

The Morning Star.

"GOD HELPS HOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES."

VOL. VII.

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

NO. 1.

The conscience of the people demands that the Indians, within our boundaries, shall be fairly and honestly treated as wards of the Government, and their education and civilization promoted, with a view to their ultimate citizenship.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.

FOR THE MORNING STAR.

REBUKE.

O Lord, rebuke our pride,
And trail it in the dust;
It may not in thy sight abide,
Thou Holy One, and Just.

We bow beneath thy Throne,
And claim a Father's love;
But seek them for ourselves alone,
The good gifts from above.

We build our Temples high,
And gild the Cross with gold,
Then pass our lowly brother by,
The seats within are sold.

We spurn our fellow-man,
Nor own him as our kin;
We draw our skirts aside—and ban
The color of his skin.

O Lord, refuse thine aid,
Until we pray aright;
For every soul that Thou hast made,
Is precious in thy sight.

Till Black and Red and Brown,
We own as fellow-men;
In vain till then our bowing down,
Nor hear our prayers till then.

For them the Savior died.
For them, He shed His blood;
For them, there flowed the crimson tide,
The cleansing, healing flood.

Withhold Thy blessings meet,
Thou Maker of us all,
Till rich and poor as brothers greet,
Together on Thee call.

H. L. A.

HOW CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL LOST HER APPROPRIATION FOR A FARM AND BOYS' QUARTERS.

A SPIRITED DEBATE IN THE SENATE.

Capt. Pratt's Letter to Honorable Commissioner Atkins, asking for the Appropriation.

INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA., June 19, 1886. SIR: In my judgment to obtain the highest efficiency in the school certain additions and improvements are imperatively demanded now, and I respectfully present to you the following statement of what I think necessary, with the methods and expense of accomplishing the same, and the request that if you approve, it may be presented to Congress with a view to securing the necessary appropriation therefor.

FIRST. The school farm of one hundred and fifty-seven acres is not at all sufficient to produce the needed forage and other products and afford the range for stock needed in so large an establishment; nor does it give sufficient scope for the routine instruction in agriculture of our three hundred boys, and being 3 miles away it is not as effective as it could be made if adjacent.

Now able to buy the Parker farm, which bounds our property on the east, best adapted for our uses. It can be purchased for \$18,000. It naturally drops in part of Government property, and is an outlet to the public road on two sides, an advantage never before possessed by the Government. It has one of

the largest and best springs in the county, and running water along the whole west side. The buildings are a farm house of brick commodious and well built, a good stone barn, and a frame tent house. The property contains 109.57 acres and is worth the money asked.

SECOND. A school barns needed, which should be large enough (5 by 50 feet) to store all farm products and stall 40 cows and draft animals needed at the school. This should be of brick and stone and by using school labor can be built for \$4,500.

THIRD. The present large boys' dormitory a building 250 by 2 feet, two stories, was first built in 1835 and 1836; having been destroyed by fire it was rebuilt in 1864 and 1865, and the same walls used. It is such a condition as constantly need repair. It is divided into six rooms on each floor and each room entered only by one door and that from the outside. We are thus compelled to place eighteen to twenty boys in each room, and find the task of teaching individuality, neatness, and even decency, almost as difficult as it would be in their native tepees. I propose to take this building down carefully and with the old material and such new material as may be necessary, construct a new building 250 by 34 feet, three stories high, each story divided by a hall to full length, and the division so made also give 92 sleeping rooms, each room having a door and a window opening into the hall and two outside windows, and a clothes closet; a part of the lower floor to be used for an assembly room large enough to hold all the boys of the building, and also a clothing-room and a bath-room. This building I can construct in the manner described for \$15,000, using student labor. I propose that the students shall make 20,000 of the brick required, and already have 100,000 dried and stacked in the kiln ready to burn. The wood to burn, the same has been cut by them and is now being hauled.

The three wants, as above explained and described, will require a total appropriation of \$37,500, and I am persuaded that with the sanction of the Department it will be given, as quite a number of the members of the Indian and Appropriation committees of both Houses have visited the school, and have expressed themselves most favorably towards it.

I deem it proper in this connection to say that in addition to these helps, which I shall, if you approve, undertake to build a brick chapel, two stories, 45 by 75 feet. The lower floor for two additional school rooms, and the upper floor for chapel and general assemblies. The present chapel is not more than one-half as large as our needs, and can be utilized as a library and reading-room for the boys.

The small boys' dormitory also needs a general overhauling, and the girls' building should be enlarged by an addition of 45 feet to one end, and the inside rearranged. These changes and improvements I can make on the means already furnished by Congress, and such outside help in addition as may be needed.

These several changes and additions being effected, we can well care for 500 pupils at the school, and in addition we can keep out in families and on farms and attending the public schools of the States 300 more.

The school will then, I think, be as large as good administration and sanitation would allow.

Trusting that with your indorsement and encouragement the subject may get promptly before Congress, to the end that I may be able to secure the proposed improvements this summer.

I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

R. H. PRATT.

Capt. and Supt.

Hon. J. D. C. ATKINS, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Washington, D. C.

