

# The Morning Star.

"GOD HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES."

VOL. II.

INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA., JUNE, 1882.

NO. 11.

## Nellie Cary's Story.

[This simple but sad story we give below was written by Nellie Cary, our only Apache girl, and read before the audience at our commencement exercises. May we not hope there is a bright future for her hunted and hated people?]

"I will try to tell a little about my life: I was taken from my mother when I was a baby. My mother had four children. We did not know there was fighting until the day the soldiers came on us. My oldest brother said that my mother was on a little hill gathering sticks, and she laid me on the ground while she was busy. She heard lots of guns going off below the hill, and she was frightened and ran off and left me where she put me. The soldiers came and took me up and went after my brothers; I think they went a long way before they caught them, and the other soldiers were hunting my mother. They found her and killed her before they brought my brothers. They had killed many others beside my mother. When they caught my brothers they put them on their horses, but my youngest brother and I were put in a large basket on a donkey's back, and a soldier took care of us while they were on their journey. They then gave us to a family. I do not know how long we staid with them. While we were there my oldest brother got sick and died. After he died an officer sent us to Fort Craig with a soldier's wife, who took care of us. The woman we lived with was kind sometime, but when she got drunk she whipped me and my brother.

At last an officer who has charge of the barracks at Fort Craig sent my brother and me away from this woman to Santa Fe, N. M.; and there I staid with Colonel Carey and afterwards with Governor Arney. I staid in his family for nearly seven years, and they taught me good things. I went to school nearly two years, and to Sunday School, and learned about God and His Son. This was at Fort Defiance, Arizona.

My father's name was Cochise. He was a chief among the Apaches some place near Colorado. Some other tribes came where my father was, and they took and bound him close to a big tree with ropes, and they built a fire around him, and that was the way my father was killed. That was done five years ago last fall. I did not know anything about it until Governor Arney told me. My father died before we went to Fort Defiance. He never went to school, and I think he never learned about God. Now I am all alone. I want to get a good education before I go home. If I go home I shall go among my people, because they are wild and have not the right heart in them.

I hear some people say that Apaches are worse than any other tribes: they are always fighting and have no peace with the white people or with each other. I hope that some day they will all settle down and have peace. I hope some kind missionary will go out among them and teach them the good news of our LORD JESUS CHRIST who came to suffer for them. They do not know anything about God and His Son. Some day may be they will all be civilized, and have schools, and cultivate the ground like some of the other tribes. I think they are the only tribes that are fighting now. Some day there will be no Indians if they give up the Indian ways and confess themselves to God, and walk in the right path. They will have cities, and farms, and raise cattle. If they do not do it the white people will have all their lands, and they will be driven away or killed."

## Ellis B. Childers' Speech.

[We give here an original speech made by one of our Creek boys at our commencement exercises, and believe our readers will agree with the thought expressed by one who listened to them, that "We shall be obliged to make a history expressly for the Indian, with the Indian left out." The young man studied history last term:]

"Does history teach that the Indians are more cruel than the Spaniards, or any other race of people? All savage people are cruel, because they have not the BIBLE from which to learn kindness and love as civilized people do. But I venture to say that the Indians are naturally kind. Of course, they have not the forgiving spirit which the BIBLE teaches; but, if any person treats them kindly, they will return kindness.

There is no living person that knows the whole history of the Indians. Our written history commences at the time of early explorers and settlers.

When Columbus landed on the coast of San Salvador did the natives whom he found prepare for war? No; they received and treated him kindly; and yet we are told in some histories that Columbus sent hundreds of slaves to Spain contrary to the wishes of Queen Isabella.

The Spaniards found the Indians so unwarlike that they had little difficulty in overrunning the country; but toward those who opposed them they showed much cruelty.

Ponce de Leon was made governor of Porto Rico, and the same Indians that had received and treated them so kindly were there. Did he try to lead them into civilized life and teach them Christianity? No; not the least. But this he did: He killed all that he could kill, and those that he did not kill he made slaves, and forced them to work in the mines; and in less than five years more than half of the Indians died in the mines, and De Ayllon was sent to the main land to get more natives to take their places.

Ponce de Leon was not the only governor that did not treat the Indians right from the start. Melendez was sent to govern Florida, and the very first thing he did he went to war—not with the Indians at first, but with the French, who had as much right to settle America as he had. It was not long until he had trouble with the Indians.

De Gorgues started for St. Augustine to punish the Spaniard who had destroyed the French colony at Fort Caroline. When he reached the old fort thousands of Indians joined him in attacking the Spaniards. Why did not the Indians join the Spaniards instead of the French? Simply because these Spaniards had been cruel to them and had treated them so badly that they were willing to fight against them.

A Portuguese explorer (Cortereal) as he was sailing along the coast of Labrador, took fifty or more natives on board and carried them back to Portugal to be sold as slaves.

