

The Morning Star.

"GOD HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES."

VOL. VI.

INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA, APRIL, 1886.

NO 9.

PEN-PICTURES OF RESERVATION LIFE.

As Written by the Indian Agents.

That the bulk of the nation is to-day far from being in a self-supporting condition is a fact proved annually by the large amount necessarily appropriated by Congress for the purchase of food and other supplies, and when we consider their method of life prior to the time the Government assumed charge of them and the policy pursued since, no other result could well be expected; in fact, there has been nothing in their life up to the present time calculated to either mentally or physically place them on a self-supporting basis. When years ago they wandered over this region in their wild hunting condition, as "original owners of the soil" (having dispossessed by force some weaker tribe of that same nature of ownership), and before they became the nation's wards, they were, of course, in their way self-supporting. Game was abundant and sufficient food was always procurable for the family by hunting, which was more of a pleasure than a labor and entailed neither mental strain nor physical fatigue. When in the course of time the white man, either forcibly or by treaty, became possessed of a large portion of the hunting grounds, and the incoming of civilization practically exterminated the game as a food supply for the Indian, necessity and public sentiment forced the Government to adopt

The Reservation System

of caring for the Indian—the establishment of agencies, well supplied with food, clothing, &c., where the "noble lord of creation" procures his daily bread, not by the sweat of his brow, but by merely presenting his family ration ticket at the well filled commissary, while his "poorer half," the squaw, relieves him of any semblance of labor by carrying the rations home, which certainly requires a less exercise of brain and muscle than did the procuring of the easily obtainable game in former years. Not only has this system been in vogue for years past, but the same is *theoretically guaranteed* in the future by the Sioux treaty of 1868, as amended by the Sioux agreement of 1876, which provides a certain allowance of rations sufficient for the support of every man, woman, and child, "and to be continued until the Indians are able to support themselves," *i. e.*, willing to support themselves.

The Sioux Indian, though lacking in the education and civilization of the white man, equals, if he does not surpass, his white brother in acute perception, and fully appreciates the fact that he has the best of the bargain as provided in the treaty, and from his standpoint would be more than a fool if he endeavored to "earn his bread by the sweat of his brow" when under the treaty he can procure his food without labor. Is it to be wondered at that the continuance for years of a policy that would be pauperizing in connection with white people has resulted in very little civilization of a self-supporting character among the Sioux generally? Look at the thousands of white tramps and able-bodied paupers in our county houses East, and then inquire, why does not the Indian work for a living? Answer will probably be made, "Ambition should induce the Indian to rise out of his dependent condition." Is it ambition or necessity that compels the uneducated among the white people to labor? An Indian's ambition does not run toward the plow and harrow, but rather in the direction of prominence as a war chief or fighting man. The uncivilized Sioux today, in his aboriginal egotism, with good reason, considers himself the superior of the

white man, for the white man is a laborer and pays tribute to the Sioux nation by sending to that nation annually rations and supplies of all kinds. It is a common remark in the Indian councils among themselves. The white man has to work for a living! I do not! Why should I want to be a white man?"

House-building.

These Indians now occupy 848 comfortable log houses, an increase of 148 since last year, and built by themselves at a cost to the Government of about \$15 each for sash, door locks, nails, &c. This places over two-thirds, of our families in log houses, where in 1879 not a family lived, or ever had lived, in anything, but a canvas or skin lodge. And, in addition to the above, as result of an endeavor to break up and scatter the Indians hitherto congregated in villages, several hundred houses have been torn down, removed, and rebuilt on scattered land claims. But I regret to report that Red Cloud and his retainers on different parts of the reservation still remain huddled in small villages, passing their time in dancing and feasting, and mourning over the degeneracy of some of the young men of the present day, who, in place of proving their bravery on the war-path, as was the custom when they were boys, are making slaves of themselves working for a living.

The Northern Cheyennes.

These Indians have improved during the past year to the extent of about 150 of them, under the leadership of Chief Standing Elk, splitting off from the main body and entering into the enterprise of house-building, farming to a small extent, and freighting. The remaining 250, under the leadership of Chiefs Little Chief and Wild Hog, being still firm supporters and adherents of Red Cloud and his band in their non-progressiveness and opposition to adopting civilization and labor, not one of their members living in a house, none dressing in civilized garb, none freighting, farming, or in fact doing anything but sitting around in their picturesque canvas village waiting for the Indian millennium, *i. e.*, the return of the buffalo, a new agent, and the supremacy of the chiefs.—V. T. McCILLY-CUDDY, *Pine Ridge Agency, Dak.*

Civilization.