Commissioner Atkins' Letter to the Secretary of the Interior.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, OFFICE OF INDIAN AFFAIRS: Washington, June 26, 1886. SIR: I am in receipt of a letter from Capt. R. H. Pratt, Superintendent of the Carlisle Indian School, dated on the 19th instant, in which he states that, to obtain the highest efficiency in his school, certain additions, and improvements are imperatively demanded, and submitting a statement of what he thinks necessary, with the request that, if his suggestions are approved, the case may be presented to Congress with a view of securing the necessary appropriations.

He states that his school farm of 157 acres is not sufficient, and recommends the purchase of what is known as the "Parker Farm," at a cost of \$18,000. For the erection of a barn 125 by 50 ft. he asks \$4,500, and for constructing a new boys' dormitory and making other improvements he wants \$15,000, or a total appropriation of \$37,500.

The letter of Capt. Pratt, a copy of which is herewith enclosed, states in detail how he expects to proceed, with the aid of the pupils, to make the improvements, which, when made, will enable him to care for five hundred pupils at the school, and, in addition, keep out in families, on farms, and in the public schools of the State, three hundred more.

In compliance with your request for recommendation, I have the honor to state that if it is the policy of the Department and of Congress to enlarge the Carlisle school in order to care for more pupils than it can at present accommodate, or to continue said school for a number of years as an Indian Industrial School, the amount asked for by Capt. Pratt for improvements and repairs should be granted; and for that purpose I inclose herewith an item making an appropriation of \$37,500, with the request that it be forwarded to the Committees on Appropriations of the House and Senate, to be inserted in the sundry civil bill, now under consideration.

Very respectfully,

J. D. C. ATKINS,
Commissioner.

THE SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.

Item to be inserted in the sundry civil bill.

That the sum of \$37,500 is hereby appropriated out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, for the purchase of a school farm and the repair of old and the erection of new buildings and out-houses for the Indian Industrial School at Carlisle, Pa., to be expended under the direction of the Secretary of the Interior.

Letter of the Secretary of the Interior to the Secretary of the Treasury.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, Washington, June 28, 1886. SIR: In pursuance of the provisions of section 2 of the act of July 7, 1884 (23 Stat., 254), I have the honor to transmit herewith for presentation to Congress copy of a letter of 26th instant, from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, inclosing an item of appropriation in the sum of \$37,500 for the improvement and enlargement of the Indian Industrial School at Carlisle, Pa., which he recommends for insertion in the sundry civil appropriation bill.

The accompanying letter of Superintendent Pratt, relative to the matter, shows in detail the objects to be attained by the appropriation asked for. The matter has the approval of this Department.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

L. Q. C. LAMAR,
Secretary.

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

Letter of Acting Secretary of the Treasury to Hon. John Sherman, President of the Senate, pro tempore.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, June 28, 1886. SIR: I have the honor to transmit herewith, for the consideration of Congress, copy of letter of the Secretary of the Interior of this date, and enclosures, submitting an estimate of appropriation in the sum of \$37,500 for the improvement and enlargement of the Indian Industrial School at Carlisle, Pa.

Respectfully, yours,

C. S. FAIRCHILD,
Acting Secretary.

Hon. JOHN SHERMAN,
President of the Senate pro tempore.

JUNE 29, 1886.—Referred to the Committee on Appropriations and ordered to be printed.

The Senate Debate.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The question is on the amendment proposed by the Senator from Massachusetts.

The amendment was agreed to.

Mr. TELLER. Some days ago I submitted an amendment, which was sent to the

Committee on Indian Affairs and reported favorably. I desire to have it follow the amendment of the chairman of the Committee on page 70.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The amendment will be stated.

The SECRETARY. After the amendment already agreed to, at the end of line 1701, it is proposed to insert:

That the sum of \$37,500 is hereby appropriated, out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, for the purchase of a school farm and the repair of old and the erection of new buildings and out-houses for the Indian Industrial school at Carlisle, Pa., to be expended under the direction of the Secretary of the Interior.

Mr. ALLISON. What is the amount?

Mr. TELLER. The total amount is \$37,500.

Mr. ALLISON. I make the point of order.

Mr. TELLER. You can not.

Mr. ALLISON. What do I understand in reference to the amendment?

Mr. TELLER. I will say to the chairman of the Committee on Appropriations that this was reported by the Committee on Indian Affairs favorably, and it also has an estimate and the indorsement of the Interior Department, and the personal indorsement of the Secretary in a letter that I have here which he personally sent to the Committee.

I should like to state, if the chairman will listen, that this is to buy a farm adjoining the school which is very much needed, and to repair some buildings. It is thoroughly indorsed by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs and by the Secretary of the Interior, and is asked for the superintendent of the school. It is a very meritorious thing, and it ought to be done. If that school is to be kept it should be kept as it has been.

Mr. ALLISON. May I ask the Secretary how much land it is proposed to purchase?

Mr. TELLER. About 90 acres, as I have collected, and about \$18,000 is for the land, which is much cheaper than it was offered at two years ago.

Mr. ALLISON. Two hundred dollars an acre?

Mr. DAWES. It will be worth that to anybody, and can be sold at any time for that.

Mr. CAMERON. I can say something about the value of land in that neighborhood. It is within 18 miles of where I reside. The amount asked is not a high price.

