

EADLE KEATAH TOH.

"GOD HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES."

VOL. II.

INDIAN TRAINING SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA., MARCH, 1882.

NO. 8.



A Carlisle Indian Sunday School Class.

We find in the Day Break a letter from Bishop Hare, an extract from which we give our readers:

We judge that his experience in displaying the accomplishments of his "troupe" is like that which is generally passed through by those who are privileged to prove to the people what Indians can do—they are made to listen in amazement:

"Yesterday I proposed to the children of Hope School that I should give them a drive in my traveling wagon. They were more than ready, and in the afternoon we started. Eleven little people crowded with me into a two-seated wagon, so that I was quite surrounded, 'Children to the right of me, children to the left of me, children in front of me'—shall I complete the line and say, 'volleyed and thundered?' No; not that; but I was charmed with the confiding way in which they soon came to be at home with me—first chatting with each other about the scenes through which we passed, and then at my request singing me some of their songs and hymns. Presently we stopped at a farm house where I had some business. The good people looked at my load a little askance, moved, I think, somewhat by the old dread that the whites have for the Indians, and somewhat by the feeling, 'How absurd to try to do anything with a lot of Indian children!' I thought I would undeceive them, and, therefore, after the children had played a few

moments in the grove in the rear of the house, proposed to the family that the children should go into the sitting-room. 'Perhaps,' said I, 'you would like to hear them sing.' 'Why, yes,' was the quick, but somewhat unbelieving reply. In we all went, and to the amazement of the audience, the children stood and sang first—

"Jesus, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Savior,
Hear thy children cry."

and then one of their songs—

"In a meadow green I saw a lamb,
As it played beside its ma,
And I said to the lamb, 'What is your name?'
But it only answered, 'Baa!'"

CHORUS:—"Skip, skip, lambkin; skip, skip away!
You have naught to do
But to frolic on the lea, while the robin in the tree
Sings its sweetest songs to you!"

I never before acted so much in the capacity of a traveling theatrical manager, and now know what are the sensations of such a personage when he is not ashamed of his troupe."

Faithfully and affectionately yours,

WILLIAM H. HARE,
Missionary Bishop.

Big Morning Star.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF INDIAN EDUCATION AND CIVILIZATION.

INDIAN TRAINING SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA., MARCH, 1882.

—When papers are marked X subscription has expired.

The Inspiration of the Work.

A knock at the office door; "come in," we said, and a stripling was before us, looking wistfully into our eyes. As he stood respectfully waiting, we surveyed him. He was evidently dressed for the occasion: His hair had been combed and brushed until it lay in the approved curve around his brow; there was no dust on his clothing; his collar was fresh, and his boots newly blacked.

"Well, sir," we at last said, "what can we do for you this morning?"

"I want a trade, Captain; I am anxious," was the prompt reply.

And here is a son of the "lazy Indian" begging to learn a trade. Why was it that his father did not work? Was it that no incentive was placed before him that moved him to desire labor? We believe that is it; and now that the son has that incentive and is thus moved, our shops must be made broad enough to give him room.

We sit in our office in the early morning: a bell sends out its tones over the grounds, and soon after we hear the measured tramp! tramp! of coming feet. Thirty little boys file past our window, neatly dressed, on their way to the breakfast-room; and, as they go, there is a murmur of voices, all speaking one—the English tongue. They are our younger Indian boys, all growing into English-speaking civilized Americans.

They are scarcely passed before eighty girls appear on the piazza in the opposite quarters. They are of all sizes: from the full-grown woman to the wee girl of eight years; but we see no dishevelled hair hanging about the face and covering the eyes in sign of grief, or tallowed braids, vermilioned cheeks and head seams, and ears filled with a mass of unsightly ornaments; no blankets wrapping the body from head to foot, surmounted by loads of wood and hay, with axes and hoes hanging from the girdle that confines them. They are our Indian girls rescued from all that insignia of savage life, who, washed and combed, and dressed in the costume of our own women, walk quietly and orderly, yet with cheerful chat and suppressed merriment to take their seats at one common table with the other sex.

As they go, from another direction comes the heavier tramp of our one hundred and forty larger boys and young men. Theirs are not the plumed head, moccasined feet and armed hands of warriors going to seek an enemy, or declare war with another tribe by stealing horses. They come in citizens' dress, and often with book or paper in hand or pocket, and as they file in and are seated at their respective tables, we see the manners of gentlemen.

