. In a few moments, from the tepee of buffalo hides, the mother came forth and stirred the smouldering embers of the camp fire into life. As she cooked their breakfast, Shinkah's awakening smile met the first rays of the morning sun and another day in the Indian camp had begun.

Days and nights like the first came and went with little variation in the Osage camp for a whole month. The mother recovered rapidly from her illness, but whether the recovery was

due to the sassafras and wild cherry-bark tea she took, or to the natural resistance of her body, is a question to be settled by the modern physician and the Osage medicine-man who prescribed. But, at any rate, she was in better health each succeeding day. Shinkah soon became accustomed to the quiet, but he gradually acquired more power to supply the usual noise for the camp. Each day he grew stronger and larger. Each day was warmer than its predecessor had been and each day was nearer to the time of the home-coming, but each day seemed to carry the aged one further away from strength and life. At last one morning Shinkah stopped his cooing to listen to the joyous voices of many children as from their visit the Osages were returning. That day he watched the children at play, and he was not lonely in the Osage River Camp.

NOTES.

"Shinkah" is an Osage Indian word meaning child. Shinto-Shinkah means boy.

At the time this story begins, early part of the nineteenth century, the Osage Indians lived in Missouri. Big Track, a noted chief, with his tribe of Osages, had removed to what was then Arkansas and located near the present town of Claremore, Oklahoma. The Osages claimed the territory covering Missouri south of the Missouri River, all of Arkansas north of the Arkansas River, and much of Eastern Kansas and Oklahoma. See map, page 114.

The male deer is called a **buck**; the female a **doe**, and the young, a **fawn**; the meat is called **venison**.

QUESTIONS.

What sounds were usually heard in camp? What sounds did the child hear on the day following the departure of the tribe? Why was the camp so quiet? Why had these three Indians not accompanied the others? Find on your map the Osage River, and the Ozark Mountains. Describe the camp at noon-time; at night, and at dawn. What were the "voices of the night?"

CHAPTER TWO.

BIG TRACK'S VILLAGE.

Year after year the band of Indans to which Shinkah belonged camped along the river which still bears their tribal name. During the long winter evenings the children of this band listened to the legends and traditions of the tribe as they sat on buffalo robes or rush mats about the warm fires in the tepees. Year after year visits were made to their several kindred bands of Osage Indians who camped along the Osage, Gasconade and Niangua rivers. Year after year the band spent each summer season at the permanent village of the tribe. This village was located far up the Osage River.

Year after year the squaws planted corn, beans and pumpkins, and, when the crops were harvested, put the surplus corn in cribs and the other supplies in the lodges at the village. Year after year the warriors in a body went out on the western plains to get their supplies of meat and robes from the immense herds of buffaloes. Year after year Shinkah grew and learned. He was a good boy, and had a good home among a happy and contented people.

When Shinkah was five years old, his tribe, the Great Osages, decided to visit the Arkansas Osages in their village on the Verdigris River in what was then called the Territory of Arkansas, but is now a part of the State of Oklahoma. Pawhuska (White Hair), chief of the Great Osages, called a council at which a decision was made to visit Chief Big Track in his village. An invitation to join in this visit was sent to the Little Osages. Their chief called a council, and they decided to accompany the Great Osages on their visit to the Arkansas Osages.

Several things had come into Shinkah's young life that had profoundly affected him. First in importance was his little sister, New Moon, whom he dearly loved, and for whose protection and care he felt a great responsibility. From this brotherly love and responsibility arose many duties, some of which were not easy to perform. Especially disagreeable was the duty of surrendering his playthings to his sister, and giving up to her his place in his mother's arms at night. But Shinkah tried hard, indeed, to be unselfish, and for one so young he succeeded admirably.

Early one morning in winter, Shinkah's mother went, as was her custom, to the lone tepee of her grandmother, only to learn that Death had called earlier. Then over the quiet camp arose the sounds of mourning in which friends joined. All that day Shinkah had to care for his little sister, and in the weeks that followed it seemed to him that his mother had forgotten the living, but he took care of his sister as best he could. Although the grandmother had not seemed to care for Shinkah, she had always been very fond of his little sister, and after this death it seemed to Shinkah that in some indistinct way a dreadful mystery had come close to him. Usually when his little sister asked questions Shinkah was ready to answer, but when she looked out over the drifting snow to the great-grandmother's burial mound on a high hill above the village, and asked in her simple, child-like way, "Is grandmother cold?" Shinkah had no answer.

By springtime, however, this sorrow seemed to Shinkah's mind to be removed from their immediate lives. In early summer when it was told to him that the tribe would go on a visit to the Arkansas Osages, and that he and all the family would go, he was indeed glad. He had

never been on any tribal visit, for at all times since he could remember his mother had remained in camp to attend to the needs of her invalid grandmother, who was left to her sole care.

During all these years the mother had patiently cared for the aged one, and for this she had received the approval of her tribe and of her own conscience. Now, for once, she and her little ones could go with the others to enjoy the hospitality of their southern kindred. The growing crops of the tribe would be left to the care of the feeble and infirm and those who must minister to their wants, while all the others would go on to Big Track's village.

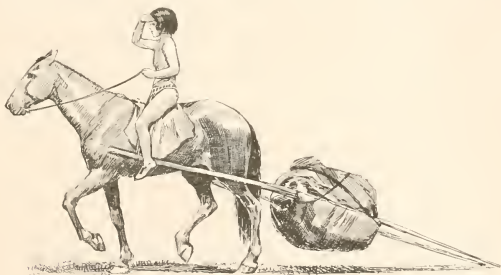
One morning Shinkah's parents made a *cache* in which to leave such things as could not be carried on the journey. First they removed the grass from a small circular spot and carefully laid the pieces of sod aside. Then as the father dug up the earth, the mother carried it away in baskets and cast it into the river. Larger and larger grew the circular hole as it grew deeper. At last the digging stopped, and into this cache (hiding place) were placed the extra clothing, robes, and household utensils, as well as a supply of dried pumpkin, corn and beans. First a pile of sticks was placed in the bottom of

the hole and over this a buffalo skin; then the supplies, clothing and household things were packed upon this skin, and between the household goods and the dirt walls more sticks were placed. On the top of the pile thus formed another buffalo hide was placed and over this some more sticks; then dirt, and last of all the soil that had been removed. Over this spot water was poured to obliterate the traces of fresh soil and keep the replaced sod green. Then they threw a pile of dead boughs over the hiding place carelessly as if they were blown down by the wind, and the cache was complete.

Hidden there beneath the sod in the woods, free from storms and safe from thieves, with the family belongings, were all the children's things that would not be needed—Shinkah's old bow and some extra arrows, his heavy winter moccasins and mittens; New Moon's pretty buckskin dolly, painted neatly, and everything that was not actually needed on the journey.

Shinkah and New Moon thought, of course, that the time for their journey was near at hand. That night the ponies of the tribe were driven into the pens at the village, and everyone knew that on the morrow at sunrise the journey would begin.

Just at daylight the children were called to eat their breakfast, after which the mother brought her pony up near the lodge and fastened a long pole to either side of the patient animal. The ends of these poles lay on the ground several feet behind the pony. Behind the pony's heels from one pole to the other she fastened a strong buffalo hide, thus forming a *travois* into which she placed supplies of dried meat and pumpkin first and afterwards some maple sugar, some



TRAVOIS

earthen pots for cooking and some buffalo robes for bedding. The robes were spread over the other things and New Moon was told that on these robes she would ride.

While the mother arranged her travois, Shinkah rode about the village on his sturdy little spotted pony, anxious to be off on his long

journey. But when his mother called him to her, and began to fasten poles to his pony, he protested that he was to ride with the hunters and scouts, not with the squaws. A word from his father terminated this debate, however, and the boy's lot in the line of march fell of course with the women and children. Shinkah's pony drew a travois laden with corn, a small mortar and a pestle for pounding the corn, some extra robes for the tepee and some bundles containing presents for the people whom they were going to visit.

Just behind his mother's travois, in which, seated upon the camp supplies, New Moon rode, followed Shinkah as his pony tugged along with its heavy load. Soon the pleasure of the ride, the happiness of the others, and the natural good nature of the boy, drove from the little traveler all gloom at his disappointment in not being allowed a more conspicuous place; and he chatted with his sister, as with the morning sun they began their journey.

When New Moon finally fell asleep on the buffalo robes that covered the camp supplies in her mother's travois, Shinkah turned aside and rode by the side of another small boy whose pony also drew a load, and the two boys talked

as they rode. Down the valley of the Osage River they went, stopping to water the horses at a stream and to eat a lunch at noon time. About four or five o'clock in the afternoon, they came to the valley in which the scouts had planned for camp and the cavalcade halted.

This camp was in a beautiful meadow near the bank of the river. Large oak trees stood about at irregular distances and in all the valley the grass was green and tender.

First the mother tied the front feet of her pony close together so that it could not run away, detached the travois, and turned the pony loose to graze. Next she released Shinkah's pony from its load but did not hobble it by tying its feet. In this way all the ponies were soon grazing, some hobbled and some free. The mother worked on faithfully. Taking the poles of the travois, she used them for the tepee poles, and soon the buffalo hides were stretched over them and the tepee completed. In like manner the other squaws erected their tepees, and soon a village appeared.

While New Moon and Shinkah played, the mother worked on, placing things in the tepee, bringing water from the river and from the forest fallen branches of trees for fire wood. Next

she started a fire by striking a piece of steel against a flint and driving sparks into tinder (dried wood fibre) until it ignited.

By and by the hunters began coming into camp, bringing whatever game they had killed. Shinkah's father brought a fat deer, and the mother dressed it and cooked venison for supper. Other hunters brought game, and, if any family did not have plenty of fresh meat, those who had an abundance supplied the need. At last the warriors who had acted as scouts returned, and reported that no other bands of Indians were near, after which everybody in camp felt secure.

After the camp was in order, the children played around the camp fires for a long while. As darkness covered the valley, four warriors moved silently out in different directions from the camp to watch through the night. All the others retired. Very soon the tired ponies grazed in the meadow, or drank at the river, and the Indians in the camp slept. Over the sleeping Osages the four warriors kept watch. Silently the moon arose and slowly moved across the sky. Then the watchers, one by one, in silence, came into camp. The satisfied ponies, one by one, lay down on the soft grass; the dogs

slept by the tepees and only the moon and stars kept watch.

Down the valley of the Osage River the tribe moved, day by day, until they were joined by the Little Osages, and then turning southward, they followed up a branch of the Osage River to its source. Next, they crossed the summit of the Ozark Mountains, and afterwards followed down the Neosho River for several days. When they left the valley of the Neosho, they traveled straight across the wooded hills and the rolling prairies toward Big Track's village on the Verdigris River.

During the entire journey the hunters rode far aside each day, and brought game to the camp at evening. Every day scouts were kept out, and in the early watches of the night warriors stood guard over the camp. Every morning the squaws took down the tepees, and every evening put them up again many miles further along their journey, usually in a green meadow by a stream.

One morning the hunters and scouts all came back to a place where the travelers had halted. Soon Chief Big Track and a hundred warriors of his tribe rode out to meet their guests, and escort them into the village.

The chief of the Little Osages rode on one side of Big Track, and the chief of the Great Osages on the other side, while the warriors of the host, riding on in advance, acted as scouts for the visiting tribes.

After riding up another hill they came at last in sight of the village towards which, day after day, they had been traveling. There stood hundreds of Osage lodges clustered close together and by them the "big" lodge for religious and fraternal rites. Not far away a great mound (Claremore Mound) stood, just as the Blue Mound stood near Shinkah's home. On the green meadows, under leafy trees through whose boughs the darker green of mistletoe appeared, played groups and groups of happy children; along the river above the village grazed the great herd of ponies and near them were the herd-boys; in the rich alluvial valley below their homes were the fields of growing grain, and by a hundred camp fires busy squaws were preparing the feast.