Mr. DAWES. The Government could not invest money any more safely than putting it in that land. If there is any opposition to the amendment, I wish to state that the relation of this school to the public Treasury is a very remarkable one. Captain Pratt, who has the management of it, has done such amazing work there that he ought to be commended to the consideration of Congress. He has obtained every dollar that has been put upon that plant by begging it around through out the country from the charity of the people of the country; he has bought the land in that way. He has never had a dollar of appropriation from the Treasury of the United States to keep up and to enlarge the grounds of that Institution. This is the first time that there has been an appropriation asked for by him. He has been from city to city and from town to town soliciting subscriptions for all that has been done there. We have appropriated \$36,000 I think this very year to erect a new building at Lawrence, Kans.

Mr. TELLER. Fifty odd thousand dollars.

Mr. DAWES. Yes; \$50,000. I think it is the most reasonable application

could be made, and it is as perfectly safe as anything can be.

Mr. CALL. I merely wish to say a single word in regard to Captain Pratt. I saw him first at Saint Augustine Fla., in 1878 probably. He was then in charge of some of the wild Indians from the plains, who had committed murders and outrages there and had been transported to the fort at Saint Augustine for safe-keeping. Captain was there, I think, with a single sergeant and not more than one or two men at the most, and there were about sixty Indians. He devoted himself to them for some months, had them under the most perfect control, and had the old and the young engaged in learning their books and making considerable progress; in fact, they were to some extent civilized people. During the six or eight months they occupied that fort with these Indians they were permitted to go out in the country and work for themselves, and there was never a single case of outrage or disorder among them. He has devoted himself entirely for some years to solving the problem of the civilization and education of the Indian, with a very disinterested purpose and with the most signal success. These Indians were the most outrageous characters on the Western plains, and he had the most perfect command over them. I have no question that he is and will be a very great agent in the solution of the problem of Indian civilization.

I shall vote for this amendment.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The question is on the amendment proposed by the Senator from Colorado [Mr. TELLER].

The amendment was agreed to.

The amendment as agreed to went to the Conference Committee on the Sundry Civil Bill and together with a large proportion of the other amendments made in the Senate, was stricken out of the Bill.

Debate after the Bill was Reported back to the Senate.

Mr. ALLISON. Of course we should be very glad to improve the administration if we could do so, but that we find is a very difficult task at this moment.

Mr. DAWES. One question more, if the Senator will excuse me. There was an amendment inserted by the Senate appropriating a sufficient sum for the purchase of some land at the Carlisle school. What disposition was made of the amendment?

Mr. ALLISON. I will say that the Senate conferees very reluctantly surrendered that appropriation, and we did it upon the statement from the House conferees, first, that we were paying a considerable sum beyond the value of the land, and, secondly, that the land which it was proposed to purchase was not in the immediate neighborhood of the present Carlisle school farm.

Mr. TELLER. Then you were told what was not true.

Mr. ALLISON. Very likely, but in the hurry of the moment we could not send to Carlisle for further information upon the subject, and concluded to let the matter go over until next winter.

Mr. DAWES. It seems that I have been very unfortunate in my selection of inquiries thus far, and I shall omit making any more, lest I meet with further disappointment.

Mr. TELLER. I should like to say with reference to the Carlisle school that the committee had before it the report of the Department showing exactly how much this land would cost, the statement that it was adjoining the school, abutting right on the present ground. Every fact that was necessary the committee had in print, which had been submitted by the Department. I do not see why they should have taken the information of the conferees of the House upon the question when the Department had sent here under the signature of the Secretary of the Interior a full and complete statement.

Mr. DAWES. And a statement of the precise cost.

TELLER. Together with a statement of cost and just what was to be done

with the money. If the conferees of the House made any statement that this land was not adjoining the land now occupied by the buildings they were certainly ignorant of the fact.

Mr. ALLISON. It adjoins the barracks but not the farm.

Mr. TELLER. The Government has not got any farm. The public-spirited, enterprising people of this country have bought a farm and put it in the hands of trustees and it is held for the benefit of that school. The Government has never put a dollar in it, and it has no business to exact that it should be adjoining that farm, which is 2½ miles away. It had nothing to do with this farm. The Government has not any claim on it. It is getting the value of rents and the profits out of it for the school, but it has never put in a dollar.

Mr. DAWES. The farm spoken of was donated to the school by a woman out of her own means, because the United States has never appropriated a dollar for the maintenance of the plant of that school. Every dollar that has been put in there has been put in by the charitable contributions of those who have yielded to the solicitation of Capt. Pratt; and this is the first attempt that was ever made to get the Government enlisted in purchasing means to carry on the school in the manner in which it ought to be done.

Mr. ALLISON. I must congratulate the generous woman who donated this fund.

Mr. DAWES. Congratulate the school.

Mr. ALLISON. I do. But so far as these particular 90 acres are concerned—

Mr. TELLER. One hundred and nine and a half acres.

Mr. ALLISON. Very well. Will the Senator from Colorado tell me the price per acre?

Mr. TELLER. I understand that there are 109.57 acres that have been sold to parties who hold it for the purpose of turning it over to the Government at \$18,500, without the intention or purpose of making a cent out of it. That is the fact, and that fact was before the committee.

Mr. ALLISON. The appropriation proposed to be made was \$37,000.