The girls are first waited upon, and there is a pleasant interchange of thought between the sexes, showing that the germs of a pure social life are taking root, and that woman is no longer to them the servant to be despised, and even spit upon if she offend them, and drudge, while they choose the lighter forms of labor.

When the meal closes they are no savage worshippers who sit for a few moments listening to the reading of the Word and uniting in a short prayer. On Monday morning we have proof that religious instruction has not fallen on deaf ears or dull minds, as the text of the previous day is repeated by many in different parts of the hall, and the principal heads of the discourse are recited by one and another when called for by their leader. At other times it incites to fresh enthusiasm to see a boy step from the ranks and inquire, "What is the chapter from which you read yesterday and this morning?" to receive a message that one wishes to speak to the leader, and hear the request, "Please read this to us this morning," (pointing to Solomon's appeal for wisdom), and to note as the girls pass out, one and another stops at the stand to ask some question about the morning's lesson.

During any of the work-hours, as we look into the different departments of labor, all is activity, all is cheerfulness, and the pleased exultant look when work is praised, what does it prove but that an ambition is aroused that will push its possessor to higher and higher attainments, instead of falling into the old ways, as some seem to suggest will be the case by the queries presented to us?

Truly there is life in this experimental germ. It has budded; it has blossomed; it has brought forth fruit, and we are not content that its influence rest here, or be only felt among among the people who are here represented. We long to know that from the Senecas in New York, to the Hoopas in California; from the most northern point in

Alaska where the Indian is found, to the most southern line of New Mexico, where his children roam, there be a new awakening to the possibilities of his future. From our point of observation the outlook is broad, and grand, and sweeping, and is an inspiration to greater efforts, to higher hopes, to more burning zeal for arousing interest in the hearts of others in this, to us, all-absorbing labor of turning the lives of our Indians into a new channel as we go rushing on together down the stream of time.

Our Trade Boys.

We have 185 boys who are seeking to learn the white man's ways at the school. Sixty-eight of the largest boys are learning trades. We have 2 printers, 14 carpenters, 14 harnessmakers, 12 shoemakers, 9 tinners, 8 tailors and 9 blacksmiths and coachmakers. These boys work half of each day at their respective trades and go to school the other half of the day. Thus, we are doing three things at once: 1st, English speaking; 2d, work; 3d, book-knowledge. We have no need to be ashamed of the handiwork of our boys, and it will stand the test of close scrutiny. When placed side by side with the result of white labor the comparison is favorable. Had we the shop-room many more of the boys who are eager to be placed at trades could be accommodated.

The carpenter boys are putting the finishing touches upon the inside of the new hospital. In the harness shop last month they made 15 double sets of harness, which will make about 250 double sets made since the harness shop was opened. The shoe boys are repairing our old and making new shoes. The tinners are at work at present making tin cups, coffee boilers, pans, pails, dust pans, cans, etc.; while the coachmakers have several wagons that will soon be ready for shipment to the West. Taking it all in all, the work is very creditable, and that it is profitable can be seen from the fact that the shops for the past year show a credit of \$666.48 over and above all expenses. This showing speaks for itself, and we believe it as good as would be were we to start a relative number of raw white boys in the several trades enumerated.

The boys like the trades allotted them very much, and we see many marks of their appreciation in the zeal with which they take hold of their work. As much as possible the boys are allowed to choose their own trades, which they, in the main, do with careful deliberation.

The shop work has been very satisfactory, and had we more shop-room, we could hope for yet better results in the future than the now very promising ones.

Others beside Indian boys and girls find it a serious task to learn English. The Golden Days gives us this:

"When Napoleon was a prisoner on St. Helena, he tried to master the language of his jailers. But it was too much for him. He wrote to the Count Las Cases:

"Since six weeks I learn the English and I do not any progress. 6 week do forty and 2 day, if I might have learn 50 words for day, I could know it two thousands and two hundred. It is in the dictionary more than four ty thousand, even if he could, must 20 bout much often for know it, or 120 week, which do more two year. After this you shall agree that to study one tongue is a great labor, who must do it in the young aged."

He certainly had not made much progress when he wrote that letter. It is as good as a puzzle.

Agent L. J. Miles, in a recent letter to us, says: "Am glad to hear of the well-doing of Osage children there. I think every day that to keep them away from camp life until they learn something better, is the only hopeful thought for them."

