

ful development. So complicated and elaborate is the sign language, consisting of countless gestures and movements the slightest variation in which marks wide differences in meaning, that only a few Indians in a tribe are complete musters of it, and the masses can only use it slightly. The signs do not indicate letters nor words, as with the deaf and dumb, but ideas. There is one sign to indicate hunger, another for "stop talking," another for summer, and so on infinitely. Yet an expert sign talker will either make or interpret a long speech, which consists of an infinite number of signs following each other with lightning-like rapidity. Two strange Indians will meet on horseback, each unable to understand a spoken word of the other, and while holding the reins with the left hand, will converse for hours with their right, telling stories or relating their experience

Says the San Francisco Chronicle: The Indians scattered along the foot-hills of governed by any tribal laws, yet adhere article of diet in every well-regulated wigwam. The process of converting

the black soil, in the shape of a punchbowl. Into these was put the acorn pulp. At hand stood several large clothes-baskets filled with water, and water, making it about the color and consistency of cream. Not a speck appeared to mix. A buxom muhala stood by each vat, and with a small fir bough stirred the mass, skillfully removing any speek that floated udon the surface. The soil gradually absorbed the bitter waters, leaving a firm white substance, of which they made bread. I asked to tasto it, at which they said something in their language, and all langhed. I asked again, and after much on a figleaf, and found it sweet and palatable. They began to remove it,

short time it was fit for use. This, I am told, they mix with water, put it into