

without fines, a total of 19 years. Twenty-one were penned, without fines, a total of twenty-six years.

One fellow who became a federal prisoner because of his whiskey salesmanship qualities penned a remarkable prayer for the benefit of the Indian Service on Thanksgiving Day. It reads:

"O Lord, we thank Thee for this bounteous repast Thou hast set before us this beautiful day of Thanksgiving. And mayest Thou look down from the canopies of heaven and bestow Thy blessing on Sheriff Alex. Burke, the county commissioners, also upon Mr. Gosse of the Riverside Hotel, who were instrumental in providing us with this epicurean repast. And may each and every little bean lift up its voice tonight in praises to Thee and to the Indian agents to whom we are also providing their Thanksgiving. We have done those things we ought not to have done, and left undone those things we ought to have done and, O Lord, there is no work left in us. Allow us to return to the glorious state of California where we may next year partake from the sun-kist valleys and vineyards a far more nourishing repast.

"Thanking Thee again, O Lord, and the Salvation Army, who are Thy Heavenly Ambassadors, here in this bastille,

"We remain, like the apostle, St. Paul of old, Thy oppressed."

Indian Commissioner Cato Sells has stood by the Special Service in the most loyal way.