Mr. TELLER. The Senate inserted \$37,000 at the request of the Interior Department in a detailed statement which came to the committee and which was before the Senate and was, or ought to have been, before the conference committee, showing exactly where every dollar of that money was to be used.

Mr. DAWES. And the items.

Mr. TELLER. And the attempt now to say that that was all to buy a farm is simply an admission on the part of the conference committee that they have not given attention to this matter. They ought not to come here with such a report; they ought not to be allowed to bring in a report here and legislate against the will of the Senate. The Senate put this provision in the bill with understanding when the facts were before the Senate; and if the committee could not read that which was submitted to them, it was very strange, to say the least.

Mr. BECK. I have only to say that we were in the conference with the House conferees, and they believed that the price was extravagant; that the land adjoined the barracks and did not adjoin the farm, and that just as good land could be had for half the price; and they positively refused to agree to the Senate amendment. When the Senator from Colorado says the conferees should not be allowed to come here with a report of this character, he forgets that the House of Representatives has as many rights as the Senate, that we have no power to control them, and that when we make a proposition to buy a farm and they will not agree to it, it not being a matter necessary to carry on the Government, we must yield if they insist upon it. A proposition made by one House and rejected by the other can not be enforced by the one that makes it. When it came to any proposition to carry on the Government under any existing law, then a different position was presented, but when a proposition came to buy a farm at a price which the House

conferees said was double the value of it, detached altogether from them that is now led, no matter how they got their information, we were compelled to yield; but many sentimental gentlemen to come here and tell us, after sitting in conference three days and three nights struggling to get what we could, that we ought not to have allowed to present a report that we can not force the House to agree to, I think is hardly becoming. I am about to use stronger language.

Mr. TELLER. Very well; will not take any exception to what a Senator says and will not take back anything I have said. I say that when the committee come here and make a statement, as they have come here, and give the Senate to understand that the whole \$37,000 was for the purpose of buying a farm, they have simply failed to read the papers that were before them and that were before the Senate, and I say they ought not to make such a report to give the Senate to understand that they have succeeded from this amendment of the State because there was a job in it, or because there was an extravagant outlay of money, when that statement is not supported by the facts before them. I do not care what the Senator from Kentucky may say or may think about it either if they had not had the means of information, then there might have been some excuse. The committee of the House had it; they all had it; every member of the conference committee had it, or could have got it; and what is more, the personal knowledge of some members of the committee attention was called to the fact that only one-half of the money was to be paid for the farm, and the statement that the land can be bought for one-half the price proposed to be paid for this farm is not supported by a single fact. More money has been offered for that farm in cash than the parties now holding it propose to sell it to the Government of the United States.

Mr. BECK. I did not say that particular farm. I said they were seeking to buy a farm.

Mr. TELLER. It adjoins the ground on which these public buildings are. It is the most suitable piece of ground that can be had in that section, and that is no necessity for its being adjoining what somebody gave, not one woman, as the Senator from Massachusetts has mistakenly supposed, but a great number of people, one woman giving \$5,000, a farm that cost \$23,000 as I recollect it—one woman giving \$5,000, others giving \$50, a thousand, &c., to do what the Government of the United States is admittedly able to do and that which it undertakes to do. This picaresque method of doing business, of asking the people of the United States to contribute for a work that the Government by its attempts to do admits its obligation to do, is unworthy of a great and rich people. Either we ought to do it, and do it like men, or we ought to abandon the whole thing. We might as well ask the charitable people to contribute to the payment of the expenses of the Senate and House of Representatives as to contribute to supply the Indian schools if there is any obligation on the Government of the United States to support those schools, and there is not, then we should abandon them at once.

THE STRANGE MOQUIS—THEIR SNAKE DANCE.

While we have no desire to perpetuate savage and superstitious rites, by publishing accounts of the same, the following description of an Indian tribe so strangely located, and with customs so distinctly singular, will be of interest to the general reader:

Of all the Indian villages of the southwest, those of the Moquis are by far the most picturesque. There are seven of them, all together, and all are perched on the very tops of high mesas, which are separated by a few miles of open country, but which are all in sight of any one of

the towns. The settlement that is best known, and that is more often visited, consists of three villages, built in close proximity to one another, and appearing from a distance like groups of swallow-nests settled upon the top of an abruptly rising cliff. The second mesa also contains three distinct villages; while the third has only one town, in which, however, there is the largest population and greater primitiveness of habits among the people. The tribe numbers about 2,500 souls, as nearly as can be estimated, and is comparatively wealthy. The property of the people consists of large herds of sheep and flocks of goats, which feed upon the nutritious grasses of the reservation.

The villages are composed of small square huts, built of stone, and covered with heavy beams, which support a layer of earth; and the houses are piled together, one on top of the other, with exactly the same irregularity with which a child would make a pile of blocks. Some of the residences are built directly on the edge of the cliff, while others face an inner plaza or court. There are usually three tiers of houses, rising with many angles almost to a point, and ladders lead from roof to roof. The interior of the homes is far more comfortable than one expects to find, after gazing at the dull-hued exteriors. They are dimly lighted, to be sure, and low studded, but are scrupulously neat and delightfully cool. What light there is comes through the open doorway, which may be in the side or in the roof of the abode. The floor is of adobe, carefully swept, and the walls of the same material are painted white. The rule of one room to a house is rarely broken, and an entire family lives in an apartment that seems, to a stranger, hardly large enough for a single person.

