

Weekly Chemawa American

VOL. 11

JANUARY 15, 1909,

NO. 30

A Great Indian.

A Beautiful Incident in the Life of a Great Chief.

Not long ago there died on the Shoshone Indian reservation in Wyoming Chief Washakie of the Shoshone tribe. This old chief, says a writer in the Sunday Associated Magazines, never wronged the whites or any of his own people. Yet all the Indians feared him. Single-handed, Washakie could pilot any number of whites through any hostile country. He it was who piloted General Fremont across the country when he went to make a way for the advance of civilization beyond the Rockies.

Washakie was a wonderful man in many ways. He never broke his word. Once when one of his sons led a band of restless young warriors away from the reservation to pillage among the whites, Washakie sent a runner to say that if the warriors were not back on the reservation by sunrise the next morning, they should never return.

They did not heed the warning, and the old chief personally led some of his best fighters against his son. True to the word of Washakie, none of the band

ever returned. All were slain.

Always stern, and vowing all his life that he would never break his word, Washakie kept his promise in this case as he did in every other.

For his long, valuable services to the whites in the troublous days of the early frontier, President Grant once sent a beautiful black pony, a fine saddle and a silver-mounted bridle by special messenger to the chief.

When the messenger arrived at the agency building, the sun had just set. Washakie was standing at the window, looking on the gold and purple which flooded the snow-caps of the mountains with color.

Post-trader Moore soon found the Indian and told him to look at the pony, with its fine saddle and bridle. The pony stood beneath, where it could be seen to good advantage.

"Well, Washakie," said Moore, "what have you to say to the White Father for sending you such a beautiful present?"

Washakie did not speak.

The post-trader repeated the question; but instead of replying, the old chief began to drum with the fingers of both hands on the windowpanes. Thus he