Down the long hill and for miles across the low, level prairie rode the visitors and there at last the three tribes mingled in social greeting. Exclamations of gladness arose from host and guest alike, as friend met friend, after long



OSAGE INDIANS DANCING NEAR THEIR "BIG LODGE."

separation. Soon two other villages arose beside the former village—village of tepees on either side of the village of lodges—and two other herds of ponies grazed in the valley. Then the feast began. That night presents were exchanged among adults while children played by bright camp fires. When at length the moon arose, it looked down upon thousands of Osage Indians as they moved rythmically in the thanksgiving dance, while all around the older Indians sat and talked of happy days gone by, and joy and freedom reigned.

CHAPTER TWO.

NOTES.

There were three divisions of Osages at this time: **Great Osages**, under Chief Pawhuska (White Hair); **Little Osages**, under Chief Wind, and the **Arkansas Osages**, under Chief Big-Track.

It was customary for Osages to mourn for their dead in a prescribed manner and for their friends to join in their ceremonies of lamentations. **Burial mounds** of stones were erected on **high hills** or mounds near their villages or camps.

The **permanent** village of the great Osage Indians was situated near the present town of Rich Hill, Missouri. Near this village were some natural mounds (Blue Mounds), used by the Indians for ceremonial rites and also as burial grounds. Near the village of Big-Track was also a large mound, (Claremore Mound), probably used for the same purposes.

In summer, each tribe lived at some permanent village and cultivated crops of corn, beans, pumpkins, tobacco, etc.

The lodges in their permanent villages were built by the men. They first erected poles in a circular manner, thatched the roof, leaving a hole in the center for smoke and also plastered the sides of the building with clay. At an early date, and sometimes even later, bark houses and tepees were used.

At each permanent Osage village was erected a large lodge for religious and fraternal rites. This "Big lodge" and the nearby mound at Big Track's village were similar to the distinguishing marks of White Hair's Village.

QUESTIONS.

Find on the map Claremore, Oklahoma, and Rich Hill, Missouri. Trace on the map the following Rivers: Osage, Neosho, and Verdigris. How does mistletoe grow?

CHAPTER THREE.

PLAYMATES.

Shinkah, of course, played with his little sister, but like other boys, he had playmates among the boys of his own age. Among the boys of his age and size at Big Track's village, was a Pawnee boy named Beaver who, with his parents and several other Pawnee families, was visiting at the home of the Arkansas Osages at this time.

Although Shinkah and Beaver could not understand each other very well at first, they soon formed a friendship and became playmates. They conversed in the sign language until gradually they learned many words from each other.

One day when Shinkah's mother was out, he took Beaver to the vacant tepee and gave him some maple sugar. The little Pawnee indicated that he had never tasted anything so good and wanted to know how it was made. Shinkah described to him (mainly in sign language) the process of tapping the maple tree, and collecting the sap, which was a pleasant task. Bringing the wood for the fire that boiled the sap was a disagreeable task, and the description of this

part of the process ended with the sign for "back-ache." Stirring the thickening syrup as it boiled was also described as a disagreeable task, and the description of that part of the process ended with a sign for "smoke in eyes." Beaver stoutly affirmed that he would gladly perform all these tasks for more of the brown loaf, whereupon Shinkah brought forth an additional piece of sugar for his guest. After being served generously for the third time, Beaver made the sign for "sour" and Shinkah laughed heartily.

Together the playmates walked out under the trees where New Moon and her playmate, Little Star, an Osage girl of her own age, were playing "keep house." New Moon had sunflower stalks for tepee poles, and over these she had fastened her mother's pretty new shawl. This shawl had been given to the mother as guest of the Arkansas Osages. Shinkah was inclined to chide New Moon for such free use of the pretty new shawl, when he remembered how he himself had used the sugar; so he did not chide his sister this time.

After due persuasion, the boys agreed (just as the girls knew they would), to be "ponies" and play "tribal visit." Beaver was to be Little



Star's lazy pony and Shinkah was to be New Moon's bad pony. Little Star's whip wore out in her vain attempts to get started with her travois, but New Moon's bad pony began the journey for the tribal visit by running away. First, he spilled New Moon's corncob dolly out of the travois, and almost killed it; next he turned the travois over by the bank of the river, where all of the food for the feast tumbled out and part of the maple sugar fell into the water; and last, but worst of all, he tore the pretty new shawl.

Very quietly New Moon returned the shawl to the tepee, and Shinkah readily promised not to tell.

By and by New Moon rejoined her playmates, and the journey for a tribal visit was resumed. The new tepee which New Moon brought from her mother's tepee this time was a piece of real buffalo hide, so small however that only one of the children could enter the tepee at a time, and if one of the boys sat down in it his feet stuck out. Nevertheless in due time they came to the homes of the "tribe" they were to visit and exchanged "expensive" presents—stick horses. New Moon was afraid that the loss of the greater portion of the maple sugar would make the feast inadequate, but for some "unac-

countable" reason, Beaver and Shinkah proposed that the girls could have all the sugar, so it happened that at the feast there was enough sugar for all.

Shinkah was the fleetest five-year-old foot-racer among all the Osages, but Beaver frequently beat him when they ran the customary course—fifty yards. When they wrestled, Shinkah usually won. At shooting with bows and arrows they were about equally matched, and the same might be said as to their skill in throwing the tomahawk. At these last two sports the boys spent hours and hours. No matter which of the two won in any contest, the other never behaved peevishly because he was defeated.

Frequently in camp at evening, some boy would suddenly appear with a long piece of grass rope or a buckskin string fastened to him and call, "Crooked trail! I'm it!" Then, holding to this "trail rope," or to other pieces fastened to it, all the little boys and girls would follow as the leader dashed in and out among the tepees and lodges until all the trailers quit or the leader "gave-up." Shinkah and Beaver were both fond of this game, and whoever was leader knew that when the race of endurance ended both these boys would still be holding up

the trail rope. Which of the two was better in this endurance test no one knew, not even the boys themselves.

One afternoon several boys were playing "Dare" when Shinkah and Beaver chanced to be matched. They accordingly exchanged dares. Beaver's dare to Shinkah was to drop from a bough of a tall tree that stood by the river's bank. It was a sycamore tree and there were no branches except those at a great height. Shinkah's dare to Beaver was to jump from the top of a great rock that stood high above the surrounding valley. The judges, (older boys previously selected) decided the order of events by having the less difficult dares first accepted. This of course made Shinkah and Beaver the last pair to decide their contests in dares. The order in which the two were to come was decided by "flipping" a stone. The wet side "came up", this decided that Shinkah should first perform Beaver's dare, so that Beaver, the Pawnee, would be the very last one to do his accepted task.

Slowly the game went on with now and then a failure and now and then some amusing performance. One boy jumped into the river, at a point where the water was shallow, on a

dare. Every one watched to see that the terms of each dare were fully complied with, and, if disputes arose, they were decided by the judges. Finally, it was Shinkah's time, and with great effort he climbed the giant tree. Many of the boys said he would be foolish to jump. When he reached the first branches, which were far from the ground, he started out over the water on a long slender bough. Several objections were offered, but they were over-ruled by the judges, who said that no particular branch was specified in the dare and therefore Shinkah could choose any branch. Gradually Shinkah made his way out on the bough as it bent lower and lower over the water. At last the bough came slowly down, to within a few yards of the water, until it would bend no lower. Then he let go and dropped to the water. Of course he sank out of sight, but he soon reappeared, and struck out for the shore, which he reached safely. When he climbed back on the bank exhausted, all the boys shouted, "Good Boy!" "Good Boy!"

As soon as congratulations were ended, all eyes were turned to Beaver who left the group and ran to the camp. Some of the boys said, "Coward!" but the judges said "Wait!" Back

to the group came Beaver bringing a large earthen pot from his mother's tepee. This he filled with sand from the river, and emptied it at the base of the rock from which he had agreed to jump. Objections were raised at once but again the judges decided in favor of the contestant that any precaution not prohibited in the dare could be taken, and so the little Pawnee went on bringing sand until he had prepared a place to alight in his leap from the great rock. At last he seemed satisfied with the preparation and ran up the hill to the upper side of the rock, from which place he climbed to the top. Not an instant did he hesitate but jumped and alighted squarely in the sand pile while all the Osage boys again shouted "Good Boy!" "Good Boy!" Smiling through the pain of a sprained ankle, and limping no more than he was compelled to, Beaver rejoined the party, and they all went into camp for supper. The injury was quite painful for a week or more but did not prove permanent.

Toward the end of their visit, these two playmates, Shinkah and Beaver, talked together much, as by that time they could understand each other quite well. Indeed, Beaver had of necessity learned much of the Osage language for no other language was spoken in their games.

As the Osage and Pawnee languages were very similar, this was an easy task, besides the common mode of Indian expression—the sign language—had helped very much. Beaver had told his friend the meaning of many Pawnee words which he felt himself compelled to use frequently, and in turn Shinkah had told Beaver, day after day, the meaning of Osage words.

Both boys knew two months was the limit of their respective visits, and both knew that the Pawnees, having come first, would return before the Osages did. As their separation time approached, the two boys were more and more by themselves in their play. One day these two boys rode far out on the prairie to play “little” as they had often done before. It was hunting young birds, but the boys had certain ceremonial details which they observed in this pastime, and these, of course, caused them to call it play. When the two playmates had gone far enough out on the prairie, they hobbled their ponies and then sought the places where groups of young birds could be found. As the fledglings arose from the grass in their fright, Beaver would cast a stick with a hawk’s wing attached to either end of it into the air above them. Thinking they were in danger from a hawk, the young

birds would tumble pell mell to the grass, and Shinkah, who had run under the stick in its flight, would kill them. Each bird was ceremoniously scalped.

When the catch amounted to ten or twelve, the boys again mounted their ponies and rode back near camp. The ponies were released and allowed to return to their respective herds. The playmates then took fire from the camp and going down the river for a long way they built another fire over which they cooked and ate their game. After that they sat by the river a long, long time and talked of their far away homes and their separation. They agreed to remember each other and always to be friends. They also agreed that when they became warriors they would counsel peace between Pawnees and Osages, but united war upon their common enemies.

By and by it was sunset, and therefore the time for story telling was at hand, so Shinkah told Beaver the Legend of the Origin of the Osage Indians. Briefly it was about as follows:

“Once upon a time a snail was washed by the floods far, far down the river. He was a good snail, but he was alone. The Great Spirit, in appreciation of his goodness and pity for his

loneliness, caused the snail to sleep for a long, long time. During this sleep the snail's entire being was changed. When he awoke he started to go back into his shell but it was far too small. Then he looked at himself, and, seeing that he had long legs, stood up and walked about. As he walked he kept growing. Hair grew on his head, and from his shoulders long powerful arms grew.

"This new creature remembered his former home and walked far back up the river to the home of the snails but he could not live with them and he went on in search of some place he could call home. When he grew hungry, the Great Spirit gave him a bow and arrows and taught him how to get food. Day by day, he went on in search of a home.

"At last the man, for such he really was, came to the hut of a beaver. The old beaver came out and said, 'Who are you, and what do you want?' The man told his story, and said he was seeking a home. The young man and the beaver were about to fight when the beaver's daughter came to them and said she would teach the man to build a hut so that he would not have occasion to trespass thereafter. To this arrangement the old beaver finally agreed. Then



OSAGE MAN WEARING BEAVER
SKIN CAP (Modern)

the beaver's daughter and the young man went away together and she taught him how to build a hut, or lodge, and how to plaster it with mud.

“Because of her kindness, the Great Spirit changed the beaver's daughter into a maiden, and she became the man's squaw. These two were the first Osage Indians.”

Beaver asked several questions as to the meaning of words, and then said he understood the legend. He also now understood, he said, why the Osages wore the beaver skin as an ornament.

In the deepening

twilight the two playmates walked back to camp. The next morning when Shinkah awoke, Beaver was riding Northward toward the valley of the Platte River—the home of the Pawnee Indians.

NOTES.

To“hobble” the ponies was to tie their front feet together so that they could not run away.

The Osage Indians made ropes from grass, bark, etc. They also plaited thongs of rawhide together for ropes of greater strength, with which they tied their ponies.

The Pawnee Indians lived at this time in the territory now comprising the State of Nebraska.