Still practising their ancient forms of religion, the people lead quiet and uneventful lives, and cling tenaciously to the customs of centuries ago. Meal is made by grinding the corn between the heavy stones, and bread is cooked by burying the dough in hot ashes. The women are the hardest workers. They are often exceedingly handsome, having fully developed figures, large lustrous eyes, and complexions that give evidence of perfect health. They dress in gowns made of calico, that reach just below the knee and cover the upper portion of the body, and they are apparently modest. Children wear no clothes until they are seven or eight years of age, but play about the village in absolute nakedness. Taken as a whole, the Moquis are a picturesque people. They are supposed to be able to read the hieroglyphics on their ancient pottery. Self supporting, and having a form of government that is strictly their own, that has not changed for centuries, they have so far adopted but few of the customs of civilization, and continue to live their primitive and interesting life.

* * * * *

When and why the Moquis selected such an isolated height for their home is an enigma. Some, who have made it their business to investigate the matter, say the site was chosen at a time when Arizona was covered with water, and the mesa was a bit of land against which the sea waves dashed. Others, considering themselves equally competent judges, say that the Moquis were originally a warlike people and built their villages on this practically inaccessible place, in order that they might the more easily withstand the attacks of their many foes. But if one tries to discover the reason for everything in Arizona that is strange and enigmatical, he will find his enjoyment of nature and things sadly interfered with. It is always more or less indicative of wisdom not to inquire too earnestly into the cause of many of the present realities met with; and in Arizona, where the eccentricities of nature, at least, are particularly abundant, there should be unusual forbearance. The fact that there is this Indian settlement on the top of a rough, rocky mesa is sufficiently interesting to satisfy even the most devoted student of the curious and unusual. There certainly seems to-day no valid

reason for the selection of such an isolated place; and whether there ever was a question, and always will be, unless a key is found to the confusing mythological history of the Moqui race.

Who the Moquis are, where they originally came from, and to whom they are related, are questions more easily asked than answered. That they are an ancient people, however, is a fact that is indisputably evident; and their present villages, whether four or ten centuries old, are unmistakably of great antiquity. Coronado, or one of his confreres, visited the present settlements in 1540, and the description of the village which he or his lieutenants wrote might be copied today without fear of giving a wrong impression. The changes in the past three and a half centuries have been but immaterial. Neither the habits of the people nor the general appearance of the village have been altered. Time may possibly have gathered to another world some of the older inhabitants of the place, and has very likely destroyed certain of the ladders that are used by the people in getting into and out of their houses. But even these changes have been too gradual to be really noticed, and many of the natives of the present time have a sufficiently mummified appearance, as they sit curled up in the sunny corners, to suggest that they were living when Coronado visited the pueblo, or that they might serve as rivals to the human forms dug from beneath the shadow of the Pyramids. As for the ladders, which reach to otherwise inaccessible roofs and into dimly lighted interiors, they have an air that plainly speaks of a mellow and ripe old age.

In time we reached the base of the rocky mound, and made our camp in the shadow of a grove of peach trees, which the Indians had cultivated around one of their springs of water. Gathered about us were the children of the village, who had come down the mesa's side to view the new arrivals and beg tobacco; while near at hand began the narrow trail that led upward to where the town stood, peering down upon us from its proud height.

Leaving our team in charge of an Indian, we began the toilsome ascent, the undertaking taxing our muscles to the utmost, and the sun sending its hot rays upon us with terrific fury. As we proceeded, the view grew in grandeur and extent. For miles the country, now far below us, stretched away to hazy distances. Here rose bluish peaks of forest-covered mountains, more than a hundred miles away; there flocks of sheep, tiny specks upon the ground, were feeding on the yellow grasses. In one direction were the mountains of Utah, so far away as to be barely visible; in others were pinnacles of red-hued rock, leaping abruptly from the vast levels round about them. And when at last we gained the summit and entered the village, we seemed to have come upon another world. Quaintly dressed figures strode past us; oddly built houses surrounded us; the air was full of fragrance indicative of great age somewhere; and naked children stared at us from various corners.

As the day advanced, signs of unusual excitement were present everywhere. Women were seen fastening up their long hair in peculiar forms; men appeared with hideously painted faces; maidens were met with dressed in bright red blankets, and with their faces thickly powdered. For the day was that on which was to be celebrated the famous snake-dance of the Moquis, a ceremony whose origin is lost in the shadows of antiquity, and the purport of which is one of the mysteries of the day.

No other dance by any other race of Indians is the equal of this in weirdness. Taking place only once in two years, and indulged in by no other people, it is a relic of barbarism that excites the wonder of every beholder. The snakes used are caught during the four days preceding the fete, and do not have even their fangs removed. The reptiles are of different species, and are not injured during the time they are so carelessly handled by the men. There is a belief among the Moquis

that a snake is their friend, and in some way connected with their existence. The dance is thought by some to be a religious ceremony, and by others a form of exhibition, gotten up by an order resembling that of the Odd Fellows or Masons. Whether it is a prayer or an exhibition, however, is really known by the Indians alone. That the men are bitten is evident; that they do not suffer from the effect is also evident; and the fact is probably due to a secret knowledge of how to prepare the dancers for their ordeal, so that they are safe from the sting of even the most venomous reptile. It was to see the snake-dance that I made the long, hard journey.