From Darlington, Indian Territory, comes this sad news: "We have just passed through a very fiery ordeal. The Menmonite Mission School building burned on Sabbath eve between 8 and 9 o'clock, supposed to be from defective flue. The Rev. Mr. Harvey, Missionary in charge, lost his own dear little babe—nine months old—and three Indian children from suffocation. The four little ones were buried yesterday. One of those severe 'northers' was raging at the time, so that, taking all together, it is very distressing. Have not time to write more at present."

The Missionary Spirit Abroad.

A Juvenile Missionary Society in Asiatic Turkey, composed of the children of American Missionaries, voted at their last meeting to 'devote their contributions for '81-'82 to their first friends, the Indians again.' It occurs to us it might be well to send a large delegation of our people as missionaries to foreign lands to help them remember they have heaven at home to be cared for.

We asked Matt'e if one of the chiefs of the party recently visiting us from New Mexico was her father, and her reply was:—"No; only just a little bit my father." Meaning, we suppose, that he was some relation; but she did not know how to express it in English.

another tack: Us-sa-wuk-y planted corn, and then toward noon came with the plea that he had been at work and was hungry. He evidently thought he had shown us a favor by planting corn in his field, and we could not deny him. Having plenty of milk, the kettle that had held his seed-corn was filled with the rich fluid, with the request that his wife supply his bread. He was angry, and poured the milk on the ground, but was not yet conquered. The chiefs were to go to the agency, and wanted corn for their journey. It was late Spring, and theirs was mostly used up. Knowing we had laid in a supply for their children for the summer, Indian-like, they wanted us to divide. Each chief brought his basket, and accepted cheerfully what was given except Us-sa-wuk-y. We had a small supply of a variety known as Pawnee corn,—very soft and agreeable for parching, which was to serve as a special treat for our children when they felt lonely during the absence of their people on the hunt. Us-sa-wuk-y knew of this, and decided he would be served from that if at all. He was refused, and the man who had served the others left the house. The chief was enraged. He told his child to get his clothing and go home. There was a limited supply of clothing for the school, which could not be renewed for months; and, as it was known if children on leaving the school could take their clothing, there would be a new set of scholars each week to be dressed, it was distinctly understood by each parent on bringing a child to the school, if he took it away the clothing must be left. The son of the chief in going for his clothing passed through the teachers' room. On his return she stopped him, saying, "If you go home your clothing must be left." The chief walked into the room, and, pushing the teacher aside, told his child to run, and, striding back, took up his basket of corn. The teacher followed, telling him he was not doing as he had promised. With corn in one hand, and tomahawk in the other, Us-sa-wuk-y poured out a volley of angry words, telling of his efforts to be fed, and of his defeat; of his desire to get good corn, and how he was refused, while the teacher stood by, looking at him unflinchingly, though she doubted if he would not end by sinking the tomahawk into her skull, for he was a desperado feared and hated by all his people. But instead he roared out, "Ugh!" and then raising the basket, dashed the corn on the floor, and was gone. This was a triumph for the teacher. She had not quailed before an angry Indian, nor yielded to his demands, and she stood as a Brave among them.

The village was near, and at all times of day the friends of the children were passing to and fro. Great was the temptation of our pupils to take a little run home, and, to avoid their playing the truant, permission was given to go home every Saturday morning, with the injunction to return in time to bathe and dress before night. One or two of the children considered themselves favored, and walked back and forth as they willed. The teacher, besides her school duties, must be cook, laundress, housekeeper and maid of all work generally, assisted by her raw recruits from the village. To all this to have that added of cleansing a child and its clothing every day or two, from the effects of a sleep in the Indian village, was one straw too much, and there must be a remedy. After much commanding and entreating, one day when a runaway child was returned she was punished. "Stop! stop!" said the father, who sat by, and, taking the child by the hand, he led her to the village. The next day a solemn procession silently moved into the school-room—the father leading the runaway, two wives, and a married daughter. Nothing was heard for some time except a long drawn sigh from one of the women. The father spoke: "We have not slept in our house last night; we were all pained at heart; our child we had given you was with us in our house; I took her because I feared you would break her bones; but she is yours again; she may not come to our lodge when you say, 'stay here!'" The temptation on the part of the teacher to laugh was irresistible, when she heard the excuse for taking the child, for she had called her to her sick bed, and, with a feeble hand, spatted her little, plump body; but the apology was accepted, and running to the village without permission was at least greatly reduced.