De Soto and Navez, two Spanish explorers in the South, made the Indians carry their burdens, treating them with great cruelty.

Cartier, a French explorer, was kind to the Indians while he was with them; but, when he was returning, he took a chief and some of the others who had opposed him back to France against their will.

The same course was followed by Verrazzano and some of the early English explorers. But we do not need to turn back to the Sixteenth Century to show that Indians have learned cruelty from

the whites. Ever since the earliest settlements the government has moved the Indians from one reservation to another, and if they hesitate to go, they force them with arms. The Indians have been showing cruelty in revenge for these wrongs.

To-day the Mexican government offers a reward for every Indian scalp, as was done by the State of Massachusetts two hundred years ago: so much for every man, woman and child. As long as they are treated in this manner there will never be peace between the whites and Indians."

## An Indian Boy's Account of Camp Life.

It was in the summer of 1880. Our school on the Peoria reservation had closed for vacation. I was so happy to know that I had all summer to myself, for I could go hunting, fishing or visiting—do anything I chose. Our horses, cattle and other stock were all looking fine.

My father has a nice piece of land just across the river close by. It has a nice spring and lake on it, beside a cave, which cool air comes out of all summer. Men have gone two or three hours in it without finding the end. It was there we camped. We took our cattle to graze and corralled them at night. We stretched our tent near the cave. I never will forget the time. We milked our cows and made butter: we could keep it so nice. We had squirrels for almost every meal. I went hunting sometimes, but never had much luck. The other boys could always get ahead of me in killing squirrels; but I ate of what they shot, so it was just the same.

A man by the name of Dave Dorsey was staying with us. He was a great fellow to hunt. He had a "liking for my sister;" that was the reason he stayed with us; but it was very little she cared for him. He was always asking us boys if Clara (that is my sister's name) liked him. We would not tell him the truth about it. One day he and I went squirrel-hunting. We hunted until most noon and only killed one or two. The first thing we knew we came to the edge of a prairie which I had never seen before, and we were lost for awhile. Tears came into my eyes. Finally we struck out in a northeasterly direction. It was so rocky and hilly I recollect my boots hurt my feet walking over the rocks so much. We went over hill after hill, and after a while came to a spring branch. We were all right there, for we knew the branch. We followed it for a time and came to our camp. If we were not tired, nobody ever was. After we had rested and eaten our dinner, we felt better.

Dave Dorsey and another boy went hunting one day. They had not been gone long when we heard them shoot twice and yell. We went there and saw them running down a hill. They said a deer jumped up close by—about thirty yards from them. Dave shot it and knocked it down. He crippled it, but did not kill it. After he had done so he stopped and said, "Bah! bah!" He said a hunter had told him if he said that the deer would always stop and come back. We laughed at him for his foolishness. I don't think he ever tried to stop a deer in that way again.

It began to get close on to my school days again. O, how I hated to go! But I had had all vacation to play in, and my father said I must go to school. The grass on the other side of the river had dried: for it was in the fall. We moved our cattle over home again, and I commenced going to school once more. I was not sick any of the time while I was away from home. I enjoyed that summer's camping more than I ever did anything else.

WILLIAM PEERY.

# THE MORNING STAR.

## EADLE KEATAH TOH.

INDIAN TRAINING SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA., JUNE, '82.

Entered in the P. O. at Carlisle as second class matter.

### Secretary Teller's Speech.

As a finale to the pleasures on the day of the wedding, the school assembled in the chapel to give an entertainment in honor of the coming of Secretary TELLER and wife, and after their songs and speeches he addressed us. His speech having been reported for the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, we copy:

The Secretary had declined to address the school, because he feared the children would not understand him, but having been prevailed upon to say something, he gave them a brief talk, full of practical common sense, and expressed in language so simple that they all could understand perfectly, as was shown by the breathless interest with which they listened and the hearty and continued applause when he had concluded.

He told the children he thought they understood how important an education was; from what he had seen he believed they were all trying to get this. It was education that made the white men different from the Indians. Because the Indians have never been taught to work, every year the government has to pay out a great deal of money, many millions of dollars, to take care of them.

Capt. PRATT had told him that some of the boys and girls were going home in a day or two. It would be better for them to stay at the school. It took a long time to get a good education. Of course they could not get much of an education in three years: but when Capt. PRATT brought them to the school he promised in three years he would send them back, and now, if their friends were not willing for them to stay, they must go back. It would be best for them to return to the school, and if, after a visit home, any of them wished to come back, they might. They must tell their friends how much better it is to live like the white people. They must tell all the boys and girls how good this school was and make them want to go to school too. He thought before long there would be many more schools such as Carlisle scattered over the different sections of the country. There were many places now occupied by soldiers that could be used for Indian schools, and if the Indians were educated there would be no need for so many soldiers, because the Indians would not fight.