Whiling away the day at the village, we moved, just before sundown, to an open bit of ground lying between the walls of the nearest houses and the edge of the mesa. In the center of the little enclosure stood a pillar of rock, old and gray, and near by were low, flat housetops, on which were gathered a crowd of natives, gaily dressed, and filled with excitement, to watch the coming dance. The snakes during the day had been confined within an *estufa*, or council chamber—a well like cave with a narrow entrance—but were now placed in bags, and secreted within a bower made of cottonwood boughs, set up near the rock. As daylight began to fade, the scene grew still more picturesque, and the excitement more intense. At last, when every housetop was covered, and scores of oddly dressed people were grouped about the small enclosure, the dance began.

Emerging from a near *estufa* a party of fifteen nearly naked, and fantastically painted savages, bearing rattles in their one hand and a basket of sacred meal in the other, filed rapidly into view, and began a march around the square. Moving four times about the stone, and rattling their rattles as they moved, they formed in line before the bower containing the snakes, and began a weird song and dance, keeping time to the strange music by gently moving their bodies back and forth, and by raising the feet a few inches from the ground and replacing them in the same spot. Each man wore a sort of tunic, reaching from the waist nearly to the knee, and a string of antelope hoofs tied around his ankles. A few wore fox-skins, reaching nearly to the ground. During the dance, a second party of nearly sixty men appeared, dressed as their predecessors were, but with their faces and bodies more heavily painted, and bearing in their hands long wands made of eagle feathers. These marched in single file, with a peculiar halting step and with bowed heads, around the stone pillar. They were the snake-men. Ranging themselves after a time in long line, and facing the members of the first party, they all began to chant and dance to the accompaniment of rattles, and of a sound like the hissing of snakes, made by moving the eagle feather wands rapidly through the air. As the song continued the dancers grew more and more excited, and began the more violently to move their naked and now perspiring bodies.

At last an aged man stepped before the snake bower and uttered a petition, at the end of which the members of the second band made a simultaneous rush for the snakes concealed within, and soon emerged, each bearing in his mouth and held firmly between his teeth, a hissing, twisting, biting snake. With these they marched once more round and round the circle, while maidens sprinkled them with meal, and the people indulged in shouts of approval. It was a sight to make one's blood run cold—a disgusting, revolting spectacle, in which man lowered himself to the level of a reptile. At times a snake would coil himself around his captor's neck, and have to be uncoiled by main force; again it would fasten cruel fangs into the dancer's cheek, and would not let go until twisted from its hold.

For several minutes the wild gambols continued, until there was a mixture of excited men, and frightened, fighting snakes; while above the din made by the performers and spectators rose the high-pitched chant of those who continued their peculiar dance. And then, at a signal, each man cast his snake into a com-

mon pile, until a heap of writhing forms was made. Another signal, and the dancers reached into the hideous mass, and pulled therefrom each a snake, with which they ran rapidly down the steep trail of the mesa.

Away they went, and we, gathered on the house-tops, soon saw them far below where we stood, scattering their burdens on the ground and setting them free from their captivity. The ceremony was now ended, and already daylight had faded away. As we rode off across the valley the moon came out, and by its light we saw, looming up against the western sky, the huge, high cliff on which live the people who play with snakes and live in oddly fashioned homes. For another two years the Moqui snakes will crawl about the country undisturbed; and then they will once again be caught and held between the teeth of their savage captors.

EDWARDS ROBERTS, in
The Overland Monthly.

A Sunday at Santee.

On a page devoted to Indians, in *The American Missionary*, we find the following interesting description by M. C. Collins, of a Sunday at Santee Agency, Nebraska.

"We left at nine o'clock on Sabbath morning to attend services at Bazill Creek Chapel. The road lay through an uninhabited region for some miles. The country was at its best. A recent rain had made everything look fresh and beautiful. The great variety of flowers was an endless source of pleasure. The wild roses were of all shades of red, from the deep magenta to the pure white.

The roads were fine, and Mr. Riggs drove along at a good pace, he made the journey a pleasant one by telling us the past history of the country, explaining the names of the towns, rivers, etc. We found that Nebraska is an Omaha word, meaning "flat river" that Niobrara, a Ponca word, is "swift water," both words having *Nee* for the root; as does Niagara also, which means "falling water," and is probably an Omaha origin. The word "Nee," or "Ni," in Omaha and in Ponca, is water, while in Dakota we prefix a syllable making it "mini," pronounced like long e.

The gray grass or sage is now in its beauty, and as the Dakotas use this weed in all their sacred feasts, dances and prayers, it is supposed to have some charm about it. They also use it in warm weather to wipe away the moisture from their faces, so we thought a good name for it would be "The handkerchief weed."

