

the rugged mountains. Lapwai is not really a fort. There is a hollow square on the west of the crystalline river which winds through the valley. On one side of the square are the officer's quarters; on another, the barracks; on another, the guard-house. In front of each of these buildings marches solemnly back and forth a uniformed sentinel. The square is, in fact, a parade ground.

Here, on the appointed day, was General Howard, an interpreter, and a few other officers. As a preparation for the council, a hospital tent was pitched on one side of the parade-ground. The sides of the tent were looped up, and the flies at either end were stretched out on a temporary frame-work. This primitive pavilion had several advantages. It protected its occupants from the sun; it afforded plenty of fresh air, a thing much needed at an Indian council; and (we say it in a whisper) it made the council easy of access by the soldiers in case treachery was attempted.

Here in this tent the handsome officers lounged about, impatiently waiting for the Indians. The balmy May morning, with its floods of sunshine and cloudless sky arching the valley from range to range with its azure canopy, was well advanced before Joseph and his companions appeared in sight, some distance away. There were about fifty of them in the company, all mounted on Indian ponies, and proceeding slowly down the valley in single file. First, came a long line of warriors, wrapped in red and yellow blankets, wearing buckskin leggings and immense slouch hats. Behind them came the women and children, their faces painted a bright red and their clothing consisting of the most fantastic garments and showy decorations.

The picturesque procession moved slowly toward the hollow square. As they came nearer, it could be seen that they were unarmed, except with tomahawk pipes, which could be used at will to smoke the peaceful tobacco or to crush the skull of an enemy. Just as they reached the square the leader turned