I am of the opinion, judging from my observation of the desire on the part of a large majority of our Indians towards industrious pursuits, that civilization among them would be greatly aided by their close contact with the better class of whites. If it were a possible thing to allow well-disposed whites to enter upon the reservation for the purpose of agricultural pursuits, it would be observed that the Indians, who are very imitative in their nature, would soon assume the ways and manners of the whites. Their desire for heathenish pastimes is gradually disappearing, as well as their mode of dress, and the practice of mutilating the clothing issued to them has entirely ceased; and if the women could have clothing, ready made, issued to them their mode of dress would also be that of the civilized. It is their lack of knowledge in dress-making that makes them adhere to the old squaw costume.—ABRAM J. GIFFORD, *Fort Berthold Agency, Dak.*

The police of this agency are doing good service. Their position is often very trying, the force is so small, only nine men. The people generally are armed, and, as might be

expected, are averse to being put under arrest. With an Indian, to be arrested is about the same as being hung. He considers himself everlastingly disgraced, and therefore fights hard before he surrenders. The police are looked upon as a common foe, and the multitude are bitterly opposed to them. The chiefs, too, look upon them with but small favor, as they feel that through them they have lost much of their ancient prestige and power and are now neither ornamental nor useful any longer.

In this connection I would again most earnestly urge the necessity of disarming the Indians, or at least forbidding them to come armed about the agency. It is a constant source of wonder to me that so few acts of violence occur among a people thus constantly armed. Then, too, the police are armed simply with revolvers, whereas the people generally have rifles of the latest and most improved kinds. As there is now no game left to hunt, it seems a great waste of money to buy these useless toys. If the police are ever to be thoroughly effective, they must be better armed and better paid, and the people forbidden to carry arms, except such as are useful in shooting small game.—JOHN G. GASMANN, *Crow Creek Agency, D. T.*

Progress.

It is a noticeable fact that much of the advancement amongst these Indians has been made within the past few years, simply because the means were not furnished nor applied before. It would appear as though they had been looked upon by the authorities as Indians, with Indian habits and customs to the fullest extent (which is correct), and by their keeping quiet, the mission of their care was accomplished without reference to progress. As I said in my last report, "people are, or should be, judged from the advantages they have enjoyed and the means used for their advancement, and not from actual condition only. The Indians of this agency should not be an exception to this rule."

Since progressive measures have been adopted, schools provided, useful household articles furnished, leading to more civilized ideas and habits, the change has become apparent.

In addition, they have learned that by helping themselves the helping hand of the "Great Father" and the agent will be extended to them. The result to a certain extent has been satisfactory and encouraging for the future. I would not imply that all my Indians are inclined to be on the road to independence and civilization. The best-disposed, while in a measure they are doing well, may do better and still be behind; others, if they would permit the progressive ones to pursue their course without molestation, I would think better of. There are in every community those jealous of others who advance faster than themselves, notably so among Indians, who claim the "Great Father," by treaty stipulation, will provide for all until ready or willing to provide for themselves. This is an argument difficult to meet with the best disposed, much more so with the non-progressive, of which there are many. While past progress has been gratifying, it but lends hope for the future, in that better advancement may be looked for, due effort and means being used.

It will not be too much to expect, if these Indians continue to advance in the near future as they have in the recent past, that many among them will be found making some effort towards self-support, which will have its effect on those disposed to hinder and hold back.

If realized it will be good work accomplished in the time, former condition considered. JAS. G. WRIGHT, *Rosebud Agency, Dak.*

Eadle Keatah Toh,

OR

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Geronimo's Aids.