Many acres of prairie had been broken to open a large farm for the Pawnees, that they might learn the art of agriculture. Such a mass of decaying vegetable matter produced malaria, and the whole village nearly were attacked with the ague, and our school was not exempt. If left to manage the disease ourselves, we hoped soon to be rid of it, as the children otherwise were in good health. Winter was near, and the ague had not prevailed since the Pawnees had settled in that locality; but the parents became anxious, and thought their doctors could do better than we. One bright boy was taken home and died, for they had no idea how to manage any disease of that kind. The patient was permitted to eat all and everything that a craving appetite demanded, and

when the fever was at its height to plunge into the river that ran close by the village, and many were the bodies that were hastily buried in the sand on its banks, congestion being the inevitable under such treatment. Most of the children were left with us for a while, but the questionings and suggestions with regard to their treatment became so annoying that it would have been a relief to have them all go home until the village should start for the winter hunt. One father insisted on taking his daughter to his lodge; but, as she was very uncomfortable in the close air, the heat and the smoke, he asked the privilege of bringing her back. There was much hesitation about acceding to his wishes lest she die, and we have the credit of killing her, as we were sure we would have; but, after stipulating that he should not interfere with anything we did for her, consent was given, and he came early one morning bringing her in his robe on his back, though she was a child of ten or more years. The first thing to be done was to cleanse her from the grease, and dust, and vermin, she had collected during her two weeks' absence. Preparing a quantity of warm suds, the teacher put on as much of the air and consequential gravity of the medicine man as possible, and saying, "Now, I am going to make medicine for your child!" commenced the cleansing process, adding various manipulations and passings of the hand, as well to soothe as to make it effective in the eyes of the father. When cleansed and laid in a cool, clean bed, the child soon slept sweetly, the father sitting by until she awoke refreshed and had eaten; for to eat, no matter how illy-prepared the stomach is to receive food, is life to the Indian. The next morning he was early at her bedside to see her shivering and moaning with her chill, and when the fever was at its height began to call for food for her. As the teacher passed back and forth, caring for the other sick, he clamored more and more, "Mother, feed my child. Mother, my child has not eaten," till forbearance ceasing to be a virtue, she stopped, and, looking sternly, said, "You promised to let me do as I pleased if I took your child again; I love her; I will do what I think is good for her, but you do not trust me; you forget your promise, and continually cry in my ears, 'Eat-eat.'" Raising his hand as a sign that she stop, he bowed his head and said, "truly! truly!" The contest was ended, and the teacher again the master of the situation.

Thus, in one way or another, the contest continued. A chief wanted his child dressed better than the other scholars, and he must learn that in dress as in all other things the children were on an equality in the school. A soldier demanded that a strict watch be kept that no child go in a certain direction from the building, because the enemy always appeared in that quarter. The principal men of the village wanted to visit the school, but they would like to be seated in the teacher's private room, because the children made so much noise, and truly the contrast was great between the fall of their moccasined feet on their earth floor, and those of our children with their heavy shoes rushing through our echoing halls. Mothers wanted just a little bread, or meat, or coffee, or sugar, or all together, and all who came wanted to eat, and could not help feeling that there was a lack of friendship and feeling if they were not fed. There was no fence around the school building, and all the villagers had free access to the doors and windows. Spoons, knives and food would disappear, and even blankets were dropped from dormitory windows by those sent to put the rooms in order before locking them for the day. Our boys were derided as being women when they were sent to work, and, although they might be very brave to meet the enemy, they could not always withstand the temptation to drop the ax or hoe and run when they saw their friends from the village coming. The loss of their scalp-lock marked them as ours, and the hat was worn at all hours, even at the table if permitted, to shield them from the taunts that were daily thrown at them for this loss.

All this and much more of the same kind hindered our work, and, though years have intervened, there is a writhing of soul at the remembrance, and the question comes, "Why must all this have been endured with so little result, when, if the children could have been removed from their people (as are these at Carlisle), it could all have been avoided, together with the demoralizing influences that enveloped them, soul and body, and the hindrances to their learning English, which must be insurmountable so long as they heard nothing but their mother-tongue outside the school buildings?"

We might say all this was long ago, and times are changed, did we not hear our Carlisle children deploring the time they wasted in their homes by being surrounded by just such influences to hinder them in their efforts to come up out of their Egypt of darkness and ignorance.