QUESTIONS.

How did the Osage Indians make maple sugar? How were each of the following games played: “keeping house”, “crooked trail”, “dare”, “little”? What other amusements had Beaver and Shinkah? Give in substance the legend told Beaver by Shinkah.

CHAPTER FOUR.

AT HOME.

When the Osages began their homeward journey from Big Track's village, they recrossed the prairies in passing from the Verdigris River to the Neosho valley; followed up the Neosho to its source; crossed the Ozarks and went down a tributary of the Osage River to the home of the Little Osages. Here they rested two days and then the Great Osages said "good-bye" to the Little Osages, and resumed their journey up the Osage River to their permanent village at a point near where the city of Rich Hill, Missouri, now stands.

This village was some distance back from the upper Osage River which is here sometimes called the Marais des Cygnes River. The village consisted of several hundred lodges or cabins clustered together in an irregular fashion. Each lodge was circular in form, and usually about twenty feet in diameter. In each lodge the whole structure was supported by posts set firmly in the ground. The roof was thatched and the bark or thatched walls were plastered with mud. Some of these lodges were lined with

skins of wild animals. In the center of the roof was left an opening through which the smoke from the fire built in the center of the lodge could escape. An opening in the wall served as a door. In cold weather a buffalo hide was hung across this opening, but usually it was left open.

In addition to the lodges there were corn cribs for the grain and pens for the ponies that formed a part of the village. In winter, when the weather was unusually severe, the ponies were kept in these pens and fed corn and fodder, and in the summer, at any time when the ponies would be needed in the early morning, they were kept in these pens over night.

After their long journey from Arkansas, this band of Great Osages, to which Shinkah belonged, came at last to their home. As it was late in the afternoon when they reached the village and entered their lodges, they rested until morning. The next day the Indians brought back to their lodges the things that had been hidden when they went to visit the Little Osages.

Shinkah and New Moon went to help carry the contents of their cache back to the lodge, but as soon as New Moon got her painted buckskin dolly again, she ran with it to a secluded spot

where she could not hear her mother call, and for a long, long time talked to her dolly. Shinkah helped bring back the family belongings, and then helped his mother pound the corn. That day they had corn flakes to eat with their meat, and they also had cooked dried pumpkin and beans. For the remainder of that day and all day long for many succeeding days, Shinkah played with the other boys.

One afternoon when the boys were bathing in the river, Shinkah succeeded in swimming across the stream. This was a very difficult task for one so young. Soon after this his father made for him a little canoe. It was a birch bark canoe, light and strong. The oars were of ash wood, light and durable. Shinkah was very proud of his canoe, and for the remainder of that summer spent much of his time on the river. Sometimes he rowed the canoe or sat silently in it, drifting down stream under the shade of overhanging trees, sometimes he swam with the other boys, and sometimes, spear in hand, he waded in the shallow water, looking for fish; once in a great while, he got a big fish with his spear.

One morning Shinkah had started to the river and was just passing the lodge of one of the

old women of the village, when she came forth and fastened above her door some green corn husks. Shinkah knew the sign, of course, and, crying out, "Corn is ripe!" "Corn is ripe!" dashed back past his father's lodge, and ran on to the cornfields to get the first roasting ears of the season. Scores of Osages repeated the cry, and ran on to the cornfields, for now all Osages could gather roasting ears—as many as they could eat.

In the village, fires were soon burning, and corn was being roasted by every family. All day long the feast continued. At night, upon the meadow, lighted by a big camp fire, the Osages danced the green corn dance while among them moved the medicine-men to ward off evil spirits. Accompanied by the tom-tom's thrum! thrum! the warriors sang of the goodness of the Great Spirit and the faithfulness of the Osages, while in unison the great throng of dancers swayed up and down or round and round upon the field of merry-making, and the night wore on till gray dawn came and the dancers sought rest.

Later much green corn was brought from the fields and dried for future use. Still later, when autumn came, the Great Osages went as

usual out on the western plains to secure their supplies of buffalo hides and meat from the herds of that region. Shinkah and his mother were to go also. After the usual days of preparation, the tribe moved out westward over the great grassy plains day by day.

One day the scouts announced that there were great herds of buffalo grazing not far northward and that they were gradually coming southward, toward where the Osages were. At once camp was made in a low valley near a stream, so that the trees partially concealed the tepees. Early the next morning all the Osages were in readiness for the coming chase. Each hunter, well mounted, carried at his back a great quiver of arrows and a strong bow. He also carried a tomahawk and a stout spear. The women and children were also mounted, ready to ride and collect the meat and buffalo hides. It was customary, in order that it could be known to whom a dead buffalo belonged, for the hunters each to place a private mark on his arrows. Whoever found a dead buffalo at such times could tell by the marks on the arrows who had killed it.

At sunrise, northward from the camp as far as one could see were buffaloes—some graz-

ing and others lazily arising to graze again after sleep. They were scattered all over the plains in herds, large and small. Some of them were within half a mile of the camp, but how far away the herds extended could not be told for at the distant horizon were buffaloes, and more buffaloes.

At a signal given by their leader all the hunters moved out of camp, one line going east and a like line going west, silently and in single file. Shinkah wondered how, under such circumstances, they all could seem so calm and free from excitement. Not a sound came back to camp as slowly the lines moved on. When perhaps two miles from camp, each line turned northward, quietly riding on either side of the buffaloes. As the lines passed on, herd after herd moved back till the buffaloes formed a solid mass. Shinkah wondered when the chase would begin, or, if something had happened to call the hunters away from their prey.

Suddenly there was born on the still morning breezes such a fierce yell as would freeze the blood in one's veins. Wheeling from their path, the hunters charged the herd from both sides. The movement divided the plain into two mighty moving masses, the one going back

northward unpursued and the other southward. Again and again above the deep thunder of hoofbeats arose that awful yell; and, terror stricken, ten thousand buffaloes fled south and west toward the land of the wild Comanche and Wichita Indians while ever hung on either side of the



OSAGE PONY

immense herd merciless red riders. Again and again some huge buffalo fell dead upon the plains and the great mass dashed on. As the chase passed the camp, Shinkah recognized his father, and in spite of his mother's protests, the little Indian, impelled by the instinct of his race, rode forward to join in this manly sport.

The powerful horse upon which the father rode seemed to Shinkah to float rapidly away, and he lashed his own pony in an attempt to keep up. At last a deep bellowing sound near him attracted his attention, just in time for him to wheel his pony aside, and escape being borne to the ground by an infuriated monster. With glaring eyes and lowered horns a wounded buffalo had left the herd to charge the young hunter. As soon as possible the buffalo turned to pursue Shinkah again. In a little while the boy saw that he was gaining on the buffalo and turning as the pony kept on running, he let fly several arrows. One of his little arrows stuck in the shaggy shoulders of his pursuer. At last the buffalo gave up the chase, and returned to the herd but at a point much nearer to the rear of the herd than that which he formerly occupied. Shinkah, having lost sight of his father, returned to his mother.

About the time Shinkah returned to camp, the squaws and a few children rode out to begin the day's work of skinning the buffaloes and collecting the choicest meat. Shinkah knew his father's arrow mark, and at first thought it great fun to ride on ahead and find the game his father had killed. But as the labor of taking the

hides and the meat multiplied, he wished that his father would not have such continuous good luck. It seemed to Shinkah that he and his mother had more than enough to do. If he could only kill the game it would be sport, but this "squaw's" work was disagreeable to one full of the spirit of the chase. His morning's adventure, however, had come so close to being a tragedy that he decided to stay with his mother.

All day they labored, and Shinkah became very tired. Whenever he suggested going back to camp, his mother said, "No, we must save our game." At last many squaws had gone back to camp—all of them so far as Shinkah could tell—so had the warriors, and he confidently expected that he and his mother would soon return. Therefore, when his mother again mounted and rode on, Shinkah followed after her slowly. Finally she shaded her eyes with her hand and scanned the horizon for another buffalo while the boy secretly hoped that she would find none, but she did, however, and she rode on out to it. As bad luck would have it, she dismounted, by which Shinkah knew that his father's arrows were found again. Again he deplored his father's good luck, but as his mother was beckoning for him he rode on hurriedly and as he

rode noted the great size of the dead buffalo. When at last he reached the dead monster, his mother pointed with pride to a little arrow fastened in the shoulder of the buffalo. The boy's heart leaped with joy, for the arrow bore his own mark, and the game was none other than his pursuer of the early morning. The great arrows bearing his father's mark stuck from the animal's side, and the terrific spear wound was not a boy's mark either, but Shinkah said, "This is my buffalo" and his mother agreed.

While they worked away, and Shinkah talked, a tired hunter riding a jaded horse and bearing an empty quiver, a big bow, a tomahawk and a blood-stained spear, came to help them finish their task, and when this task was completed, Shinkah with his father and mother rode back to camp in the gathering darkness. New Moon was waiting for them and she was the first to hear about Shinkah's buffalo.

The Osages knew that they were on common hunting grounds, and were constantly liable to clash with some other tribe of hunters; therefore Chief Pawhuska (White Hair) and the older men advised haste and caution in the chase. They knew the havoc that often followed conflicts between hostile red men on the chase

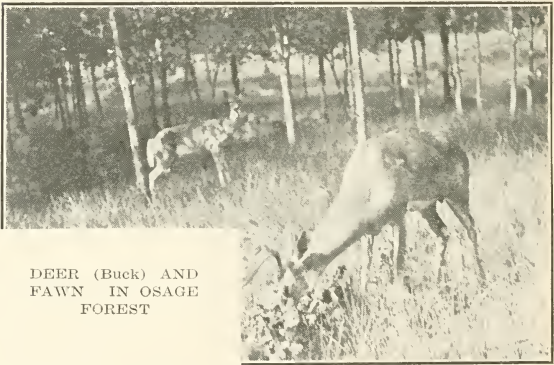
This, of course, Shinkah did not understand. He noted the great numbers, as well as the skill and courage of the Osage hunters, and secretly hoped that they might clash with some other Indians for he wanted to see the fight and celebrate the victory. No other Indians were seen, however, during the journey.

At the end of three weeks from the time they had started this hunt, the ponies dragging travois that were loaded with buffalo hides and half-dried buffalo meat slowly tugged along the homeward bound trail. Warriors scouted front, right and left—others trailed behind, but there was no attack from any source, and at last the tribe arrived safe at home with abundant supplies. “It has been a good hunt”, said the older ones. “It has been hard mean work for me”, thought Shinkah. At any rate it was finished.

There was no hurry about tanning hides and completing the process of drying the meat so Shinkah was excused from further duty for some weeks. He needed the time, too, for he must of course go on “buffalo hunts” with the other little boys. Day after day, the children re-enacted, as best they could, the scenes of the chase on the great plains.

While the Osages were away on the buffalo hunt, herds of deer had come about their village. From these herds for several days the hunters killed and the squaws cared for the meat and hides when the game was brought to camp.

Finally the meat was all dried, and the hides tanned. Then the pumpkins were gathered, sliced into thin pieces, dried and stored



DEER (Buck) AND
FAWN IN OSAGE
FOREST

away. Next the corn was gathered and placed in "cribs" or rude pens and then the thanksgiving dance was given. At this dance everybody took part.

Some days in autumn Shinkah, New Moon and their mother went with other women and

children to gather the hickory nuts and pecans that the frost had caused to fall. New Moon would soon say her back ached and run away to play. By and by, the mother would call the children and all the party would ride home with their loads of nuts for winter use.

By the time winter weather came the hunters had killed nearly all the game on the prairies and in the river valley near the permanent village, and one by one small bands were leaving that place to go each to some secluded camp, where wood was abundant and game more plentiful.

Shinkah's band, as usual, moved down the Osage River several days' journey and camped. When the weather was not too bad, the hunters were out after game every day, but when the snow storms came no one left the camp. Shinkah was glad when the storm winds from the north howled through the leafless trees and drove the snow in blinding gusts everywhere, for then he knew that the hunters would be in camp all day, and he could be near them and listen to their tales of war and the chase.