Though Geronimo, the Chiricahua Apache chieftain, is the real leader as well as the nominal chieftain of the marauding hostiles who have become known as "Geronimo's band," he has had very able counsellors and desperate companions in Chiefs Nana, Mangus, and Chihuahua. Chihuahua and Nana, who were the most troublesome hostiles next to Geronimo himself, were among those captured and brought to Fort Bowie, Arizona Territory, on April 2. Then General Crook met Chihuahua, who proved as treacherous to his recent chief in words as he had proved to the whites in deeds. "Geronimo," he said, to clear himself of all blame. "has been the cause of all the outrages. He forced us off the reservation by lies. I must die some time. If you punish too hard, you and your officers have families, and love them much. So have I." After this appeal for mercy, the next that was heard of Chihuahua was that, having escaped, he had met Geronimo after his escape, and that they were both in Mexico, with their warriors and squaws.

Nana is thought by the residents of New Mexico and the officers of the army to be in a great measure responsible for the whole hostile career of the Apaches. He is a no less desperate or treacherous chief than Geronimo himself. He affects a certain pomp by requiring his orderly to follow him at a respectful distance whenever he goes out, and he is accompanied on every march, too, by his squaws. He is now a captive.

Chief Mangus is the second of his name who has been a terror on the frontier. He is a son of the old chief Mangus, of Colorado, whose deprecation filled an earlier chapter in Indian history.

Chihuahua, Nana, the minor, chiefs Kutle and Alseanna, and seventy-two other Apaches, men, women, and children, the results of recent captures by General Crook's command, were sent on April 7 from Fort Bowie to Fort Marion, at St. Augustine, Florida, as prisoners of war. There are said now to be only thirty-four hostiles on the war-path in Arizona.
—[Harpers' Weekly.]

A Novel Case.

Recently, Little Moon, a full blooded Sioux Indian was sentenced to two and a half years imprisonment at the Sioux Falls penitentiary for assault with intent to kill. The case possesses unusual interest as the first instance in the history of the United States wherein an Indian was tried, convicted, sentenced, and sentence carried into effect by the white man's court, for an offence committed by an Indian in an Indian country, upon the person or property of another Indian. Until a few months ago such offenders were amenable to tribal authorities only. Crow Dog, slayer of Spotted Tail, was tried, convicted and sentenced to be hung, all by the United States court of this district, but upon appeal, the supreme court of the United States set aside the judgment, and ordered a release of the prison-

er, holding that under treaty stipulations, civil courts of the territory could not exercise jurisdiction to the extent claimed by the court of this district. At the following session of congress a law was framed extending jurisdiction, and under it the recent trial was held.

The effect upon the Indian cannot but be salutary. Under the old regime, larceny, murder, outlawry of all kinds was practiced with impunity, inasmuch as tribal laws were so lax and punishments so light—never exceeding the forfeiture of a few ponies—that no fear of a hereafter was entertained by the evil disposed. Give the Indian to understand that larceny implies separation from his tribe and deprivation of liberty, and that murder will result in his ignominious death, and there will be less stealing and life taking on the reserve. Indians can be made good: can be made to respect the rights of others, and he can be made to earn his living, by subjecting him to the same laws and responsibilities that are imposed on others. Favor him, extend privileges and exemptions, patronize him, in short, in the foolish old fashioned way, and we will never have else than a lousy, lazy, dependent thief and murderer.—[Black Hills Daily Times.]

Incidentals.

Any one who has conducted a Boarding School on an Indian Agency knows something of the difficulty of holding pupils together during Saturday and Sunday, and also knows well the consequences of even brief visits to their camp homes, and will sympathize with the efforts of the teacher to as far as possible prevent these visits, by furnishing counter attractions in the shape of hunting excursions and picnics, with special pie-makings, sewings, &c., for the girls.

A usual custom with me when game was plenty was to outfit a party Friday evening with guns, ammunition and blankets, and start them out on a hunt to find something for Sunday's dinner. At times they would have good success, and a good fat deer or two, wild turkeys and geese in abundance would at the same time gratify the hunter's pride and the palates of those who stayed at home.

Going with the hunting party myself on one occasion, we found the turkeys were coming in towards evening from all directions, here and there a black head bobbing up and down in the long grass. Soon they came thicker and faster, pursued by the Indians on horse-back, who on their swift ponies would effectually run down and club the turkeys, thus making an exciting sport and an easy capture of the game. For our own part we did very well by fixing the young turkeys on a spit before the camp fire, with a possum so arranged that the fat as it melted dropped on the turkey, bringing it to a toothsome brown.