The Indians had many friends now, and he thought there could be schools enough for all the boys and girls, the young men and women, to get an education. When he spoke of education he did not mean only learning to read and write, that was only part. Girls must learn to make clothes, to cook, and all about housekeeping. Boys must learn farming and trades. The government was willing to help them get an education. It would be glad to pay the money, but the question must rest with the Indians themselves. It cannot educate them unless they are willing to learn and will take hold and work for themselves. Indians should have all the rights of the white people in every respect. He believed all at this school would have them. He closed by saying: "While I am Secretary I will do all I can for you. If you will try to help yourselves I will do all I possibly can for you."

### The Homes of Indians in Camp Life.

If it is accepted as an axiom that the Christian Homes of our land are its salvation, then it follows that the more such homes there are established in the land the more secure are we of our stability as a nation. As patriots then, as well as philanthropists, would we make great endeavors to give the members of our school the principles which underly a Christian Home.

We remember they mostly came from homes where there is no mental culture; where polygamy is practiced, and where, in consequence, the family ties are held very loosely; and, as a farther consequence, chastity is not a prevailing virtue; where truth is not highly esteemed, and the rights of property not carefully regarded; where cleanliness is unknown and privacy in attending to the calls of nature is not thought of; where, though they labor, their toil is not inspired by any hope of what it will bring them in the future, but a mere drudgery for a daily subsistence; where there is no Rest Day, but their life is one continual tread-mill round with no stopping place, which gives a weary-worn look to all who have only for a few years followed life's path.

A general bent in the right direction can be given our pupils here in our school, but one prominent thought in our Planting-Out System,—as we term the sending of our pupils into private families,—is that each may have a special object-lesson before them for a term of weeks or months, till the fact of the superiority of a Christian Home over those which they have left be so fixed in their minds, and they may learn so to prefer the habits which they must follow in those homes that it will be morally impossible for them to return to their old ways.

Every family that opens its doors and takes in one or more of these Indian Youths with the aim of showing them the difference between our homes and the homes of those who have never come under the influence of the Great Purifier, may be made happy in the thought that they have a great opportunity to do much toward educating the tribe or tribes to which they belong: for, one well-ordered home in a tribe will do much toward its civilization; and by receiving these children, and teaching them by precept and example what constitutes a Christian Home, they may have a good hope of being instrumental in establishing one such home at least.

We have said that, as patriots, we will make all possible efforts to inculcate in the minds of our pupils the principles which underly our Christian homes; but while we say this our hearts are saddened with the remembrance that no matter how thoroughly civilized these, our children, may become; how highly they may be educated, and how purely Christian they may be, they cannot, under our existing laws, be considered citizens of these United States, though they are born on our soil and are more truly American than we ourselves. They occupy a position with regard to us as a nation very humiliating to them, and we trust our National Legislators will hasten to enact such laws as will remove every hindrance to their standing on an equal footing with us as a people so soon as each individual shall prove himself worthy of that distinction.

In saying this it is not our thought that all the Indians of this generation will or can prove themselves worthy. It is this: there are some among the leading men of nearly every tribe to-day who are awake to the fact that they can no longer live as roaming savages, and they do not desire to do it. They are calling for education, especially for their children, and will it not be an added incentive to their progress that when their sons are educated to that point that they can understand the principles upon which our government is founded they may have a voice in its administration? With this knowledge will they not be emulous to train their sons for citizens and statesmen rather than for priests, or in other words medicine-men and—BRUTES?

[WE copy the following from the "Wichita (Kansas) Eagle":]

### Indian Harvest Hands.

DARLINGTON, I. T., June 2, 1882.

To M. M. MURDOCK:

DEAR SIR: I merely drop a line to say that in conversation Agent Miles conveyed the fact to Mr. Hayes and myself that there were some hundred Indians here whom he would be glad to send into Kansas as harvest hands; that, with very little pains in explanation, they would prove to be efficient and industrious, and that he should promptly answer any inquiries sent him upon the subject. We submitted the idea of sending you word and having you publish the fact for the benefit of the farmers who may need hands, and he concurred in believing such an idea good. You can word it to suit yourself. I believe such intercourse with whites will assist more in bringing the "Indian

Question" to a solution than anything else that can be done. But as farmers are expected to look upon the question in the light of economy only, I think, taking the probably low price at which they can be hired, it is one of economy to them.

Very truly yours,

J. G. DUNSCOMB.

Agent John D. Miles, who proposes this undertaking, is the father of the "Indian freighting scheme" now so generally, and to so much advantage, adopted throughout the Indian service.