We passed several neat little Indian farms before reaching the chapel, and were glad to note that these new farmers were putting out trees and changing barren spots of prairie into pleasant, attractive homes. The old government mill, too, we saw. Here was a good stone building two stories high, with the roof half gone and the building wholly deserted. I could but wonder who is responsible for so much waste of money in this Indian work; why these buildings could not be put where they could be utilized, instead of being far away that no one can use them. We forded a creek just above the handsome foot bridge erected by the people of the church to use in high water.

The chapel is located in a beautiful spot on a rise beyond the creek. It is a neat little gray building which will seat seventy-five people, and as we heard the tone of the bell ring out on the still, clear air, we felt that all nature was called upon to praise God.

We were shown the pretty communion set bought by the people themselves, and as we saw the faithful sexton moving quietly about, we thought his noiseless tread would compare favorably with our city sexton in their squeaky boots.

A little Indian boy, of two years, played outside under the window, and with a long stick made himself a whip, a gun, and finally a horse that would carry double; and then invited his playmate to ride behind him.

Mr. Riggs baptized two little babies. He preached a sermon on the duty of Christians, and the audience seemed deeply impressed. At the close of the meeting I made a few remarks in Dakota to the people by request of Mr. Riggs, and after the service, had an interesting talk with some of the women in regard to their missionary society. They told me of the illness of one of their best workers, Martha Redwing. I knew Martha and remem-

bered her skillful and willing fingers—always ready to work for the Lord. Said her sister: "The end will soon come. She is almost through suffering now, and though my heart will be sad, I know that she will rejoice." Another mother told me of her affliction in the loss of two daughters. I tried to comfort her, and, as she left, she said: "I know that our rejoicing in God's house will be forever; I have known great affliction here."

We returned home, and Mr. Riggs, ever busy, seemed more so on the day of rest than on any other. He had no time for lunch before conducting the English service. At four o'clock I accompanied him to the little boys' cottage where he led prayers and the boys recited texts both in Dakota and English.

In the evening we all went to hear Eli Abraham, a Dakota man, preach a sermon from the text, "Whither I go ye know, and the way ye know." He certainly fully understood the subject, and made a lasting impression upon those who heard him. So the day closed, and we felt that it was another milestone which separates the old life of the Dakota from the new, and brings it nearer to the place occupied by his Christian white brother."

From Carlisle.

We have received a very nice letter from W. G. Yellowrobe, a pupil at Carlisle, which we print below. He has taken up very neatly and exactly the arguments of his white teachers to prove all schools in the Indian country an impossibility. Nevertheless, we still live, and even our friend Yellowrobe will see, when he reads the history essays in this number, written by two of our pupils, that we do teach English as well as they do at Carlisle, while we teach a good many things they do not and cannot teach at Carlisle. Yellowrobe, we shake hands with you.

DEAR EDITOR:

"I have thought in writing to you, but I want consideration about Indians. What is the best for them to do? I wish every Indian send their children to the eastern school, and I think they would not learn the English language fast at the reservation school, because their friends would come to see them; they would talk Indian together. Then, too, they would think in Indian. If they saw something they would think of the Indian name, and so they would not learn the English fast and would soon forget the words, and in the government schools in the east they are right among people who speak English all the time. They do not hear the Indian; they learn the English names of everything they see. They think in English all the time. They see and hear things that are new and strange; things that they would never have heard of had they remained upon the reservation. They use the English all the time, so that very quickly they are able to speak it so that all can understand them. They make it their own language. They learn faster at the government schools, and do not forget the English words so quickly as they would do upon the reservation.

I am very respectfully,

W. G. YELLOWROBE.

CARLISLE PA., June 15, 1886.

—[The Word Carrier.]

Comments upon the foregoing letter, taken from the *Word Carrier*, show a spirit of sarcasm we are sorry to see brought to light by the sentiments of a boy less than four years at Carlisle.

Carlisle does claim, having abundant experience to prove, and common reason cannot but corroborate the claim, that schools remote from Indian life, in the midst of civilization, where every influence around and about the pupil, outside of the school itself, tends to force him into industrious habits, and to adopt the right mode of living, are better and a more direct stepping-stone to civilization, than those schools located in the midst of savagery, where every outside influence is of the most degrading character.

Carlisle does not say, however, and never has taught that "all schools in the Indian country are an impossibility." In fact, we know of a number of schools on the reservation that are doing a grand work. We appreciate the difficulties that must attend every effort there, and only claim superiority over Agency schools in the matter of location and civilized surroundings.

We cannot but be pleased that pupils attending the Santee Normal have such superior advantages, and that they are able to teach "a good many things they do not and cannot teach at Carlisle," but would like to know what these things are.

B.

Haile Katalah Tola

OR
THE MORNING STAR.

Published Monthly in the Interest of Indian
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CARLISLE, PA., SEPTEMBER, 1886.

HOW TO BENEFIT THE INDIAN.

While there has during the last few years undoubtedly been a largely increased interest on the part of the general public in Indian matters, an interest, fostered by the different associations, organized by the friends of the Indians, for their benefit, and for the purpose of procuring needed legislation in their behalf, yet this interest, agitation and effort has so far failed of procuring any legislative measures of broad application.

From year to year, action is delayed from various causes, chiefly, however, from the failure to agree on just what measures are required, or will the best forward the end in view.

Congress seems anxious to legislate, but no course of action has so far been presented, backed by the united support of those who profess to have studied the subject, and to be guided in their conclusions, solely by their desire for the welfare of the Indian race.