Once while fishing with a seine, after dragging the net down stream for some distance we found it heavy, but on account of steep banks there was no convenient place to pull out. After awhile, however, we came to a small sand bar, and made the attempt. Fishes were plenty—mostly what were known as buffalo—I had taken a good sized fish from the net, and was in the act of throwing it higher up the bank when by a sudden twist it escaped me and was again in the water, but no quicker than an Indian boy who had been watching and who, much to our surprise, was again soon on the bank bringing up out of the deep water the fish he had recaptured in its own element.

Cat-fish were very plenty and very large, and with especial reference to the large ones I had made a strong steel hook, and was fixing an equally strong line to it when one of the larger boys who had been watching asked me what that was for. I told him to catch fish. He immediately went to a peg and brought a bridle and handed to me, saying in effect "when you catch that fish ride him up." In justice to his judgement it is only fair to say I never caught a fish with that hook.

On one hunting excursion the foremost boy heard a cry of pain from his dog who was a little ahead just then hidden by a rock, supposing it was a wolf which had made the attack, he hurried forward, but was startled to find instead of the wolf a large panther, who

on sight of him left the dog and sprang for him. Hastily taking aim with his rifle he fired, then dropped his rifle and ran, but casting a backward glance found that his shot had taken effect, and the panther fell over dead. You may believe there was a proud hunter came home that night. I do not now remember the panthers measurements, but it was a very large one as all seem to be which are killed by hunters, and its skin brought the marksman \$5.00 for his lucky shot. It was not till long after the incident, that the shoot and run away part of it came to my knowledge; when it was told, however, the hero frankly acknowledged hearing his heart thump, and that he feverently wished he was only a small boy not big enough to go hunting.
A. J. STANDING.

Incidents Related by Hon. Mr. Wellborn in his speech on the Indian Appropriation Bill.

I read a few days ago an amusing incident illustrating the opinion which the Indian has of the white man. The incident referred to occurred in an interview between an Arapahoe chief, Little Raven, and the then Commissioner of Indian Affairs, some eighteen years ago. This interview is thus substantially related by the Commissioner: "I endeavored," he says, "to explain to Little Raven something of heaven and something of hell; and I told him all good men, white and red, went to heaven and all bad ones went to hell. Little Raven laughed immoderately. I inquired the cause of his merriment. When he recovered his breath he said: 'I am much pleased with what you tell me of heaven and hell and the characters that go to each place. Good notion! Heap good! for if all the white men are like those I know, when the Indian goes to heaven very few white men will trouble him there; pretty much all go to t'other place.'"

I heard another incident related a few days ago in the room of the Committee on Indian Affairs by Reverend Doctor Sunderland: "An Indian chief from the Northwest on a visit to Washington said, in a conversation with an official in the Indian Office: 'I do not want you to send us any more of your white men from Washington. Our people do not want them among us, because they are all liars, and the bald-headed ones are the worst liars.'"

A Letter from a Missionary of Long Experience on an Indian Reservation.

DEAR FRIEND:—The other day when I wrote I did not know that Holman and company were discussing Indian schools or I would have been tempted to telegraph for the committee to come out here again so that they could see the circas with school children who have not been east.

Fathers put their children in the Boarding School here and the one dozen mothers and the four dozen grandmothers (all for one boy or girl) go on like all possessed, until the child or children get dissatisfied and runs away.

Some of the mothers come to me to get their trouble fixed and I get the blame if every thing doesn't go as they want it. Several families gave up their ration tickets rather than send their children to school.

I know of four big boys, from 14 years to 19 years of age, waiting patiently to go off to Carlisle.

* * * * *

The Boarding School here has given the Agent considerable bother this spring. He has now about 120 scholars in the school and has hard work to keep up that number. The children run home as fast as new ones come in.

A—'s father and mother are good, earnest people, and will try to make her a comfortable home when she returns.

Why didn't some one suggest to Senator Logan the enlisting of an Indian regiment when he was talking about increasing the Army?

* * *

Keep all the schools going and stop rations on grown men and women, i. e. able bodied ones, are my sentiments.

Truly Yours,

SCHOOL ITEMS.

Base-ball among the big boys and top spinning among the little ones is the order of the day.