After a little instruction, and the removal of race-prejudice, by association, the farmers of Kansas will find these young Cheyenne and Arapahoe men fair farm hands. We speak from a well-tryed experience, and can say that no one scheme will do more to ameliorate the race-prejudices and to build the Indian up toward citizenship than this of becoming a paid employee of the dominant race. If patiently and persistently followed up on both sides, two years hence the Kansas farmers will be in possession of a new element of farm-labor of no little capacity and the Indians will be happy in the discovery of ability in themselves to draw a fire of white man's green-backs as well as white man's bullets.

### The Coming of the Osages and How Our Boys Got Fun from it.

It is some months since an order was given by the Department for 20 Osages—10 boys and 10 girls—to be sent to Carlisle school, the selection of the children to be made by the agent, L. J. Miles. Some time elapsed before the company was ready, and just at that juncture the measles appeared on their reservation, debarring them from leaving it until the danger of infection was past. Arrived at that point, the company was to be reorganized, and during all this waiting our pupils were on the qui vive for the coming of the Osages, those of that tribe already here being anxious to greet their old friends, and the others curious to see the new scholars.

At last a telegram came saying, "Be ready for 20 Osages, 2 Nez Percés and 3 Kaws on 2 P. M. train." Immediately there was a great bustle of preparation in each department: baths were heated; towels and barbers' shears made ready—anticipating the worst that might be; suits of clothing brought out from which to choose; the single iron bedstead that each pupil occupies alone were carried up flights of steps and along corridors; piles of pillows, sheets, comforts and blankets were moving about under small bodies, and then boys and girls were busy making and patting down beds to be used by the newcomers, while each serving-girl in the dining-hall was counting how many more could be seated at her table; new knives, forks, cups, spoons and plates were in demand, that no stranger need feel he was not expected because there was no place for him.

After all this bustle of preparation, expectation was at fever heat; but the ambulance which had been sent to the depot at the time appointed for the new arrival returned empty. At 6:30 it went again, and as it rolled through the grounds filled with passengers, and drew up at the girls' quarters, there was a general rush from the piazzas, each girl being emulous to be the first to clasp the hands of the strangers whom they had been exhorted to treat courteously; but when a company of our own boys came one after another down the steps of the ambulance, there was a great shout of laughter that was echoed from every quarter. The 10:30 train was met with no better success, and then we waited for two days when a message came: "Meet 20 Osage children, 2 Nez Percés and 3 Kaws at Martinsburg."

They came, and all went again to meet them—the apprentice boys coming from their shops with aprons on and sleeves rolled up, stood expectant. Soon an Indian approached them wrapped in a red blanket, and one stepped forward extending the friendly hand, when the blanket dropped and one of their own company stood before them. But the Osages were really on the grounds, and now that they are enrolled as our pupils, and the greater number young, we shall hope much from them in the future.

# THE MORNING STAR.

EADLE KEATAH TOH.

Published Monthly in the Interests of Indian Education and Civilization.

INDIAN TRAINING SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA., JUNE, '82.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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We give the programme of the exercises of our school at the close of our Second Annual Examination, with an outline of the speeches made on the occasion:

|                                                       |  |
|-------------------------------------------------------|--|
| Cho., 'Swinging 'Neath the Old Apple Tree,' School.   |  |
| Class Work, Arithmetic, Miss Patterson's Class.       |  |
| Class Work, Primary Class, Miss Booth's Class.        |  |
| Declamation, - - - - - Joel Chetopa.                  |  |
| Recitation, - - - - - Billy Norkok.                   |  |
| Recitation, - - - - - Alice Neopet.                   |  |
| Round, "Row Your Boat," - - - - - School.             |  |
| Class Work, Arithmetic, (practical), Miss Cutter's.   |  |
| Class Work, Description of Pictures, Miss Fisher's.   |  |
| Recitation, - - - - - Mabel Doanmoe.                  |  |
| Declamation, - - - - - Darlington.                    |  |
| Chorus, "Climbing Learning's Hill," - - - - - School. |  |
| Class Work, Arithmetic, (practical), Miss Ely's Cs.   |  |
| Class Work, Reading, - - - - - Miss Burgess Class.    |  |
| Speech, (original), - - - - - Lucius Aitsan.          |  |
| Declamation, - - - - - Adam McCarty.                  |  |
| Recitation, - - - - - Josephine Pryor.                |  |
| Round, "Fireman's Call," - - - - - School.            |  |
| Map Drawing, - - - - - Miss Phillips' Class.          |  |
| Speech, (original), - - - - - Ellis Childers.         |  |
| Song, "Dip, Dip Your Oars," - - - - - Little Girls.   |  |
| Declamation, - - - - - Frank Eagle.                   |  |
| Composition, - - - - - Nellie Cary.                   |  |
| Chorus, "Dare to Be Right," - - - - - School.         |  |
| Gymnastics, - - - - - Miss Morton's Class.            |  |
| Speech, (original), - - - - - Robert.                 |  |
| Recitation, - - - - - Winnie.                         |  |
| Song, - - - - - Little Girls.                         |  |
| Speech, (original), - - - - - Frank Twiss.            |  |
| Chorus, "Sing, Gaily Sing!" - - - - - School.         |  |

At the close of the programme Captain PRATT announced that seventeen minutes remained before the departure of the special train, and called on ex-Mayor Fox for a few remarks. Mr. Fox said if the entire nation could have witnessed the work of the school as it had just been shown, it would be so stirred that there would be educational advantages provided for all Indian children; to see was to be convinced.