At night all sat by the fires and the older ones told legends of the tribe to the children or cracked and ate pecans and other nuts. Often

one family would visit another, and while the older ones talked the younger ones alternately listened and played.

One bright, cold day when all the hunters were out in search of game, Shinkah went to the river to try to get some fish as he had often seen others do. First he cut a hole in the ice with his little tomahawk, and then, club in hand, waited



WINTER SCENE ON THE OSAGE RIVER

for the fish to come, and they came. Shinkah stunned several with his club and took them from the icy water. In an hour's time he got as many as he wanted to carry and started home with them. At once the numb feet told him his toes

were frozen, and, before he reached camp numb fingers told another unpleasant story.

Giving the fish to his mother and following her directions the little hunter removed his moccasins and mittens and bathed his hands and feet in snow until they were "thawed" out. It was a painful process, but his mother said it was the only way to save the fingers and toes, so the boy endured it. When the frost was well out of his fingers and toes, the boy entered the tepee, and his mother brought him some meat and some soup, the latter being thickened with corn meal or powdered corn. The meat he took in his fingers and thus ate it, but the soup he took with a shell spoon. He also had a delicious drink made of wild honey and water, and, at last, his mother gave him a piece of persimmon cake. His fingers and toes still burned and annoyed him but at last he fell asleep.

For many days Shinkah was unable to play shinney on the ice with the other boys or even to spin his stone top, but he received much praise for his skill in getting the fish, and this was some recompense.

When the little hunter was again able to wear his moccasins, he was content to hunt with the other boys for rabbits and other small game

near the camp for it seemed that his toes and fingers were very easily affected by cold. Always, afterward he was careful not to get his fingers or toes frostbitten.

NOTES.

To "jerk" meat was to cut or tear it into thin strips.

The **tom-tom** is a **rude drum** consisting of stretched raw-hide.

In preparing buffalo robes the Osages kept the hide from the sun for several days, then stretched it and scraped off the pieces of flesh that had been left on—this was called dressing the hide. To **tan** it, the hide was placed for one or two days in water in which oak bark had been soaked. Other skins used for robes were prepared in the same way. When the hide was to be used for buckskin or leather, the hair was first removed by soaking the hide in water and ashes. Then followed the tanning, extra dressing, etc.

Shinney was played by the Osage boys much as it is now played by other boys—in an open field, one side trying, by striking the ball with sticks, to drive it beyond the goal of the opposing players.

The Osage **stone tops** were made by the boys themselves. They used strings for spinning these tops just as boys now spin tops.

Osage Indians, like other North American Indians, made **pottery**—cooking vessels, etc. A **shell spoon** was made by fastening half a shell into a stick for a handle. Persimmon pulp dried, powdered, and mixed with corn meal, was sweetened with maple sugar, and baked into **cakes**.

QUESTIONS.

Describe an Osage lodge. What was the sign that corn was ripe? Where did the Indians hunt buffalo? Describe the first day of the hunt. How did they know to whom a dead buffalo belonged? Did Shinkah kill a buffalo? Why did the tribe separate into small bands in winter? Describe the games played by the boys in winter? How did Shinkah freeze his fingers and toes?

CHAPTER FIVE.

BIG SPRING COUNCIL.

When spring time came, the Osages who had sought winter camps returned to their permanent village. Not long after the return of Shinkah's band from the winter camp (mentioned in the previous chapter) the Great Osages received word that the delegates whom they had previously sent to see the president of the United States at Washington City would soon return. It therefore became necessary at once for the tribe to prepare to meet with the Little Osages in council. The purchase of Louisiana from France by the United States had brought the Indians of the West into close relations with the United States Government instead of with the French Government as heretofore. This conference had grown out of the new relations.

Delegates from the Indians of the West—Osages, Missouris, Kansas, Iowas, Otoes, Pawnees, Sioux, Pottawatomies, Foxes and Sacs—had some months earlier gone to Washington, D. C., to confer with the President. Upon their return, they were to report to their respective tribes in council assembled. Accordingly when

this word was brought, swift messengers were sent to Saint Louis to meet the returning Osage delegates, and to come with them to the lower Big Spring on the Niangua River. There the Great and Little Osages were to assemble and discuss the report.

When at last all preparations were completed, the Great Osages moved down the Osage River valley again. Again Shinkah rode behind the warriors with his mother, and again his pony tugged along with heavily laden travois. For days and days they journeyed down the river valley, camping each evening and resuming their forward movement each morning. At one camp, however, they were compelled to remain for several days on account of heavy rains. Then, because the river was overflowing its banks, they left the valley and traveled straight across the hills and prairies to the Ozark Mountains. Often their progress was impeded by thick woods, crooked trails and stony ground but on and on they went for they were very anxious to hear the news from the Great Chief at Washington City.

Slowly the ponies dragged their loaded travois through the woods and up the rolling hills, and the women and children urged them for-

ward. One afternoon, Shinkah's pony had gradually fallen behind until he was the hindmost traveler. Becoming utterly discouraged, he allowed the pony to take its own time, and follow the wide trail at leisure. The sun was disappearing behind a low range of the Ozark Mountains when shouts far up the trail attracted the attention of the belated traveler, and he urged his tired pony forward up the trail. After riding several hundred yards he came to the top of the range and looked down into a deep valley. How deep the valley was he could not tell until rounding a clump of stunted oaks he saw far, far below a green valley and acres and acres of dark blue water. Then he knew that for the first time he looked upon the Big Spring. Involuntarily the boy shouted as this panorama of beauty lay beneath him. On the South side



THE BIG SPRING

of the giant spring in a green meadow stood a village of tepees. They were the tepees of the Little Osages, who had already arrived; nearby steadily arose the tepees of the Great Osages as they began hastily to form their village; and over the trail, which here threaded along a cliff, and there was lost to view among the trees, hurried hundreds of stragglers trying to reach camp as soon as possible. How Shinkah rode the intervening two miles down that perilous trail without upsetting his load would be hard to explain, but the sides and shoulders of his spotted pony bore marks that told why the distance had been so quickly traveled.

That night Shinkah played about the camp fires with the other children but New Moon was not well enough to play. The next morning she was worse.

Early in the morning a great tepee was erected. That day, in this tepee, the returned delegates made their report to the council of the assembled Osages.

A letter from the Great Chief himself was read and its contents explained. The letter follows:

“My Friends and Children, Chiefs of the Osages, Missouri, Kansas, Otoes, Panis, Ayo-

was (undoubtedly Iowas), Sioux, Poutewattomies, Foxes and Saes :

“Your visit to us at this place has given me great pleasure and I am very thankful for your having taken the trouble of so long a journey for this purpose. But I hope that it will turn out as useful to your people as to us.

“I lament indeed the loss of several of your chiefs by sickness. Accident and change in diet and manner of living have probably occasioned this, and the will of the Great Spirit to whom we must all submit. Men must die at home or abroad. They are lost, but friendship and a good understanding between your people and the United States are established and our mutual happiness promoted. My children, you have had opportunity of seeing many things among us. You have seen how by living in peace, cultivating the earth and practicing the useful arts, we, who were once but a few travelers landing on this island, are now a great people and growing daily greater. You, too, possess good land, and abundance of it; by cultivating that and living in peace you may become as we are. You have seen here some of the Cherokees and Chickasaws, who are just now beginning to follow our advice, to raise food in plenty from the earth, to

make their own clothes, to learn the useful arts, to live in peace. Instead of lessening in their numbers as they did while they followed war and hunting, they now begin to increase, to live in ease, peace and plenty. It will give me great pleasure to see all the other nations of red men following their example and advancing in knowledge, prosperity and happiness. We shall do everything within our power, my children, to encourage and aid them in this, we cannot do it at once and to all, because there are many nations, but we will proceed as fast as we can in furnishing them what is most useful.

“This is the advice, my children, which I wish you to carry to your nations; tell them that their father here receives them all into his bosom as his children. That he wishes to see them live in peace with one another, that their wives and children may be safe in their houses, that they may have leisure to provide food in plenty from the earth, and to make clothes for themselves, that they may raise children and become strong and happy.

“Tell them how many days’ journey you have traveled among your white brethren from Saint Louis to this place, from this place to Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston and

back again; that everywhere they received you as brethren and have shown to you a sincere friendship. Tell your chiefs, your warriors, your women and children that you will find in me an affectionate father, desirous to maintain peace and friendship among all his children, and like every good father unwilling to see quarrelling and wrangling and fighting among his children, that he will endeavor to put our trade with them on a fair and just footing, and so prevent their being cheated and imposed on by bad men. And may the Great Spirit take you, my children, by the hand, conduct you back in health and safety to your families and give you to find them in health and happiness after your long absence.

“I give you my words in writing that you may have them read to your people. Preserve them in your towns, refresh your memories with them from time to time, so that the remembrance of them may never be lost, but may be handed down to your children.

“THOS. JEFFERSON.

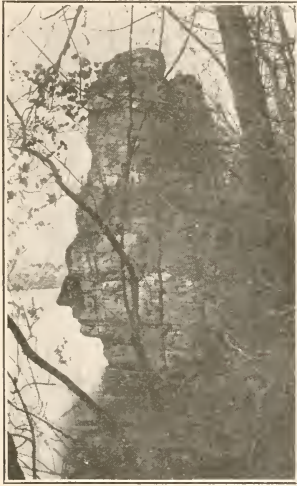
“Apr. 11, 1806.”

After the report was read and explained, and the delegates had all finished speaking, the several leaders were permitted to speak. Chief Pawhuska and many other warriors spoke, and,

after all the others, came Ke-Stas (Snail), oldest of the Osage warriors. The marks of honor tattooed on his body indicated that he was the Keeper of the Honor Packs of War and hence a man of great power in the councils of the tribe and a warrior of greatest distinction; the marks of extreme old age that he bore were of themselves, however, sufficient to guarantee for him a respectful hearing. Silently he stood for some time and then slowly he let fall from his shoulders his panther skin robe; silently he stood before the assembly for a long, long time. Then he spoke in measured tones as follows:

“My children, many generations ago the Osage Indians came from the sun-rise-land seeking a hunting ground. When they came up the Missouri River to the mouth of the Osage River they ascended that stream to where this (Big Niangua) river flows into it. There on the hills overlooking the water-fall they camped. From this camp they could look over a hundred hills and valleys and see thousands of deer, elks, and buffaloes grazing, for the trees and brush did not then cover the Ozark Mountains as now. The Osage chief decided to live at that place. During the life of that chief his iron will held the Osages in this home, but after his death the

tribe scattered. Some of them went up the Osage River, some up this river, and others settled along the Gasconade. Not a day's journey



NEONGWA ROCK

from this place on the bank of this river stands a great rock that in outline resembles the features of that great Chief. In memory of him the Osages call it Neongwa. I was born a hundred years ago near that rock. All this time I have lived at the village founded by that steadfast chieftain. At that village, I shall remain until the end, which

now will soon come. If I were a young man, I should go on toward the setting sun, following the buffalo and avoiding the evil influence of the 'Yankees.' I have spoken."

Silence deep and long followed. Finally old Ke-Stas resumed his robe and left the tepee. As soon as he passed out Chief Pawhuska arose

and silently followed. Then all the council arose and in silence passed from the big tepee. Soon they were scattered into smaller groups and were again discussing this issue.

For many days, the warriors in their council discussed the grave problems; the squaws at their work discussed the same questions. The greatest issue, however, in all these discussions was the one old Ke-Stas had discussed, i. e.,

“Shall the Osages mingle with the pale faces and do their bidding, or shall they move on toward sun-set-land, and leave their homes to the Yankees?”

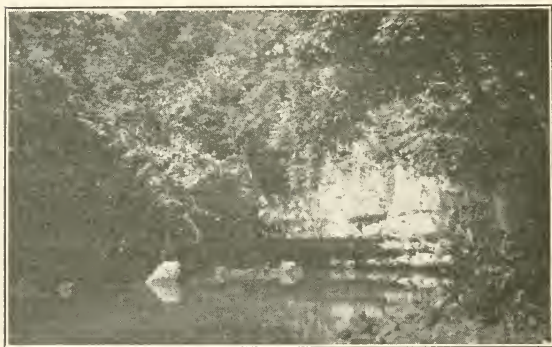
New Moon grew worse. Her illness puzzled everyone, even the oldest medicine-men of the tribe. She had no use of her lower limbs, but she was not very sick. As she could not walk, her brother carried her on his back wherever she wanted to go. One day she saw children playing on the high bank at the western end of the north bank of the Big Spring, and as she wished to join them Shinkah carried her the long half mile around. Carefully he seated her on a log so that she might see the games. Then he joined in the sport with the other children.