E. G. P.

Coined money was first known among the Chinese in the Eleventh Century before Christ.

Philadelphia and the Carlisle Indian School.

Our many friends in the great city of William Penn desired of us a Second Annual Exhibition of Progress, similar to the one given a year ago. Arrangements were made, and on the 2d inst., with 30 of our children, we left Carlisle on the early morning train and reached Philadelphia at 10:50 a. m. A delegation of our Carlisle School Committee, consisting of ex-Mayor Fox, Col. Wm. McMichael, Mr. L. P. Ashmead and Mr. J. T. Johnson, met us at the depot and conducted us to Crowell's Friendly Inn, from which, after an early dinner, we were escorted to the Mayor's office, where we were introduced by Mr. Fox to His Honor, Mayor King, who most kindly welcomed us, and took every child by the hand, giving a pleasant word to each. Then we were shown the wonderfully complete system of fire alarm telegraphy of the city, Independence Hall, with its portraits and relics of the birth-place of our national liberty, and the historical collection of revolutionary mementos. A large painting of William Penn's Treaty with the Indians was explained to our party by Colonel McMichael, who also gave some account of the friendly and helpful interest that Wm. Penn's people have always had in the Indian, and it was evident that the children were very much impressed. Mayor King was kind enough to send four of his largest policemen to protect us through the crowds that blocked our way. One of these (six feet, six inches in height) was especially remarked upon by our Indian boys and girls, who questioned if they could reach as high as his head.

From Independence Hall we were taken to the Ledger printing establishment, which we were informed was the largest and best-equipped in the world. Mr. Childs received us and showed us the large collection of unique mementos in his office. Coats-of-mail, ancient implements of war, a great variety of clocks, and a multitude of other curious and antique things. We were then shown the four great presses, each one capable of printing 15,000 papers an hour, and the four folding machines that folded the papers as fast as they were printed. The trim engines, the very perfection of mechanical skill, seemed to interest the boys most. We then went to the engraver's and jobbing rooms on the sixth floor, where the many-colored show-bills are prepared and printed.

The United States Mint was next visited. Although it was after hours, the friends who were with us had the pass from Col. Snowden, and we saw tons of silver and stacks of gold—enough to pay the expenses of many Indian Schools. The boys talked of carrying off some of the thousand-dollar "pigs" of silver so carelessly stacked in the hallway, but immediately abandoned the idea when they attempted to lift one. The melting, cutting, stamping, counting, etc., were all interesting, and so, too, was a bundle of gold scraps worth \$40,000, and the old coins made two thousand years ago.

From the mint we passed through the new and incomplete public building at the junction of Broad and Market streets. This will be one of the largest and finest buildings in the world, and is to hold all the public offices in the city. The men at work on the top of the walls were so high that they looked smaller than our boys.

We came to the Academy of Fine Arts and there we met Mayor Fox again, who introduced us to Mr. Claghorn, the Big Chief of the house where they keep many fine paintings and statuary, and who is a very large man with a kind heart for the Indians. He showed us all through the building, and then we heard fine music from a band of about thirty instruments. The great rooms, with their multitude of beautiful pictures and statuary, seemed like enchanted ground for our boys and girls, who looked and wondered with evident admiration and delight. When Mr. Claghorn found out that Nellie Robertson, Dessie Prescott, Jennie Lawrence and Louis Brown were from Sisseton agency, he made our whole party go to his house, because his wife and Agent Crissey's wife are sisters. Mrs. Claghorn was very glad to talk to Nellie, Dessie, Jennie and Louis, and Mr. Claghorn showed us his many beautiful engravings. It is said he has one of the best private collections in the United States.

We got back to our hotel about four o'clock, and there we found our kind, good friend, Susan Longstreth and a party of little girls waiting to see the Indian girls.

We rested until seven o'clock and then went to Horticultural Hall. The hall is the second in size in Philadelphia, and was crowded with people, and several hundred went away because they could not get in. Mr. Ashmead introduced Mr. Fox, who spoke, and then Dr. McCauley, President of Dickinson College, and Dr. S. R. Riggs, missionary for forty-five years among the Sioux. Capt. Pratt then showed harness, tin-ware, shoes, clothing and other things made by the boys and girls at our school. The band played, the boys and girls sang, gave lessons and recitations and made speeches, and Mr. George Fox interpreted a Comanche speech made by Joshua Given. Everybody in the house seemed pleased with what they saw the Indians do. Col. McMichael made a good speech and told the people to help the Indian Schools.