Col. William McMichael was next introduced. He said that he always heard that Indian men were brave and eloquent, and had read in the poem of the great poet who had died so recently of the grace and beauty of the Indian women, but had been impressed to-day not by the qualities thus expressed, but by seeing these boys and girls appear in competition with us in arts and graces of civilization; to see the quiet, gentle deportment of the girls; the manly bearing of the boys. They who have not conquered us in war because we were more numerous, have conquered us to-day in arts and graces of civilization. Colonel McMichael concluded with a happy reference to the mission of Oscar Wilde to America "to teach us truths that have been practically known to the North American Indian for untold ages."

Mr. Francis Wells followed, saying that to discuss the Indian question in four minutes was a contract too large even for a newspaper man. The best argument was the practical one presented to the audience by that assemblage of Indian children. Uncle Sam was usually cited as the smartest being in all creation, but he had been wonderfully stupid in dealing with the Indian. He had driven him far beyond all civilization and then had hemmed him with a frontier belt of all the worst scum of civilized creation, throwing over to him an education in the crimes and vices of humanity, and then waiting for him to grow into a good Indian—as good as the white men themselves. It had been a very stupid policy, and even now, when we had brought over these Indian boys and girls and given them the advantages that we see illustrated here to-day, the government

"Lingers trembling on the brink,  
And fears to launch away"

upon the experiment so well begun. It was greatly to be regretted that Secretary Teller was not present to see with his own eyes the work his department is doing.

## Married.

ETADLEUH—LAURA.

There has been a "new thing under the sun"—an Indian man wedded to an Indian maiden after the improved civilized method: bridesmaids and groomsmen, flowers, feasting and rejoicing.

There was a great bustle of preparation, our Indian women assisting in making the cake, helping to make the bridal dress, and aiding in fitting up the room which the new couple are to occupy, all the gifts for which were very sensibly made with an eye to utility as well as beauty,—troupes of smaller Indian maidens gathering daisies and grasses, to which were added masses of roses and a variety of white flowers from neighboring yards and gardens; boys running hither and thither, carrying benches, tables, and baskets filled with glass and queensware. Every face beamed, the skies were bright, and all hearts rejoiced for ETADLEUH and LAURA were to be married: ETADLEUH, who a few years ago in a blanket and paint rode with war-parties of his people from Indian Territory to Texas and back again pursued by our troops, till, being captured and imprisoned, and taken in irons to Florida, he there learned the principles of a Higher Life to accept them; and, on coming to this place with his old commander, to improve so rapidly in all that constitutes true manhood as to have been for months one of his regular employees: it was he who was to take one step higher in the new path and vow to live purely and truly with his one wedded wife.

The ceremony was performed by Dr. Norcross, of Carlisle, assisted by Dr. Lippincott, of Dickinson College, the bride and groom standing on a mat woven of daisies and fringed with grass, attended by five bridesmaids and groomsmen.

Massed against the wall of the chapel in which the ceremony took place, in presence of the school, a few invited guests from town and Secretary TELLER and wife, who, to the great joy of all, arrived on the grounds in time to honor the occasion with their presence, was a bank of green and flowers, artistically arranged by two of our ladies, and peeping from out the green leaves were the initials "E—L," wrought of roses by the dainty fingers of a Saxon maiden to prove her good wishes for the wedded pair.

When the pair were plighted they repaired to the band-stand, accompanied by their attendants and the guests, the pupils of the school arranging themselves in groups on the grass outside, and, while cheered with music from the band, all were served with cake and ice cream, after which the bride and groom closed the ceremonies by cutting their cakes—rare gifts from friends in town.

"WAGGING," "PROMPTLY" AND "INDEED" were three words given one of our Carlisle students, (a Sioux boy,) to incorporate in sentences, and this is the result:

"Three years ago I saw good many horses wagging in summer time, because great many bees out there: so all they bit the horses, and some of the horses had a short tail they are wagging very hard indeed; because they were wagging very promptly it in every way. They will never stand still with the bees sharp teeth: so, therefore, the horses never stand quite."

A CARLISLE INDIAN GIRL'S REVIEW OF HER PHYSIOLOGY LESSON.—The blood makes everything in our body—makes the tears and wax that is in our ear. God put it in there, because to keep the insects from going in; and the blood runs through our veins, and makes our hearts pumps the blood, and the blood makes our teeth and our lungs, and the yellow, soft stuff in our heads that we use to think, and makes our bones, and the blood makes our life."