Among these children was a boy, larger than any of the others, who delighted to knock

the smaller children over as he ran. Several times he knocked Shinkah over, and it was treated as a joke. But finally he pushed New Moon from the log and Shinkah, no longer considering it a joke, attacked him. The larger boy was too strong for Shinkah, and conceived the idea of throwing his little assailant over the bank so that he would fall into the deep water. However, he succeeded only partially, for at the brink Shinkah held to him so firmly that both boys fell over together. Once in deep water, Shinkah's skill in swimming gave him a decided advantage, and he soon had the big boy at his mercy. Quickly the bully promised to go away and Shinkah's playmates all said "Good boy!" as he came back to them and the larger boy sneaked off through the woods.

After a few days the Osages all went home except Shinkah's family, their medicine-man, and two families of relatives who stayed to help with the sick child. New Moon was growing worse. After the two tribes of Indians had gone, Shinkah was told to stay away from camp all day so that there could be perfect quiet as New Moon was much worse, and, as a last effort the medicine-man was going to try the sweat bath for her.

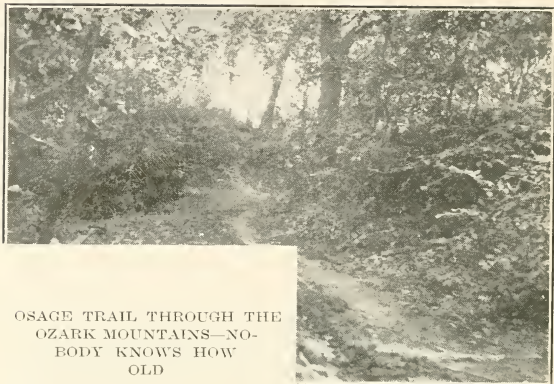
Shinkah went out into the forest alone. After shooting arrows at a squirrel several times he sat down by the trunk of a giant oak to wait till the game came down where he could be more certain of hitting it. In this he was disappointed for the squirrel skipped across among the topmost boughs to another tree. Then he found a hollow branch in which he could be safe from the boy's arrows.



WHERE THE BIG SPRING RISES

Shinkah silently stole away and hid under some broad-leafed paw-paw bushes that grew beneath the branches of a hackberry tree, but the squirrel went to sleep perhaps, at any rate

he did not come out. Tired of waiting for the squirrel to reappear, the boy went down the bank of the Niangua River, removed his clothing, and swam for a long time. After that, he lay under a cedar tree until his skin dried. Then resuming his clothing, he climbed a mulberry tree, and ate the choice berries while from a safe distance a bluejay cried "Thief!" "Thief!" When he had eaten all the berries he wanted he decided to go to the other side of the Big Spring. Crossing over a low ridge between the Niangua River and the Big Spring, he turned eastward and walked rapidly for nearly half a mile along by the Big Spring until he found a cool place beneath some sassafrass bushes that stood in the shade of a group of Linn trees. From this seclusion he watched a wild wood duck lead forth her brood of ten among the rushes, moss and water cress upon the Big Spring. Shy they were but most cunning. A long, long time he watched them. Finally the old duck led them across the Big Spring out of sight. By this time the boy was sleepy, and besides a heavy rain was coming on, so he went up above the spring and entered the great cave. Here with the other children he had often played. He went a long way back in the cool silent cave and there slept



OSAGE TRAIL THROUGH THE
OZARK MOUNTAINS—NO-
BODY KNOWS HOW
OLD

for several hours. While he slept in security the rain poured outside, and at the tepee, the medicine-man announced that New Moon was dead.

The next day on a high ridge overlooking the spring and the river, in a burial mound of stone, they left Shinkah's little sister, and sadly, through the wooded mountains, followed an old, old trail of the Osages—"nobody knows how old"—from the Big Spring to Neongwa Rock. From that point, they trailed their own tribe back toward Pawhuska's village to bear their sorrow as best they could, and to help to solve the problems of the Great Osages.

NOTES.

The "Big Spring" mentioned in this chapter is now called **Ha-Ha-Tonka** Spring. It is situated in the edge of Camden County, Missouri, about thirty miles north of Lebanon, in the heart of the Ozark Mountains.

This spring rises from beneath a great rock two hundred feet high. The basin of the spring proper covered twenty or thirty acres originally, now, however, aided by a small dam, it covers almost a hundred acres. The waters of this spring flow into the Niangua River. In this vicinity are many caves.

"Yankee"—Osage Indian corruption of the word English.

"**Keeper of the Honor Packs of War,**" was a most important office in the tribe, usually hereditary. It was customary to tattoo the sign of this office on the breast of the keeper.

"**Sweat baths,**" among the Osages, were provided by pouring water over heated stones in a closed tepee in which the patient was confined. After the sweat the patient was usually plunged into cold water.

Neongwa Rock is 95 feet high. The name "Neongwa," as well as the name "Niangua" are no doubt from Osage Ne, water, and agra, to fall, or waterfall.

QUESTIONS.

Tell about the Louisiana Purchase. Did the Indians have any part in the transfer of this territory? Why? What was the greatest problem before the Osages for their solution at this time?

CHAPTER SIX.

CAPTIVES.

Day after day, the little band of mourners followed the wide trail of the Great Osages up the river valley, but they did not overtake them. When, on the second day after the arrival of the tribe, the belated ones came home, they were most kindly received, and sadly they told their sorrow and resumed their accustomed daily tasks.

When he stayed about the lodge, Shinkah seemed to miss his sister more than when he was out in the forest, and, for that reason, if for no other, he was rarely in camp except at night. But the mother was less lonesome when Shinkah stayed with her than when she was all alone. The father, of course, must be about his daily duty, bringing in game.

One afternoon in August, Shinkah, at his mother's urgent request, stayed at the lodge. He and his mother were talking while the latter was at work making a basket. Shinkah watched his mother as she deftly wove in the colored splints of wood forming the pretty design, and as they talked and talked the basket gradually grew.

All about the village could be heard the drowsy hum of voices as the squaws talked over their work—some making baskets, others shaping clay into pots and different kinds of cooking vessels, which they would afterward glaze or bake to make them ready for use about the home, and still others were making various articles of clothing or decorating garments with pretty beaded work.

Out under a shade tree near the camp a few warriors, as guardians of the village, were quietly smoking. Once in a while a peal of laughter arose somewhere, but the camp was most unusually quiet. Not a leaf stirred in the tree tops while the sun's rays beat down like a deadening weight upon the village. Thus hour after hour, the squaws worked on in the lodges, and the sun scorched everything outside

Shinkah at last arose to go to the river, for there he knew the other boys were swimming in the cool, clear water. As he started from the lodge his mother looked up sadly from her work, but before she could speak, the sound of distant hoof-beats was heard rapidly approaching the village. At once the warriors out under the trees drew their weapons to them and disappeared as if by magic—a dangerous guard if



THE GASCONADE RIVER

the traveler should prove to be a foe. Shinkah and his mother remained silent for a moment. Then high above the sounds in the village, arose the voice of the traveler as he called out in the Osage language: "The captives are coming!" At once the concealed warriors reappeared, and gladness instead of apprehension marked their brows. All the village was glad. By acclamation a feast was declared in order and then everybody helped prepare for the feast, and by and by, the captives came home. Home after

four years of bondage! Home with those who had mourned them as lost forever! But not all of them came back home again—two were not among the living. They were warriors, and they had fallen as Osage warriors should fall, bravely fighting for their people.

In spite of the joy of the homecoming, Shinkah's mother was more sad than ever, for one of the two warriors who had not returned was her father. Shinkah was also grieved, in a way, but he could not remember this grandparent, or any of the other captives for that matter, so long ago were they taken; hence, his grief was not so keenly felt as was his mother's. These captives, four years previously to this time, had been taken by the Pottawatomie Indians on the western plains. During an annual buffalo hunt a severe storm arose and some of the Osages became separated from the main tribe. Immediately after the storm the Osages, who were separated from the main tribe, were attacked by hostile Pottawatomes and those who were captured had been kept as slaves until, by the friendly offices of the United States Government, they and many others, taken on other occasions, had been sent to Washington City and there released. The government had sent them

all home again, these and other Osages, as well as many Pawnee and Kansas Indians who had also been captives.

When the captives from Pawhuska's village were again at home, and had told their story, the feast began. All the remainder of that day the Osages came to greet the returned Indians and to bring them presents. Singly and in groups they came; hundreds and hundreds of them. At night, all danced upon the meadow by the light of a big camp fire. The next day, the returned captives found themselves the richest of the tribe, for their kindred and friends had brought for them the best of all their possessions—clothing, cooking utensils, buffalo robes, blankets and shawls, ponies and provisions, so they, too, were indeed happy.

It was soon known, in all the village, that the "Yankees" had caused these captives to be released, and many Osages began for the first time to wonder if there could be some good in the new people who wished to associate with the western Indians. It was also known that the man who had brought all these captives from Washington City was at that very time visiting among the western Indians, and would no doubt, visit this village soon. Not many weeks later,

word came that the great messenger from the Great Chief of the Yankees, the deliverer of the captives, (Zebulon M. Pike, then on his western exploring expedition), was approaching the village and accordingly Pawhuska and fifty of his warriors wished to meet their distinguished guests and escort them into the village. Shinkah's father was one of these warriors.

When at first it was announced that the "Yankees" were coming up the river in a boat and would halt to visit the village of Pawhuska, there was a division as to the duty of the Great Osages, but the advocates of open hospitality had the better arguments. Besides, discretion helped them, and it was decided to receive the distinguished visitors as guests of the tribe. When the appointed day came, Shinkah's father was one of the first to be chosen to serve as an escort for the "Yankees."

Horses for the visitors to ride upon and also extra horses to bring their tents and supplies were taken by Pawhuska and his fifty warriors to the river and that afternoon, accompanied by Lieutenant Zebulon M. Pike and his men as guests, the Osages came back to their village. Near the Indian village the white men pitched their tents as guests of the Indians. In this

vicinity they stayed for two weeks, holding councils with the Great and Little Osages and with delegates from the Arkansas Osages; giving to the Indians messages from Washington; collecting horses and guides for their western journey; and learning what they could from the Indians of the country farther to the west.

During this visit Shinkah, for the first time in his life, had a chance to study the white men from personal observation. After careful observation, he was firmly convinced that the "Yankees" had hitherto been too harshly judged by the Osages. Many Osages at this time were of the same opinion, but others of the tribe stoutly affirmed that the "Yankees" could not be trusted. Those whose friends and relatives had been so recently restored defended the white men, and among these "friends of the paleface" Shinkah's father and mother were counted.

When Lieutenant Pike and his party, leaving their boat on the upper Osage River, rode westward on their expedition, one of the volunteer Osage scouts who accompanied them was none other than Shinkah's father. This time, however, all the Indians who went out as guides had guns which had been given them by their guests. Of these guns the warriors were justly

proud. Shinkah's mother, remembering the good offices of the "Yankees" in sending back the captives, was glad that her husband was going to help in piloting the white men to the home of the Pawnee Indians. Shinkah's one request of his father was that he should find Beaver, in the land of the Pawnees, and say to him, "Shinkah is well, but on account of the loss of his little sister, he is sad."

Shinkah watched the stranger-guests ride away and with pride saw his father, bearing the gun and going on before them to help them across the dangers of the trackless plains, to help supply them with game, and to take a message to Beaver.

The next day the Little Osages returned to their own homes as did also the visiting band of Arkansas Osages, and for two weeks all was quiet about Pawhuska's village.