The Rev. Mr. Buck, returned missionary from India, conducted a recent Sunday afternoon service.

The Girls' Literary Society gave an entertainment in the chapel which we cannot too highly commend.

A number of the pupils, in pursuance of our "planting out" system have been placed upon farms for the summer.

Prof. Foudray, representing a Chicago musical firm, gave our students a week's vigorous instruction in music, with very happy results.

Prof. Beard, an illustrator of *The Judge*, gave us a fine exhibition of free hand drawing in chalk, that was full of instruction and pleasure for the pupils.

Joseph Wisecoby, Menomonee, with three assistants, is in charge of the Bakery, and they turn a barrel and a half of flour daily into very palatable bread.

Forty of our students organized into a Young Men's Christian Association under the direction of Chas. K. Ober, Secretary of the International College Association.

The grand officers of the Royal Arch Chapter of the Masonic Order of Philadelphia, to the number of twenty, visited the school under the escort of Capt. Bobb of Carlisle.

Between the new lawn mower and the little boys, who form a vigilance committee for the purpose of routing stones, papers and such sundries, the parade will soon reach a state of perfection.

The blind Pueblo, Manuel Romero, of whom we spoke in a recent issue as stopping with us while en route for the Institution for the Blind, in Philadelphia, has sent us a carefully made broom as the first fruits of his handiwork.

"In the month of May on the 12th we hold large examination in the dining-hall. The young men and young women will make speeches and recite, and the people will crowd in the rooms and the students will hardly breathe because the people are so full."—*Pupil*.

A half dozen of the sick boys have been sent into the mountains to camp in the hope that a change of air will do much for them. This experiment has hitherto proven so beneficial to our patients that a mountain sanitarium is contemplated.

General Morgan, principal of the State Normal School of Providence, Rhode Island, spent a few days with us during which time he was able to give the schools a careful inspection. We wish it was possible for more of our guests to do the same.

Mrs. Carrie Willard, whose work has been among the Chilcats of Alaska, spent a day with us recently. On Mrs. Willard's return to the Territory she will renew her work at Juneau, a station about a hundred miles distant from Sitka. J. Hall Young says of these Alaska Indians: Their number is computed at 20,000. Their appearance, customs, mode of life, dispositions and degree of advancement in mechanical arts prove them to be of a different race from the Indians of the plains, and point to a comparatively recent Asiatic origin. The term Indian applied to our natives is misleading.

A Brick Yard.

Brick-making has been lately added to our industries. The boys are going into this work with a zest that is perhaps the greater because of the object contemplated, which is to enlarge the boys' quarters.

A little Omaha has drawn in colored chalks upon the blackboard in No 7, a ship in full sail that would be no discredit to Prof. Beard himself. There is not a missing detail that goes to make up the complete ship, even to the American ensign that floats from the mast head.

Our Annual Examination will be held upon the 12th of May. To these exercises the friends of the school are cordially invited. The morning hours will be devoted to an inspection of school-room and shop work; the exercises of the afternoon will be conducted in the dining-hall and will be of a somewhat varied character.

In view of the fact that faithful drill during the winter was impracticable by reason of no sufficient space for the purpose, the recent dress parades have been very creditable. The correct demeanor of "wooden men" has been successfully acquired even down to our lilliputians, who, besides observing the orders to the letter, get off a stride so full grown that it fills one with amazement.

Barnum.

One of our Indian boys lately said, "When I was at home in New Mexico, I thought we were the only Indians in the world." In like manner their knowledge of the multiplied forms of animal life is confined to those seen on their reserve. This being the case, Mr. Barnum's recent exhibition of animals in Carlisle was a great revelation to those of our students who have been east but a short time; even to those about to finish their course it was the first opportunity of verifying in the life what they had read and studied in books. The feats of strength and daring bare-back riding of the "specialists," the jugglery of the Japs, and tumbling of the acrobats were a great wonder to all.

Friday in the Girls' Quarters.

It is upon a certain Friday, and the last tones of the bell for the dismissal of school have scarcely died away when, suddenly, as if projected therefrom, the girls burst from the school-rooms and throng the board walk leading to their quarters.

There is something so different in this mad hurry skurry from their usual tranquil deportment that we determine to look the matter up. With this in view we struggle along with the current until we find ourselves borne into a large irregular room and crowded to the wall in somewhat the condition of a collapsed calash.