ALICE.

## Died.

ANOTHER of our number is dead: HORACE, a Northern Arapahoe. He had been sick for some weeks, and we had hoped for his recovery; but his disease baffled the skill of our physician. He was borne to the grave by four of his tribe, in a casket made by the boys in our shop, on which loving hands had laid garlands of flowers.

While it is with sad hearts we part with these children for whom we have so many bright hopes, yet we can see that even the "Death Angel" comes to us as a civilizer. Instead of the rent garment, the disheveled hair, and mud-covered or cut bodies, which many of our pupils are accustomed to see on such occasions, they all come together nicely dressed, with well-kept hair and clean bodies; instead of fearful wails are heard songs of praise and worship to HIM who giveth and taketh life; and instead of a corpse rolled in a blanket or robe, borne at the four corners by wretched-looking women, and tumbled into a hole on which is to be piled a mound of earth, or dressed in full Indian attire, and decked with paint and feathers, seated against a tree and left to decay, they see their dead friends washed, dressed nicely, and laid in a plain but tasteful casket, to be borne solemnly to the grave followed by the school in silence, and as they stand in awe in presence of the great mystery that surrounds the sleeper to hear the inspiring words: "I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE!"

DURING the cleansing process that followed the arrival of the eleven little girls from the Osage school, it was thought to be necessary for the protection of the others to cut the hair of some of them. It so happened that the first one yielded very willingly, and taking for granted that all would be equally pleasant, we began on the second one, a child about five years. After two or three clips of the scissors there was a spasmodic jerk, and a sudden raising of the shoulders, accompanied with a sob. Of course we stopped at once, and inquired the cause of the trouble, when a sister two or three years older stepped up and said in plain English, "She doesn't want her hair cut, and I don't, either." We tried to argue the matter with them, and said that the other little girls who were members of the school were constantly coaxing us to keep their hair short; how much prettier they looked, as well as the comfort of it during the very warm weather, to say nothing of the cleanliness. But it was all of no avail. They simply cried louder, and jerked themselves the more. All this had been going on out in the back yard, and as the crying finally grew so very loud, we concluded it was time to exert a little authority, so said "Now this noise must be stopped at once, or you will both have to be sent into the house. We are sorry that you do not want your hair cut, but now it is begun, it will have to be finished, and you may as well make up your mind to be pleasant about it." Hardly were the words spoken before the older one turned to the little sister and said in a funny tone of mingled determination and spunk, "Well, let's stop, then; and stop now, too," and sure enough they did, and with the exception of a few little convulsive sobs, it has been sunshine ever since. The hair-cutting mania had been started, though, and the next day there were at least a dozen applications from our own little girls to "Please cut my hair again; it is 'so' long"—about three inches—so that the little strangers have many playmates with locks as short as their own, and all now seem very happy and contented.

We have regular rations for each scholar, and sometimes they fail to satisfy the demand, especially the sweets. One little boy found the molasses pitcher empty, and wiping his plate very clean with a piece of bread, and holding the pitcher over it, wrote, "Willie" with the pencil-stream that, by long waiting, flowed from it. He probably could not force enough to add, "Wants more molasses." At another time a plate was found with a very correct map of Pennsylvania, with its mountains and rivers that had been traced by one of the larger boys with a pencil while he waited for the others to finish their meal.

### Extracts from Home Letters.

[OUR PUPILS are required to write letters to their friends at home at the close of each month. We give extracts from such letters for the last month as they come from the pen of the writers, or with very few corrections:]

DEAR BROTHER ZABEAHLE: This morning all the students are writing home letters, and so I thought I better write a letter, too. . . . Now, brother, I must tell you about our second annual examination that we held last Thursday: All that morning I was working at the chapel getting lunches ready for the guests. We had our dinner a little earlier than usual. The Indian girls then came up to the chapel and served the tables in the chapel, and, after dinner, our band played. Capt. PRATT told me to ring the bell, so I rang the bell. All the boys and girls were marching to the gymnasium—that's where we had the examination. There were nearly three hundred persons present in the room beside us Indian children. Those people came from Philadelphia. Two of our greatest friends were present—ex-Mayor Daniel M. Fox and Col. Wm. McMichael: they are the Indian Commissioners of the United States. Both of them spoke at the gymnasium. Ex-Mayor Fox made us laugh. First he talked to the people and then to us. The first thing he said to us was, "I am going to speak to these boys and girls, for I love to talk to them. Do you recollect me, boys and girls?" We answered him, "Yes, sir." "Oh, loud!" he said. "Yes, sir!!" "Louder yet!" "YES, SIR!!!" The whole school joined together and made such noise, everybody in the room laughing. Then he said, "Let me hear you give three cheers for Capt. PRATT," and all the students did not understand him. They thought he wanted us to say, "Yes, sir," and so they joined together ("Yes, sir") three times. After that Col. McMichael spoke, and he spoke nicely, too; and then Mr. Wells spoke, and he wished that Secretary Teller would be here and see these wonderful works of the Indian boys and girls. They think we are improving very much.