In a few weeks the Great Osage tribe went on their annual buffalo hunt, but Shinkah and his mother could not go. Several days after the hunters had gone on their annual buffalo hunt, there came back to the village two Osages who had started with Lieutenant Pike and his men and who said they had been so badly treated that they were obliged to leave the party. "So mean,"

said they, "was the Yankee Chief that he kept our extra horses to carry his burdens, and took from us the new guns he had given us."

Shinkah asked his mother if his father would come back soon and she said, "Your father is a true Osage. He will keep his promises and guide the white men to the Pawnee village. Then he will come home, and bring his horses and gun with him." From her answer, the boy made up his mind that the returned Osages were worthless Indians, and he did not believe their story. Others, however, did believe them.

Among the larger boys of the village, all save one had gone on the hunt. This boy had been much alone of late and Shinkah noting his strange conduct asked his mother about him. His mother said, "Did you ever notice his skin?" Shinkah knew at once from having noted the color of the boy's skin that he was a captive—a white boy—then, too, he remembered that during all the time Pike and his men were in the village this boy had been kept busy herding the ponies. He asked his mother many more questions but could not get any more answers. He, therefore, decided to ask the boy himself. The next day, he went out to the pony herds to talk to

him. The other herd boys said that some ponies were missing, and that they had sent this boy to find them and bring them back. Two days later the ponies were found, hidden in the dense woods where they had been tied, but the boy and the pony he rode were nowhere to be seen. Then the two warriors who had returned from Pike's expedition left the village. Several days later, Shinkah saw the two warriors at home again. He also saw the pony that the white captive had ridden, but whether the boy got away and returned to his people or what happened to him. Shinkah never found out for no one would talk about that—not even his mother.

By and by, the Osages came back with the supplies from the buffalo hunt. It had been a long hunt. They had followed the herds far to the south and clashed with their enemies, the Comanche Indians, but had been victorious. They had brought several Comanche captives. Among the captives was a little girl only about four years old. Shinkah's mother was very attentive and very kind to this little girl. Shinkah, remembering his own little sister, was also kind to the little captive Comanche girl.

One afternoon as Shinkah and his mother were bringing home nuts from the forest they

saw an Osage warrior riding toward the village ahead of them. He rode a jaded horse and three other tired ponies followed him. He also carried a gun. The quick second glance told mother and son at once who rode the jaded horse, and lashing their ponies, they soon caught up with the head of their family returning alone from his long and very arduous labor.

So tired were the horses of the traveler that the one he rode could hardly have gone a mile farther, and the others were not in much better condition. All bore the marks of hard usage. Exhausted the warrior entered his lodge, and in silence ate the food his squaw placed before him, and then he slept.

On the following day Chief Pawhuska himself came to see the now distinguished scout, and Shinkah again and again heard how his father had helped the "great hearted but rash chief" across the plains to the Pawnee villages, and well on his way westward beyond the Pawnee country. How two of the Osages had deserted and a third one had died at his duty, thus leaving him as the only Osage and how Pike had rewarded his services, the boy heard his father relate.

As to General Pike the warrior scout concluded by saying: "Where he is going no one can tell unless he is seeking death in the deep snows of the great mountains. He is a good man. His people are good people. They are reckless and ignorant of the ways of the plains, but they are true and brave." Pawhuska agreed with the warrior in thinking that the explorers would certainly perish if they went on into the great mountains in winter time, or, if by chance, they crossed the mountains, their fate would inevitably be captivity. As to the goodness and the bravery of the white men, the chief was silent.

Shinkah's father did not leave the lodge for several weeks. Day after day, the medicine-man came. At night Shinkah often heard his father coughing, then his mother, after giving her husband the tea she had brewed from white plantain leaves to relieve his cough, would sit silently by the sick warrior through the night while the fever and the cough annoyed him, and while Shinkah again slept peacefully. After the cough and fever had left him, the warrior rapidly recovered, but the deep snow and severe weather kept him in the lodge for a long time.

Shinkah never wearied of looking at the gun and the big medal that Lieutenant Pike had

given his father, or of hearing the latter tell of the journey. One regret the boy had that he could not forget—his father had not seen Beaver. The village to which they had gone among the Pawnees was not the one in which Beaver lived.

General Pike had given praise to the Osage scout, and also the gun and a medal, besides an order for one hundred and fifty dollars worth of merchandise payable by the Indian Agent at Saint Louis. The order specified that this was to pay for his services as scout on this expedition.

One day when the sun shone warm and bright on the snowdrifts, Shinkah was playing by the south side of the lodge near the door and overheard a conversation that greatly interested him, though, indeed, he was not expected to hear this conversation. So quiet had he been for a long time, that perhaps his parents thought him farther away from the lodge. The conversation was about the little captive Comanche girl.

“All troubles I have borne in silence,” said his mother. “Shinkah will soon follow the chase and I shall be all alone. Let me have this little one in New Moon’s place; I shall not ask more. You are a great hunter, and have honor among

the Osages and the 'Yankees' also. Give me this one request? Then when our son goes with you on the chase I shall have someone to be a companion for me." A silence followed; then the deep voice of the warrior said, "Well."

Silently the father left the lodge, and Shinkah saw him enter the lodge of Chief Pawhuska. The boy knew that his father had gone to the Chief to say that he wished to adopt the captive, and in some way the emotions of sorrow and joy struggled for mastery in the breast of the little Osage boy.

Soon after this, Shinkah's father made a feast for the head men of the tribe, at which time he publicly requested to be allowed to adopt the Comanche girl in the place of the little girl he had lost, and the request was granted. When the time for the ceremonial adoption came and all the leaders were seated in the great lodge, the captive was placed at the back of the lodge—in the seat of strangers. From this place she was led from one to another in the ceremony until she had traversed the circle of the council. Then she drew one puff from the pipe filled with cedar bough and stood forth not as a captive Comanche, but as an Osage girl, daughter of an Osage warrior. When the council arose from its sit-

ting, the little girl was led to Shinkah's mother who in tears of silent joy and sorrow pressed the child to her bosom and called her dear daughter; and the child was not afraid any more. The council of warriors had decided that she should live, and the only one among all the Osages who had been kind to her had now given her a home and called her daughter.

NOTES.

In the expedition of Zebulon M. Pike, edited by Elliott Coues, Vol. 11, Page 381-382, may be found a report of the return of some Osage prisoners. At page 385-395 of the same volume may be found an account of **Pike's visit to Pawhuska's village**. Pike stayed for two weeks within the present boundaries of Osage township, Vernon County, Missouri, August, 1806. See Holcomb's History of Vernon County, Missouri.

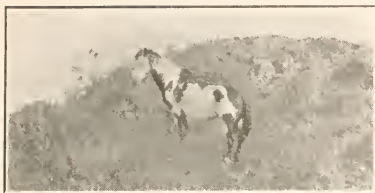
For a full account of the **Osage ceremony of adoption**, see Twenty-seventh Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology, page 61-62.

QUESTIONS.

How did the Osages make baskets? Describe White-Hair's (Pawhuska's) Village. What caused Shinkah's father to befriend the white men? Why did he adopt the little Comanche girl? What was Pike's Expedition?

CHAPTER SEVEN.

AWAY FROM HOME.



When winter was ended, the father resumed his usual tasks. Rapidly then the readjust-

ments in the little family were made. Instinctively, as he grew larger and older, the boy became more and more interested in his father's life and as the mother became greatly attached to the little girl, she grew more nearly reconciled to the necessity of the absence of Shinkah from the lodge. Day after day, the boy went away from home to hunt; gradually his journeys became longer and longer.

Often Shinkah hunted near his father, and whenever he heard the well known report of his father's gun, he ran to help with the game. Occasionally, the father allowed Shinkah to accompany him on the hunt. On such occasions, the boy really felt that he was growing in power

and importance. Sometimes while they sat resting, or waiting in the forest for game to appear, his father told him of the ways of the wild creatures and of the various hunting grounds of the Osages. Occasionally he told the boy of other tribes and of strange people who lived toward the sunrise. Gradually in the natural course of events the boy and father began to be thrown in company with each other and to become companions.

That summer the father announced one evening that the family would soon go to Saint Louis to get the merchandise due him from the Indian Agent. The next day preparations for the journey began, and Shinkah helped faithfully until the camp outfit was ready and the ponies stood in the pen by the lodge.

At sunrise on the following morning, the four Osages—Shinkah, his father and mother and the adopted girl—all the family—rode away, down the valley of the Osage River, camping at night and going forward each morning. Shinkah rode a “free pony” (one without travois attached), and acted as scout while his father rode far aside each day and brought in game at evening. Day after day the boy rode on ahead to spy out the trail (which of course was

an old and familiar route). His heart was filled with pride because now it seemed that his services were of real worth. All day long the mother and daughter rode straight forward with the camp supplies; every evening around the camp they all talked of the many articles they would buy, and of the wonderful things they would see at Saint Louis.

At the mouth of the Osage River, they rested for two days, and then, with provisions enough for the remainder of their journey, they rode forward down the Missouri River valley. This time the father went on ahead as scout, for the trail at this place was not familiar to the boy.

After a few days, they camped by Saint Louis, "village of the pale face," and Shinkah saw the lodges of the "Yankees," their "big canoes" on the river, and their "rolling travois", in which, on wide well worn trails, they carried immense loads. These things were matters of great concern to the little boy, but the "lodge" of the Indian Agent was indeed most interesting to him. Here were beautiful blankets, cooking utensils (that would not break), cloth of all kinds, besides many things that to the boy's mind were strange and very wonderful.

On the following morning the family went to the Indian Agent's store for supplies. Hesitatingly they examined the wares and many times they asked for what purposes articles were used. As the agent could speak the Osage language they were able to ask many questions.

When the agent offered to sell them a clock, explaining that it was an instrument by which to tell the time of day, they were quite amused. "No, we want nothing of the sort," said the mother, "not while the sun shines by day and the stars by night. We know the time always. Sell us something useful." But they finally made purchases—many of them. Three times during the day the mother and daughter returned to camp to carry the supplies they had bought and the agent said there was yet a balance due. In order to take up this balance Shinkah chose a bridle for his pony. Osages used a raw-hide strap which they fastened to the pony's jaw for a bridle but the boy had seen the bridles used by Lieutenant Pike and his men and wanted to learn to use one. His father permitted the purchase, not so much because he wished the boy to have the bridle or thought he needed it but rather to end what to him had been a tedious task—shopping.

For the fourth and last time therefore the mother and daughter carried purchases to the camp and this time the father and son accompanied them.

When they came to their camp the father sat down, on a blanket beneath a tree, for a quiet smoke; the mother and daughter unwrapped all their purchases and talked and talked about the uses of the various articles. Shinkañ, entering the tepee, ate some cold roast venison, and then going to the bag of sugar they had purchased, and opening it, ate unrestrained, until he did not care for more. Soon he went with his new bridle to where his pony was standing in the shade of some trees, and tried to adjust the bridle so as to fit the pony, but at this task he was not very successful. Finally, however, the bridle was on the pony's head so that it would not fall off and the boy mounted for a ride. The pony was not used to such guidance and backed from the bit until the rider became quite angry and used a lash vigorously. After an hour or more the boy, concluding that he understood the use of the bridle, rode up to the camp to show his father how well he could manage. The old Indian, however, had ridden with Pike and his men for months and at once per-

ceived that the boy had put the bridle on backwards. Without scolding the boy or ridiculing him in any way the father arose and taking the bridle off of the pony adjusted it and placed it on properly. Then he gave the reins to his son and resumed his smoking. No one else ever knew of Shinkah's mistake.

By and by, the sun sank below the western horizon and Shinkah released his pony. Then the boy sought his blankets in the tepee where the other members of the family were already resting. There he slept soundly all night.

As the sun shot its early rays through the forest and lighted their camp the next morning the boy's mother awoke him to eat his breakfast and accompany his father again to the "big village", St. Louis. The mother and daughter remained to prepare for the homeward journey on the morrow.