Here a counter current meets us, pouring in from laundry and sewing department until, in all, 140 girls swarm the room and hall-ways. Glancing over the shoulders of tall girls and the heads of little ones we see upon long deal tables neat piles of undergarments, the topmost piece boldly marked with the name of the owner.

The disposal of the clothing is such that each girl knows the exact spot occupied by her own belongings and having once secured them she makes all possible speed to her own room.

So perfect is the order that six minutes would be a liberal estimate of the time consumed from the ringing of the school bell until we find the room tenantless, the tables emptied and hear only the faint laughter and sound of skurrying feet in the upper corridors.

At this moment the school mother, calm and

unruffled, enters, and bestowing herself in a chair presses us to take another with the assurance that this is but the interval between the acts and that we are close upon the "transformation scene." In attestation of this a wee girl in fresh array, dripping bangs, and an 'I've-done-it' air, trundles in and kneeling upon the floor opens a little bundle containing her soiled clothing.

With dextrous deftness she throws each article upon different parts of the floor thus making the beginnings of what, with the additions made from the bundles that follow, grows to be a mammoth "wash."

Confident that these rapid toilets must be at the price of a riotous state of affairs in the upper apartments, we determine to investigate. Passing a long line of girls that reaches to the third floor, each armed with a bundle, we finally overtake a few belated ones struggling with refractory buttons "strings and things" that "will not."

As trig and neat as the late occupants, are the rooms in which we stop long enough to take a somewhat careful account of stock. In no chamber are there more than five beds and these could not be in better condition were this "inspection day." The majority of the bureaus carry the usual freight of useful and useless knick-knacks so dear to a girl's heart, and not infrequently the photo of some dusky Lothario.

The walls are liberally adorned with advertising cards and cartoons from the pictorial papers of the day, with here and there an arrow, feather or a piece of beaded work in memory of the home life. But, there is the shrill call of the whistle, which tells us that those 140 bundles have been deposited and that something else is in order. Having, in this busy atmosphere, caught the contagion of "making time," we plunge in the direction of the Assembly Room and roll call for dinner. Two by two they stand ready, on the tap of the bell, to take up the line of march to the dining hall. The signal sounds, and the wee tots, who are freely exchanging wee gossip, lead the way, while the big girls that it would take almost two lengths of the yard stick to measure, bring up the rear. We sadly note the unelastic, inherited *trudge* that points back to generations of burden bearers and we feel a great thankfulness that these bright, lovable girls have been gathered from the wretched slavery of camp life, and the degradation of their position on the reservation, to where the influences around them cannot but shape and beautify their future.

Late Appointments.

Robert L. Owen, of Vinita, Ind. Ter. to be agent for the Indians of the Union Agency Indian Territory.

Mark D. Baldwin of Paulding, Ohio, to be agent for the Indians of the Blackfeet Agency, Montana.

STANDING OFFER.

For ONE new subscriber to the MORNING STAR we will send you a photographic group of our Printer boys, size 8x5 inches.

For TWO new subscribers we give two Photographs, one showing a group of Pueblos as they arrived in wild dress, and another of the same pupils three years after; OR for TWO names we give two Photographs, one showing a Navajoe in his still wilder native dress, and the others after two years in school, and as he looks at present.

For THREE names we give a group of the whole school, over 400 pupils on a card 9x14 inches. Faces show distinctly.

EXTRACTS FROM HOME LETTERS.

Written by our Pupils.

"Can you get an education on the reservation? No sir! because you are among the savages. There is no use educating them there on the reservations, they will not talk English at all, they hate it."

"Behold! I am here with my pen and brains to pour out before you and display all the information I could find, my lessons seemed hard at first and many times I felt discouraged, but I pushed my way slowly like frozen molasses and things are getting easier day by day."

"Last Saturday a week ago the record for English speaking was 'No Indian,' 'No chewing,' and 'No smoking.' The week before two boys were reported as having spoken Indian during the week. There are about thirty eight different tribes here but they all speak one great language. I wish you to know that my teacher has been very kind but she is terribly afraid of mice."