JOSHUA H. GIVEN.

DEAR UNCLE WILLIE: This month I am sure my card will be good. My teacher, Miss Cutter, she is very sorry to put bad marks on my card, but she cannot tell stories, but she says surely my card will be excellent all through this time. Some boys and girls are going home this month, and I am glad I am not going home. I like to stay here and learn lots. I do not work in the teachers' club now, but I take care of one of the teacher's rooms. I like that, too, but I like the "club" best. Dear uncle, I have not talked any Indian since January, and I am glad. I hope sometime I will forget all my Indian language. We have been planting some flower-seeds. I have some flocks and morning glories and many other seeds. One of my flocks has a little red bud, and after while it will be a little red flower. On Thursday we had examination day. A great many people came from Philadelphia; they were very glad I know, because I could see it in their eyes. The boys and girls spoke and sang, and after we got through some of the white people spoke to us. Mr. Fox made us all laugh, and we like to hear him talk very much. He said, "All of you give three cheers," and some of the boys and girls did not understand, and they said, "Yes, sir" very loud. There was another man spoke, but I don't know his name. He said he had been running his newspaper for a long time, and now he will put more steam in his boiler and make it run fast. I guess because he thought we did very well that day.

DESSIE PRESCOTT.

DEAR FATHER: I want you to stop wear Indian clothes. I shall be glad if you did not wear Indian clothes. You never wrote to me, and I don't know you are give up Indian; but now I want you give up Indian way. Dear father, you must tell my mother if she glad to hear from me when I write to you. I never write to her, because I forget her name. I shall be glad if you tell me about my mother and sister and brother. Now, that's all; I have nothing more to say to you.

From your loving daughter,

STELLA BERLT.

That's me, White Horse. I sent love to you all. Write to me as soon you get this letter. You must not wait.

DEAR MOTHER: We had a very good examination last month. There were a great multitude of people here, and it seemed to me that every person's heart overflowed with joy; but I did not have anything to say. Oh, dear mother, I pray for thee every night when everybody is silent in my room. I thank God for keeping me well and from danger.

From your dear son,

ANDREW J. WHITE.

DEAR FATHER: I been thinking what to say when I write to you. We were very glad, because we all getting along very nicely. I know it is hard for the children to learn, but it's not hard for me now. When I first came here I could not speak one word of English, but we all of us children can speak only English—that helps us to learn a great deal of English. Now the one thing that I don't not want you to do is to fight white people or others. I know you don't know how bad it is. The reason you cannot help yourself is because you don't know anything about the great God whom the people worship. I will tell you about how if the other Indians fight, don't think well I must go fight too: that's not the right way to be war any more. The good thing is to be friendship, and to live with peace; that's the way to be friends. I don't feel like to go home. I feel happy to stay among the white people. When I first came here I just wish to go home again, but I found out how kind were the white people, so I like them dearly.

Truly yours,

LIBBIE STANDING.

MR. A. A. WHITING—DEAR FRIEND: Yesterday I was reading in the paper about every one having a king of their own. Would you know who that king was? It was "old king habit." I read in that paper about a gentleman who had a king habit; and that was that he used to put his hand in under his coat and play with the strings on his waistcoat, and there was one man who thought he would stop him from doing that: so he took his knife and cut the string off. In their meeting they asked him to make a speech, and he got up and put his hand under his coat, and the strings were gone, and he failed to make a speech because the strings were gone, and king habit had him. I have another story to tell, but I will stop. It was about George Washington: he had a good habit.

Yours affectionately,

THOS. WISTAR.

DEAR UNCLE: Our examination was very good. The friends of the school all seemed to be very glad to see that we are getting along so well; and I think those who were not friends to the school were made friends with it before they left. They saw for themselves what the Indians are capable of doing if they only have a chance. At the closing of our exhibition three white gentleman spoke to us. They all spoke with much feeling toward the Indians. Among other things one of the gentlemen said "that the best way for us Indians to fight the whites would be not by coming to fight them with bows and arrows, but by coming to their faces and talking to them, as we did that day."

Truly yours,

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DEAR FATHER: This day is our time to write letter home. I expect all don't know how hard we climbs in the white men ways, and how hard we push ourselves every days; but not in a few days. Just as long as we live in the earth how wonderful thing we have learn here at Carlisle not just in the book; but more wonderful thing we have learn when Sundays come: all about God, and how wonderful God's SON came and died for us sin. Dear father Stumbling Bear do remember these things over and over how wonderful thing my daughter told me.

Affectionately,

OEQUA.