All day long the boy followed his father, who, clad in buckskin and wearing a beaver skin cap, strode through the city with his trusty rifle lying conveniently in the hollow of his left arm while his strong right hand was free to bring the deadly weapon to a firing position in an instant. The eagle eyes of the old scout silently saw every passing object as noiselessly

his moccasined feet moved over the city and close behind him, bow in hand and a quiver of arrows at his back, Shinkah followed noiselessly, but filled with curiosity. Generally they followed the movement of the crowd. There were in the crowd, among whom they moved, all kinds of people—military officers in bright uniforms, trappers and voyageurs in buckskin carrying their long rifles, laborers at work, teamsters hauling heavy loads, river men from the boats, and Indians from various tribes.

Once they went into a building where many people came to send or to receive what to the Indians seemed to be little white packages. Upon inquiring, however, they learned that this place was called a Post Office and that these people were really sending messages similar to the one that the Osages had received from the great paleface chief at Washington. The boy and his father were wrapped in wonder at the wisdom and ingenuity of these people.

At another time the older Indian stopped before a dwelling (the old Chouteau Mansion) and told his son that he had seen this wonderful lodge long, long ago; that its builder was a great man—a Frenchman, friend of the Osages,

When this lodge was built, he told his son, there were only a few lodges in the villages.

Late in the afternoon the old scout turned from the paths followed by the throng and with a steady swinging stride went to a mound that stood partly within the city. Silently he ascended the mound and silently Shinkah followed. For a long time they stood on the mound and gazed far away in various directions. Then the father sat down on the ground and the son did likewise; but no word was spoken. Finally the father in measured tones spoke as follows:

“Shinkah, this place was once the home of the Osages. Now all around it you see a village of perhaps ten times ten hundred people and two hundred big lodges. My parents often visited this place before I was born. Once they were camped here with many other Osages when a Frenchman came from down the river to build a trading post. My mother helped to carry the dirt away in her basket when they dug their first “cache” (cellar) and she received her pay in beads. This mound, once sacred to our people is now in the hands of the “Yankees.”

“The French were always friends of our people, and we are their friends. Now the French no longer hold this country, but the “Yankees”

own it. However, these "Yankees" are a good people and great. We must be their friends.

"All things seem to be changing. Be very careful in dealing with strange people. I have spoken."

For some moments longer they sat but neither spoke.

Silently the warrior arose and descended from the mound, and silently through the gathering gloom he moved along the streets, his trusty rifle lying conveniently across his arms, and his piercing eyes quietly seeing all. So- lently behind, bow in hand, followed Shinkah, pondering upon the wonderful things he had seen, and the words of wisdom his father had spoken.

Next morning when the sun looked down upon Saint Louis and its busy throng, the four Osages were riding through the green forests up the Missouri River valley westward—home- ward. The travois of the mother and daughter were loaded with their new possessions. Shin- kah acted as guide, and the father hunted. When they came to Pawhuska's village, the strange things they had brought were considered the wonders of the tribe.

In the autumn of the next year, 1808, a

call was made for a conference of Osage warriors with Governor Merriwether Lewis at Fort Clark. Fort Clark was situated on the banks of the Missouri River about ten miles below where Kansas City, Missouri, was afterwards built. Merriwether Lewis was then governor of Louisiana Territory and at this conference he was to represent the United States Government.

As the years went by Shinkah became Shinto-Shinkah, i. e., he had grown until he could not be called child, but man-child or youth—Shinto-Shinkah. He was regularly recognized as beyond the stage of childhood.

By the time of the Fort Clark Council therefore Shinto-Shinkah was large enough that his father left him to care for the family interests while he himself attended the council with Pawhuska and the other chosen warriors.

When, late in November, the Osage warriors returned from Fort Clark, the report they brought home was not pleasing. They had agreed to give up their old homes and move westward. All lands in Missouri and Arkansas, lying west of a line running due south from Fort Clark, were to be forever relinquished, and lands in Kansas were to be accepted as the permanent homes of the Osages. The remunera-

tion, however, was considered by the Osages to be of such value as to repay in a measure the loss sustained in this move. Besides, this move or a similar move had for some time appeared, even to the Osages, a necessity.

It was night when Shinto-Shinkah's father returned from the conference at Fort Clark, and the next morning the boy was early on duty herding the ponies of the tribe, hence he did not have an opportunity to talk to his father until the second day. Then he learned of the treaty, and also learned something of the details of the conference. On that autumn afternoon the herd boys returned to the village driving all the ponies. In so doing, they were following instructions, too, for the various bands of Osages were going to move out to winter quarters on the following day. The bands separated and went to their various winter camps. Shinto-Shinkah went with the band to which his family belonged, acting as herd-boy or helping the hunters. Their camp that winter was on the Gasconade River. It was a good camp, around which game was abundant and the youth hunted with the men and sometimes played with the children.

During this winter, Shinto-Shinkah often hunted with his father. Late one afternoon, when the two had finished a successful day's hunt, as the boy sat by his father on the banks of the river, the latter told him of the future changes that must come. "Shinto-Shinkah," said the father, "we shall not often come to this place in the future. As all the Osages know, we have given this land to the great chief at Washington for his tribe of people and we must move westward. As it is now, we go with the good-will and help of the 'Yankee' tribe, but we should have been compelled to go if we had not agreed to the change. You will soon grow to be a man and will follow the chase. Perhaps you will travel the red warpath while I shall soon grow old and pass away. Remember the words I now speak to you, my only son. Never tell lies to a friend. Never steal, except from enemies. Never betray a friend. Provide meat for your family. Defend your hunting grounds. Resent insult. Do not fear death. Fear evil spirits. Love and adore the Great Spirit. Your sun is rising. My sun is going down in the west. It will soon be night with me. I have spoken."

As they sat by the river the waters rolled gently on, and the sun sank silently. In the

gloaming the two Osages, without again speaking, arose, and bearing their loads of peltries, walked off through the dark forest to their camp. Before this band of Osages returned to their permanent village, Shinto-Shinkah's father sold all the peltries to a trader, and among other things he bought, was a rifle for his son.

Never again did they make a winter camp east of their permanent village, which was situated not far from the western boundary of the lands they had ceded. But on the streams in the western Ozark Mountains, Shinto-Shinkah and his father hunted in winter, and when either rifle spoke the other hunter felt sure that one more was added to their count of game.

When the Great Osages were at last consenting, band by band, to leave their old home forever and to move to new hunting grounds in Kansas, the council was called into session one day to hear the greatest of red warriors, Tecumseh. This great Shawnee chieftain had come among the Osages to persuade them to unite with the Shawnee and other Indian tribes in a final effort to drive back the "Yankees." A great tepee was prepared when the Shawnee came to Pawhuska's village. Here in all the village the Shawnee chieftain and his companions were

feasted for several days and then the Osage chieftain called all his warriors to the big tepee to sit in council with Tecumseh.

On the appointed day, Pawhuska and Tecumseh entered the council tepee as brothers and sat side by side on a bear skin rug at the head of the council, and around the tepee running right and left from the two chieftains the warriors arrayed themselves according to their respective rank. The council was thus formed into a huge circle. In silence they sat for some minutes, then Pawhuska lighted the pipe of friendship and passed it to his brother chieftain, Tecumseh, and from him it passed around the great circle and rested at Pawhuska's feet. Then at a sign from Pawhuska, Tecumseh, the great Shawnee warrior, arose and addressed the council as follows:

“Brothers, we are all of one family—red children of the Great Spirit. We are friends threatened with a common evil—being driven from our hunting grounds and the graves of our fathers by deceitful white men. These white men came to our land feeble and starving, and our fathers helped them. Like serpents now these same men, grown strong upon the hospitality of our land, seek to strike us with poison-

ous fangs. They are not now, nor have they ever been, friends of the Indians. They propose to drive us from our homes or kill us, tribe by tribe.

“As you know, once there was no land and no light. The Great Spirit gave light to all. To the white men he gave their homes as to the red men their homes. The white men cheat us—they are our enemies, they have insulted us. My people want revenge—they desire the blood of the white men. My people are many—a thousand warriors—brave warriors. United we can hold our rights, and drive back our common enemies. But if the Osages will not help us, the white men will destroy us, and, next in turn, destroy the Osages, who then will have no one to help them. We must unite. We must love the Great Spirit who is for us, and, in the end, we can win. I have spoken.”

Seeing many of his warriors ready to agree with Tecumseh, Pawhuska adjourned the council. Heated discussions followed, but after a few days of debating and deliberating, the council reconvened and a decision was made to keep the pledge of the Osages to the United States Government. Then Tecumseh, disappointed, went away. A few months later, at the battle of

Tippecanoe, Tecumseh's dream of successfully resisting the white man vanished. Three years later, in the battle on the Thames River, he himself fell fighting against the United States Government—thus ended the Shawnees' hope. After this the remaining bands of Osages were urged to move on into Kansas, and finally they all agreed to do so.

At last, all the Osages of Shinto-Shinkah's band were ready to leave their old homes, never to return. It was at this time that Shinto-Shinkah, who had proven himself a great hunter, although only in his early teens, was admitted to the council, and with the warriors smoked the pipe as man, warrior, or, in the Osage language, "Ne-Koh."

Soon the band, with all their earthly possessions, rode west one morning away from home. As they rode they looked back at their old home. By and by, they could distinguish no other feature of the landscape but the outline of their dear old Blue Mound—sacred place of their fathers. As they rode farther and farther out over the prairie, the horizon back of them seemed to follow on and on until only the morning sun marked the location of the homes they were leaving. Slowly the sun, too, moved west-

ward. As the Osages rode on and on ever due westward over the limitless plains, the sun moved slowly around until it hung low over the new hunting grounds toward which they were journeying.

Then, in a green valley, by a stream, arose the tepees. Soon the scouts and hunters began to come into camp. As the sun disappeared beyond the western horizon, a young Osage warrior, well mounted and well armed, rode back, last of the red warriors to return. Giving his tired horse into the care of the herd boys, he reported to his father, who was in command, that for twenty miles westward no signs of enemies were visible. Thus ended the first day's military service of the young man who, as a child was called Shinkah; as a youth, Shinto-Shinkah, and whom we must now call *man* or *Nekoh*.

NOTES.

August Chouteau came from New Orleans to erect a trading post at the present site of Saint Louis in 1764, and found Osage Indians living there. When the French dug their first cellar at their new post, the Osage squaws (women) carried away the dirt in baskets and were paid in beads. See *Historic Towns of the Western States*, Powell, pp. 331-361.

The Post Office was established in Saint Louis in 1804.

An old mound at Saint Louis (removed 1869), caused Saint Louis, at one time, to be called Mound City.

In 1804 there were in Saint Louis one hundred and eighty houses of hewn logs and stone, and a population of 10,304.—*Historic Towns of the Western States*, edited by Lyman P. Powell, pp. 384.

The famous Chouteau Mansion at Saint Louis was built for Laclede in 1764.—*Historic Cities of the Western States*, pp. 336.

Tecumseh's cause was presented to the Osages in a speech reproduced from memory by Hunter in his "Memoirs of a Captive Among the Indians of North America." Published by Longman & Company, London, in 1823.

Tecumseh's brother, "The Prophet," lost the battle of Tippecanoe upon the issue of which he hazarded the cause of the Shawnees and their allies, 1811. Tecumseh fought with the British in the War of 1812 and fell at the battle of the Thames, 1813.

Missouri was organized as a territory in 1813.

For an account of the esteem in which Osage Indians held the French, see "Historie De La Tribu Des Osages,"—M. P. V. Paris, 1827.

"**Ne-Koh**" is an Osage word meaning man.

QUESTIONS.

Locate the Gasconade River; Ozark Mountains. Why did the Osages give up their homes in Missouri and remove to new homes in Kansas? Why did they not help Tecumseh and the Shawnee Indians?

CHAPTER EIGHT.

OTHER LANDS.



The permanent home selected by these Indians was in the valley of the upper Osage River in what was afterwards known as Osage County, Kansas. Here Nekoh lived with his father for some time after their arrival from their old Missouri home. During this time, Nekoh was industrious in hunting and in accumulating property. The property of

the Indians consisted, in the main, of ponies. These were captured from enemies or obtained in exchange for fruits of the chase. Of course there was a natural increase of the pony herds.