"I suppose you have read some of the speeches the Congressmen were making about our school. Our boys can make just as good speeches as some white people can. They speak with such force and can put all the words in their proper places. I suppose some of the girls might talk well, too, but we always wait until we get out of chapel and then discuss the question among ourselves. I think if those men at Washington would take a few doses of our medicine it would set their thinking machines going all right again."

* * * * * "The people all over the country look at our Carlisle school, and if we should fail in any way, the Indians will not prosper. It is a school that pulls down the stone wall between them and the way of civilization. I think all the Indians ought to be thankful for this school. All we ask is for more children at the eastern school. Why? Because we have more opportunity, better teachers, and we can not help learning the English language, because we are surrounded by educated and Christian people."

"Do you believe that it will qualify an Indian for citizenship to live on a reservation where he is entirely kept from the civilizing influences out-side? How soon will that Indian be ready for citizenship, as there is a great cry that the Indians are not ready for citizenship just now? We all know that a sensible person will make no delay in giving the medicine to the sick. He will not wait until the sick are dying, and I think that this Indian question is in the same condition as the man with consumption. He needs the remedy now. The same way with the Indians, and the only remedy is citizenship."

"Father, I will tell you some things about this school, things that we do. The boys work in the different shops, such as the carpenter, where they learn to make tables, chairs, houses, fix up fences and learn to plain boards. In the blacksmith shop, the boys learn to make wagons, shoe horses, fix up broken plows, harrows, &c. The tailors make boys' suits. The shoemakers make boots, shoes and do repairing. The harness makers make harness that would do for farmers or livery stables. In the tin shop they make cups, coffee boilers, tin plates, stove pipes, tin roofs, water spouts, and so forth. In the paint shop the boys learn how to paint houses, wagons, fix up broken windows and all that. Now some of our boys are going to learn how to make bricks."

The girls are learning to make dressess, knit stockings, wash, iron, cook and some of them are learning to be teachers. These are the most important things, but there are a great many others which I did not mention, such as farming, white washing, carrying ashes, working in the stables, hauling coal and many more things which I cannot think of to tell you."

"My people, it is a great pleasure for me to speak to you so far away, but my heart is toward you to share all the troubles, and trials that may come to you. I have been troubled in thinking of you as a people treated so shamefully, deprived of rights of citizenship, deprived

of land and school funds, deprived of all that would tend to elevate you to equal rights and privileges of this government. To-day you might have been before the people of this country not as a tribe, but as men among men holding your rights, but it is not so. I would encourage you to make your complaints to the President of the United States. You Indians do not know what is going on out in the world because you are not where there are more intelligent people to help you. I am sorry to say to you that I hear a great many things about the Indians which are not so, and it seems to me that we ought to break up our tribal relations, I am going to do it as soon as I can and I shall try and help you up.

"Some men think it costs too much money to keep up eastern schools and causes too much worry on the part of the children's parents. Well this is some true, but can we get education without money and by never going off the reservation? Can we get an education where there is no education?"

If you have never been in New York, Chicago and the great cities do you think you know as much about them as though you had been there, or could you know them and not be separated from your parents?

It is hard to separate from your parents and friends, but it is a thousand times harder to live in ignorance and darkness."

Prairie Dog, Owl and the Snake.

Written by a Pueblo boy at the end of three years instruction in English.

"These animals live on the plains or prairies. The prairie dog will stick out his little head from the hole, and beside it there will be sitting the owl. As soon as any person comes close to them, the prairie dog will scream and away it will go in the hole, then right after the owl will jump into the same hole.

As some men want to see how deep the prairie dog's home may be, they will begin to dig up the ground, and will find two three or four holes, each hole having different ways for the animals to get in. The man in digging up the ground gets down little further into the ground, then he will find good many holes that he can hardly know which one to follow. So before he finds any of the prairie dogs or owl, he would find a snake or two. The man will get scared in seeing some snakes, very soon he will go off and leave the prairie dog's home. These little dogs live almost like a little Indian town having some little narrow path all around their town. In the spring time, they will begin to make the homes making good heaps of ground around the holes that is to keep the water from running in to the holes when ever it rains in the prairies. The prairie dogs live just like little towns, and are very much alike, those small dogs, only the prairie dogs have short legs, small heads, very short ears, but they can make their little home well made, and very deep too. They eat grass and some weeds that grow around their town."