DEAR FATHER: When I was at home I could not talk English or write, but when I come in this Carlisle school I know about God, and talk English, and write. When I come in use to cry, and after while I like it. I am so glad because you send me to this Carlisle school and learn everything. I know how to work, but I don't know how to wash dishes yet, because I never go to dining-room, that's reason I don't know how. I know how to darn stockings, sweep, and make beds.

From your daughter,

DORA, (Araphahoe).

DEAR FATHER QUICK BEAR: Sometimes ago you asked me to go home: so I said yes that time, but that is not so now. I would like to stay here longer. I have learned only a few things, so that is why I want stay here longer; and, beside that, if I come home, I don't want to lose those few things which I have learned now; so it is better for me to stay here longer. You want me to learn about the white man's way, so I must learn it that all I can. So I hope you will give me permission.

I am, your son,

REUBEN.

DEAR FATHER JAMES REUBENS: I think when I go home I will be a cook, because I know how to make bread, and cakes, and pies very well, and I think some girls are learning beside me, too.

Your loving,

SOPHIE R.

DEAR FATHER: I guess you want let me to go home and stay there all the time. I don't like to stay there. I want to come back again. Please tell me if you tell true that I come back again. I was going to stay here but you told me that way, so I must go home.

Your affectionate daughter,

GRACE COOK.

FROM one of our Osage girls, aged 13 years, who has gone out from the school in company with a Pueblo girl to spend the summer vacation in a family of Friends:

DOWNINGTOWN, PA., May 10th, 1882.

DEAR SCHOOL FATHER: This morning Miss Edge ask me what I'm going to do when I get done my work in dining-room, and I said, "I don't know it," and she said, "Well, would you like to write to Captain or Miss Hyde?" I said, "Yes, ma'am," and she said, "Well, when you get through your work, you must write a letter," and so I thought I would like to write to you first before I write to Miss Hyde. We are both—Annie and I—always happy and well, and when they tell us to do anything we do it quick, but some times we do not understand, but they show us, and then we understand it. Last week my work was to set the table when it's time, and to wait on the table, but this week I do Annie's work and she do my work. Now, this week my work is to wet the flowers and to sweep the porch; but sometimes Annie helps me and sometimes I help her when I get my work done. In the morning when we get up we dress ourselves, and when Annie gets done she goes down stairs to set the table, and when I get done I take the covers off the bed and then I go down stairs; and when the milk comes up I pours it into the pans and takes it down in the cellar. We goes with Mrs. Edge's sister to feed the chickens in the morning and sometimes at noon, too, and sometimes in the evening, too. Yesterday we clean the chicken yard with Mrs. Edge's sister. Sometimes when the day is pleasant we goes in the front yard and cuts the danlions. It is very nice place here, as you told us it is a very nice place, and I think it is very nice, too, and I would like to stay here all summer and winter, too. One black lady is here and she is very kind to us, and we are kind to her, too. We do what she tell us. Another one came here yesterday evening, and she is about as big as Miss Hyde, and she is very kind lady, too. I don't know whether she is going to stay here or not. Yesterday some white ladies came here; some of them came from England, and I know one of the ladies that came from England. I saw that lady at Carlisle, and she speak to the children in the chapel. Annie and I did not speak any Indian words to each others, but I say my my Indian name because Miss Edge told me to say it. She ask Annie to say her Indian name, but she didn't answer her, and so I don't want to not answer her first time. I did not answer her for long time, but after a while she said it don't be against the rule, and so I said it, but Annie did not say her Indian name. Now I must stop, because I have not much time.

Your school daughter,

JULIA PRIOR.

S. P.: We went to church last Sunday and it difference church. They don't speak, or read, or sing: they just sit still and pray in their hearts, and think about our FATHER in Heaven, and in afternoon we went to Sunday School. It is very nice there, too. I pray to God to help all the children at Carlisle, and the teachers, and you, too, before I go to bed.

NO LITTLE SOLICITUDE has been felt as to the policy which the new Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Teller, would be likely to pursue in regard to the Indians. That he would be far enough from being a "sentimentalist" was well understood. That he would not sufficiently appreciate the influences that spring from the direct teachings and transforming power of Christian truth, many have feared. But, at all events, in the application of material forces and influences to the savage character, to save the Indian, on the one hand, from being a pauper, and on the other to make him see that it would not be for his interest to continue to be a lawless vagabond, Secretary Teller, it has been believed, would show a good deal of what is sometimes rather rudely but aptly termed "horse sense." He favors liberal expenditures for education, specially for secular and practical training. He holds that Indians should be encouraged to settle on lands given them, in individual titles, and compelled to work. In the rough phrase of Lincoln it should be, "root, hog, or die!" This is not sentimental, certainly, but in that way lies a great deal of good sense, of which we have never had in this department any too much. This we ought to have and not neglect the other.—Advance.