One day when returning from a very successful hunt, Nekoh's father said to him, "You are a good hunter; you are a warrior; you are a man; you should have a mate. Your mother and I have talked over this matter and I have talked with old Red Corn. He has many daugh-

ters. All of them have been given in marriage save the youngest one, who is comely and industrious. It is well that you take her to wife." Nekoh made no reply but a few days later he led two beautiful spotted ponies near the tepee of Red Corn, tied them to a tree and withdrew.

On the next day when Nekoh passed near the tepee of old Red Corn, he noted that the ponies had been removed from the tree where they had been tied and this indicated that the relatives of the girl had been consulted and the gifts accepted.

When Nekoh returned to his own home and told his parents what had occurred, they at once began preparations for the wedding and within two days the nuptial ceremonies were held.

On the wedding day, the bride was escorted to the groom's home by the women of her immediate family. She was seated upon a large robe in the middle of the tepee and then Nekoh was found, led forth, and seated by her side. Thus seated together, the friends and relatives waited for the sign of agreement between the two which was made by each partaking of food that had been prepared for them. In this instance there was no waiting but each began at once to eat the food spread before them and in this

the guests all joined. When all had eaten of the food, the wedding ceremony was considered completed. Then gifts were presented, after which the guests withdrew.

For a year or more after this Nekoh and his bride lived with Nekoh's parents but after the birth of their first child, the young couple went to live in their own tepee. They lived thus in the Osage Reservation quietly and contentedly for many years. The warrior sat in council with his clan, rode in the big chase of the buffalo or quietly hunted up and down the valley of the Osage River. The squaw cooked the food, dressed the hides and cultivated the crops. Children came to bless their home and they were prosperous in every way.

Gradually, however, the buffalo herds were driven farther and farther away by the ever approaching settlements of the white man. In those days the great prairie schooners rolled ponderously over the Santa Fe Trail and white men were continually slaughtering the herds of buffalo until the Osages, in order to get their winter meats, had to go far to the Southwest.

In these hunting expeditions they frequently came in contact with other plains tribes of Indians and sharp encounters ensued.

Thus they lived, labored, suffered and rejoiced, until Nekoh's sons in turn became hunters and warriors. Ever the range of their hunting extended farther and farther, and ever the pressure of white civilization and encroachment bore upon them harder and harder.

Once when they were hunting in the Southwest, near the Wichita Mountains, they came upon a Kiowa Indian Camp. The Kiowas fled and the Osages pursued. Nekoh was in command of part of this expedition that gave pursuit to the fleeing Kiowas. The band of Kiowas, which he and his fellow Osages were trailing, thinking they had eluded their pursuers, halted at Otter Creek, a point just west of Saddle Mountain in the Wichita range, some twenty miles or more northwest of where Fort Sill, Oklahoma, is now located. The fleeing Kiowas were tracked at night. The scouts gave the information that in the camp were many women and children. But nevertheless they were Kiowas—enemies—and must be slain. So Nekoh and his band joined the general advance. Silently in the night the warriors crept on foot, ever nearer and nearer the sleeping camp of their enemies. Cautiously they moved, silently as shadows among the rocks but unerringly ad-

vancing, nearer and nearer the enemies. At dawn they were almost in striking distance when a young Kiowa warrior sounded the warning—"Tso-Vatso! Tso-Vatso!" "To the rocks! to the rocks!" shouted the fleeing Kiowas as the Osage warriors sprang forward with arrows, spears and knives.

In that early dawn, in the wild panic stricken flight of old men, women and children, protected by only a few warriors, the Kiowas made what resistance they could but most of them fell and were beheaded by their captors.

Nekoh tried to avoid what to him seemed to be wasting time with the slaughter of women and children. He did not desire to take any captives but followed after the warriors wherever they could be found. Twice he was successful in bringing down his man and then in a third attempt when he had wounded a Kiowa warrior, an arrow from the pursued pierced the thigh of the pursuer, disabling him for life. The two Kiowa heads were to him some compensation for the suffering which he must endure but were very little real help to him in the crippled condition that his maimed limb left him.

In the following year, 1834, a council of the western tribes was called at Fort Gibson,

and a permanent peace was concluded whereby the western Indian tribes and the white hunters could freely pass through the Indian hunting grounds.

After this the Osages could pass through their hunting grounds without fear of having any trouble with other tribes but Nekoh could only go on horse-back. He was a cripple and fast becoming an old man.

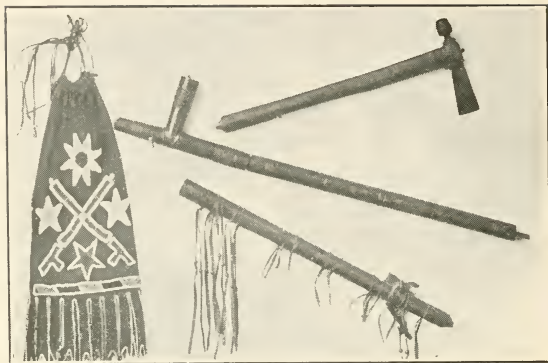
By the time of the Civil War, Nekoh was indeed an old man—too old to have much to do with the activities of his tribe but in the council his voice was against the participation of the Osage Nation in any quarrel between the states of the North and South. Always he felt, and frequently he said, “The Osages must again withdraw from the ever encroaching civilization of the white-man.” When in 1868 a treaty was held at the Council Grounds of the Osage Nation in the State of Kansas on what was called Drum Creek, his voice was one to advise the acceptance of a permanent home for the Osages in the Indian Territory. By the terms of this treaty all the lands of these Indians in Kansas were sold and the Osages moved to their last home—the Osage Reservation, Indian Territory.

When the Nation moved south to their new

home, poor old Nekoh and his aged wife, guided by their stalwart sons, accompanied his people to their new home and were once more free from the encroaching civilization of the "pale-face." Here once more he enjoyed the uninterrupted society of his own people, and lived in quiet and contentment.

The central village of the Osages erected in this new land was called "Pawhuska" (White-Hair)—the name of the village in which as "Little Shinkah", Nekoh had lived long, long ago in his old Missouri home by the Osage River. The village is located in a valley, surrounded by hills that rise high above it. A "big lodge" was erected at this village and many of the ancient rites and ceremonies of the tribe were re-established.

By the cottage of one of his sons, old Nekoh erected his own tepee and here, day after day, he sat silently smoking or, perchance, talking of the olden days, telling his grandchildren of the days when as a boy he paddled his little canoe on the Osage River, or hunted in the deep forests at his winter home; relating how he had hunted in the Ozark Mountains or along the Niangua and Gasconade Rivers; repeating the story of the great Council at Big Spring. Sometimes he



OSAGE HATCHET, PIPES AND TOBACCO POUCH

would exhibit to them the letter of the "Chief of the Yankees" (Thomas Jefferson) which was read at the Big Spring Council. This letter he had secured and now retained. At other times, he would tell them of the wild rides after the fleeing buffaloes across the rolling prairies of the west, or of the red war paths which he had followed. Thus as an old man, he sat, among his descendants, living in the past; remembering the traditions and experiences of his people, and fearing for the institutional life of his nation; prophesying that when the Osages could not again retreat from the civilization of the "white-man", their institutional life and their tradi-

tions would be lost—swallowed up by white civilization and perhaps forgotten by posterity.

If you should visit Osage County in Oklahoma, which was erected from the old Osage Nation, you would find the city of Pawhuska. Out from the business center you would find the "Pawhuska" village of the Osages. There you would find a great lodge in which some of the rites and ceremonies of the Osage Indians are still preserved. But true to the prophesy of old Nekoh their institutional life, traditions, and history, all are disappearing and only in the memories of the most aged Osages or in the archives of white men, is there preserved a full account of the life of the Osage Indians as it was generations ago.

NOTES.

Marriages among the Osages were arranged by the parents. Frequently the young people were not even acquainted. Seldom was there any courtship preceding these marriages. Marriages were usually at an early age and in olden times the brides were obtained by purchase.

For a fuller account of the **Battle of Saddle Mountain**, see Dickerson's "History of the Osages", pp. 23-25. The Osages beheaded their captives instead of scalping them.

QUESTIONS.

Where is Ft. Sill, Oklahoma? Where are the Wichita Mountains? The Ozark Mountains? Where is Osage County, Oklahoma? Pawhuska, Oklahoma?

OSAGE INDIANS.

Name. The word **Osage** is a corruption by the French traders of "Wazhazhe", the name by which these Indians designated their own people.

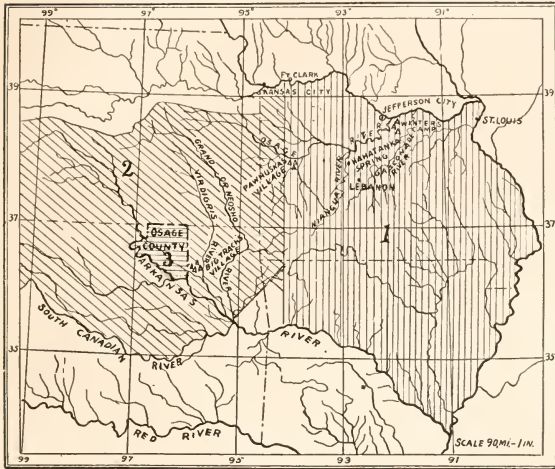
Cosmology. The Cosmology of the Osages, according to J. O. Dorsey indicates that the beings which ultimately became man, were originated in the lowest of the four upper worlds. Ascending through these four stages these beings obtained souls and were known as "Osages." Their cosmology postulates that from this upper world they descended to earth and were divided into different factions or gens.

History. The Osage Indians are the most important branch of the Southern Siouan Tribe of the Western division. Dorsey classes them in one group with the Omaha, Ponca, Kansa, and Quapaw. These five tribes undoubtedly at one time constituted a single group, living along the lower course of the Ohio River.

At some early date they probably moved to the valley of the river which bears their tribal name, for the first historical notice of the Osages appears to be on Marquette's Autograph map of 1673, which locates them on the Osage River. They are located on the Osage River by all subsequent writers until their removal westward in the nineteenth century. Geographically speaking the tribe consisted of three divisions—the Great Osages, the Little Osages, and the Arkansas Band.

About 1802, according to Lewis and Clark, nearly half of the Great Osages, under a chief named "Big Track," migrated to the valley of the Arkansas River—thus constituting the Arkansas Band. The same explorers, in 1804, found the Great Osages, numbering about five-hundred warriors, in a village on the southern bank of the Osage River; the Little Osages, nearly half as numerous, six miles distant, and the Arkansas Band, numbering six hundred warriors, on the Vermillion River, a branch of the Arkansas.

On November 10, 1808, by a treaty with the United States, concluded at Fort Clark, near Kansas City, Missouri, the Osages ceded to the United States all their lands east of a line running due south from Fort Clark to the Arkansas River, and also all of their lands west of the Missouri River—the whole comprising the larger part of what is now the state of Missouri and the northern part of Arkansas, (see map page 114). The territory remaining to them, all of the present state of Oklahoma, north of Canadian and Arkansas Rivers, was still further reduced by the provisions of treaties at St. Louis, June 2, 1825; Ft. Gibson,



THE DIFFERENT HOMES OF THE OSAGE INDIANS: 1. IN MISSOURI; 2. IN ARKANSAS; 3. OSAGE COUNTY OKLAHOMA.

Indian Territory, January 11, 1839; and Canville, Kansas, September 29, 1865; and the limits of their final reservation were established by Act of Congress of July 15, 1870. This consisted (1906) of 1,470,058 acres, and in addition the tribe possessed funds in the Treasury of the United States amounting to \$8,562,690.00, including a school fund of \$119,911.00, the whole yielding an annual income of \$428,134.00. Their income from pasturage leases amounted to \$98,376.00 in the same year, together with their total annual income, making this tribe the richest in the entire United States. The act of June 28, 1906, provided for an equal division of the lands and funds of the Osages.

Osage County, Oklahoma, is formed from the territory sold to the Osage Indians by treaty with the national government in 1870.



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