A Choctaw Visitor.

The Superintendent of Education for the Choctaw Nation, Indian Territory, Rev. John P. Turnbull, has just made an official visit to Roanoke College to look after the Choctaw students sent here by their government. He expressed himself as well pleased with their progress and gave the best proof of his satisfaction by placing another boy at Roanoke, making six now at the College from the Territory.

During his brief visit Superintendent Turnbull spoke one afternoon in the chapel to the students and a few friends.

In introducing him, President Dreher referred to the Indian work at Roanoke since 1870, and to the visits enjoyed from two former Choctaw Superintendents (Ex Gov. Allen Wright and Hon. E. McCurtain). At the close of the address, Dr. Dreher expressed the interest felt at Roanoke in Indian education; congratulated Superintendent Turnbull on the progress made by his people; and assured him of the pleasure he had in noting the progress of these young Choctaws in his care. At the conclusion of his remarks the students gave three hearty cheers for the College men in the Territory.—*Roanoke Journal.*

A Memory Lesson.

"We had a very interesting entertainment in the chapel this morning. A man that can draw wonderful pictures (Mr. F. Beard) was with us this morning. One of his drawings was a very good lesson to us. He drew a picture and connecting with it a story. Once upon a time there was a piece of ground that was very rough, stony and fruitless but the sun shone upon this land very brightly. After a while a seed commenced growing when it went up but there was a rock on its way so it thought it was no use to try, and went dropping into the darkness. Another seed came up just below the other one and it went up and found a stone in its way but it wasn't going to give up like the other one and so it got out of the darkness and went into a new world where it can give perfume and pleasure to every body. So it is with the people in this world, some are willing to come out of the darkness, and some say it is no use to try to spend our time to find a way around the rock. The rock indicates the devil that takes your happy thoughts away and pulls you down into the hell. Some are trying to find a way out of the hell, with a will and they will soon get out of it and go into a peaceful land. While the rest are bruising themselves in the darkness."

That the Chiricahua band as a whole are not in sympathy with Geronimo is attested by the following extract from a letter lately received from Bonito, a prominent Chiricahua chief-tain, who has a son at this school.

"Among all people there are always some who are bad, but I will go away by myself and work my farm and live in peace. I have always been at peace with the white mountain Indians and have lived among them when Fort Apache was not yet built. Geronimo and the others of our people who speak well to General Crook forget all they say to him as soon as he goes away and their hearts are bad. If they lose everything they have and get killed, it is the fault of their own wickedness. But that Geronimo went on the war-path and took so many of our people with him is the fault of a few who incited the others with lies and got them to go with them. But those few will be punished and we are glad that they will be. We cast them off as if they did not belong to us."

A former pupil, now resident of St. Augustine writes us, I have something to tell you.

"Last Monday evening there came from the depot some of the Apache Indians that were captured, there are sixty eight of them. They were dressed like the ones that came to Carlisle two years ago. There were among them women, boys, girls and two little babies. You ought to have seen the people behind them as they marched to the Fort where you had your Indians some years ago. So I am not the only Indian in St. Augustine now, I begin now to feel like any white man, that is, I do not want to have any more help from the Government, I am taking care of myself."

CHILOCCO INDIAN SCHOOL, March 12th 1886.

DEAR STUDENTS, CARLISLE PUPILS:—I will give a short account of the Chilocco Indian School. It is situated in the northern part of Indian Territory about a mile from the state line of Kansas. It is a good school and the children at this institute are well satisfied and trying to improve their time at school. So when they go out into the world they will be useful in their nation. There are a few of the scholars who have learned a great deal more than others, and there are some that can not accomplish much. Children here think they are smarter than any other Indians at school, but I suppose they are mistaken, I wish I could see Carlisle school again. Are there many changes out at your school? I think if I should come out there it would look different to me. I didn't know much about English and also I didn't know how to spell Cow when I went to Carlisle, but now I can spell the hardest word in my lesson. We Indian children ought not to waste our time when we have an opportunity to get an education and the Government has to pay our tuition and cloth. We ought to try so hard whatever difficulty comes to us, to accomplish. I know it is hard for us to learn how to read plainly because our tongues are a little different from the English."

JOHNSON LANE, Wichita.