The next morning we all went to a meeting at a Friends' School in Germantown, and met many Friends, who were very kind to us.

Speeches were made by our boys and girls, and then one of the white boys asked a question in arithmetic of the Indian boys. He asked, "If a herring and a-half cost a cent and a-half, how much would eleven herrings cost?" Ellis Childers, a Creek boy, answered it at once. Then the boys of the Friends' school played foot-ball with our boys, and the girls played some girls' games.

We went back to Philadelphia, and when we reached the depot we found Mayor King's four big policemen waiting to take us to Mr. John Wanamaker's Grand Depot. This is one of the biggest stores in the world, and Mr. Wanamaker keeps 2,000 clerks to wait on his customers. He took us around and showed us so many things we were tired, and then he gave every boy and girl a silk handkerchief.

We then rested until five o'clock and came home, satisfied that we had seen and learned more in two days than ever in any previous two days of our lives, and we thank Col. McMichael, Mr. Fox, Mr. Ashmead and all our friends for it. We had an invitation to go to Atlantic City and see the ocean, and to Cramp's ship-yard and see a ship launch, but did not have time.

A letter from White Eagle, the first chief of the Poncas, to his son Frank, is to us a reminder of the tenderness he as a father manifested when he came to place his son under our care. Sitting with us at the table, and speaking of leaving his child, his emotions became so intense that, for a while, his food was left untouched, while he gave vent to them in tears. We give it entire:

PONCA AGENCY, February 22d, 1882.

FRANK EAGLE—DEAR SON:—We are all well—your mother, sisters, and all. I hope this letter will find you well, too. I have been very busy or I would have written sooner. The school house will soon be finished, and it is a very fine building.

I always feel happy when I hear from you, and I want to know how you can talk English and read and write and how you are getting along in all your studies. I have not got any money, cash, but I have property, lands, horses, cattle, chickens, and stock of all kinds, so that when you come home you will find that we are not so poor as when you went away. You speak of coming home. I would like to see you, but as long as you are learning to speak English, and to read and write, I want you to stay, so that you may be well educated and fit for any position your tribe may call you. Capt. Pratt, your teacher, will know much better than you when you are properly educated and fitted to come home, and I want him to decide that matter. You want to see me and I would like to go to Carlisle, but I have no money to go with at this time.

Your father,

W. EAGLE,

Chief of the Poncas.

INDIAN TRAINING SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA., February 3d, 1882.

DEAR FATHER QUICK BEAR: We are all trying hard to speak only English; but sometimes some of them talk Indian—about one, or four, or five Indian words, and some of them say many times, and next time when we came to school again and the teacher call us and we answer, and if we don't talk any Indian words we say "No Indian," and if some of them talk Indian, and count how many times they talk Indian, they say it; but this morning nobody speak any Indian words, and this make our teacher glad for it, and Captain Pratt, too, and then let me tell you how many weeks and how many days over I tried hard to speak only English without any Sioux words: I have been trying hard to speak only English just ten weeks and five days over now. I commenced to speak only English on the 13th day of November. So let me add and see how many weeks and how many days—13, plus 31, plus 31 days = 75 days. Then let me divide 75 by 7 again. 75 divided by 7 = 10 and five-sevenths. I have been trying to speak only English ten weeks and five days now. I speak the truth—I said ten weeks and five days. I am very glad.

Now I want to say to you I am very sure you are thinking about me to go back home in the camp. You all better wait. Sometimes I will go home and see you what you are doing in Indian Territory. Before I go back to see you you must try to work hard. What are you busy at work about? Now, dear cousin, you must try to pray to God to make you a good Indian people. I want to say about this—you must not think all the sorrow way all the time. Try to pray also about yourself to make you happy again.

The Independent, speaking of the 140 bills now before congress for, and connected with, the Indian service, says: "It is hopeful to notice that there is a growing intelligence on the Indian subject, both in congress and out. If the republican party wish to signalize their return to power in congress, in what better way can they do so than by giving land, law and learning to the Indians?"

DEAR FATHER:—I will try very hard to do my best all the time; but when my teacher say to me I don't read loud, then I get discouraged, but this time I will try read loud all the time. I don't care if I make mistake, it is make any different to me; but I must never get discouraged. I will try to do as well as anybody can this time.