It is evident, that however much legislative action is desired, and shown to be necessary, it is as important to prevent destructive or unfair measures from becoming law, as it is to procure the right ones; and as the discussion of each measure proposed which by its inherent qualities of weakness, unfairness, or circumscribed action fails to the ground, must of necessity educate both Congress and the public, we may be permitted to assume, that the time occupied has not been wasted and that the delay by reason of a better understanding of the subject, will be productive of measures more perfect, just and satisfactory to all parties, than anything yet proposed.

A certain school book story reads about as follows:

Quoth the priest to the boy, "My son I will give you an orange if you will tell me where God is."

"And I sir," replied the boy, "will give you two to tell me where he is not."

By the same negative course, without claiming to be able to say just what should be done, or which is the best way of conserving the numerous interests involved, treating the Indian with justice, and at the same time making his progress towards independent self-support a necessary sequence of the measures adopted,—it yet may be possible by pointing out what should not be, to make some progress towards an understanding of what should be.

While the friends of the Indians differ widely, as to the precise means to be used, they all will unite on the end to be attained, viz: to preserve whatever in the Indian is worthy of preservation, to treat him humanely, protecting his property interests, and in all ways possible facilitating his conversion from a non-productive to a substantial, useful factor in society.

Differing widely as the white and Indian races do in habits, aims, and methods, it might be a matter of discussion, as to which race would overcome and assimilate the other, were it not that the numerical, physical and intellectual superiority of the

white removes the question from possible controversy or doubt. This being the case shows us that all changes should tend towards our life and customs, aiding and encouraging thereto, and by no means seek to prolong or perpetuate conditions of life that are doomed to pass away, being wholly incompatible with the spirit and aims of the people, by which this continent is dominated.

The skillful engineer utilizes all natural features that will aid him in his work. The astute ruler of people differing in their capabilities and preferences, while recognizing their varied conditions uses them to his own advantage: a soldier of one, a sailor, or laborer as the case may be, but invariably strives to unite the whole on some national interest, or feeling. Therefore, when we find in the Indian any features, so marked, that we can build upon them in rearing the structure of civilization, let us do so by all means, and first among these traits is love of home and country, not country in the sense of a citizen, but merely of locality.

Mr. Holman says in his report, that "the Indian is intense in his local attachments." All who are acquainted with his character, know this to be so; therefore, why go counter to this intense feeling, and thereby provoke rancorous opposition, and distrust, besides incurring great expense? Honor this home attachment, utilize it. To do so will be to our advantage, and honor.

There exists no sound argument in favor of transferring from one locality to another, unless in a few exceptional cases. Therefore if on this head we wish to harmonize the weaker force, do not let removals form a part of any legislation. By individual, and not community possession of property, manhood is built up, and thrift encouraged. This is true the world over, and cannot be controverted, therefore, follow universal law, and individualize possessions as far as possible, but discourage any plan which merely aims at reduction of areas, leaving other and vital conditions untouched, thus simply postponing for an indefinite period any final settlement.

By association and example the young are guided and educated into the way of living desired for them in maturity, and almost on the same plane as the young of our own race, are the Indians, so far as knowledge of the duties of life are concerned; and like them the Indians learn by observation more effectually, than by any other method. Therefore, any plan that does not give the fullest opportunity for observation of civilized life, and methods, is in opposition to the truest means of progress.

If ever the Indian race is to be a force amongst us, it must be educated. It is now generally conceded, that Indians can be educated, and year by year Congress provides the means necessary, and in speaking of education we mean the equivalent of the schools of America.

Any general system of education that is exclusively Indian as to language, ideas, or location, is founded on the wrong basis, and ought not to be perpetuated or countenanced.

One of the results of the education of the Indian is, that the races are thereby brought more together. A part of the separating distance has been travelled. The educated Indian girl is not generally averse to marrying a white man, and in the majority of cases she betters her condition by so doing, and the offspring shows that Anglo-Saxon blood gives energy and strength, both physical and mental.

Any plan that curtails opportunity for assimilation of the Indian race by marriage with whites, retards the true and inevitable solution of the difficulty, for by mixed marriages more than any other way, will the Indian become absorbed by and ultimately lost among the many millions of the whites by whom he is surrounded and with whom he has failed to assimilate to any great extent, not on account so much of personal antipathy, but conflicting interests.

If, then, removals, tribal concentration, isolated location, communal property, or

class education are to be deprecated as non-progressive, we have only to look to the opposite of these conditions, to be plainly directed to the course necessary to be pursued, in bringing the native American element into unison with true American life and progress, united by blood, common citizenship, language and religions.

A. J. STANDING.

General Armstrong III.

Henry M. Field, Editor New York *Evangelist*, in a recent letter from Stockbridge, Mass., published in the editorial column of the *Evangelist*, says of General Armstrong:

"No item of news which has come to us for many a day has given us more acute pain than that which informs us that General S. C. Armstrong, the head of the Hampton Institute in Virginia, is laid aside from present labor by an illness which we fear may be prolonged, and prove more difficult to control than his friends are willing to admit. When we state that the cause is an affection of the valves of the heart, we indicate a sufficient reason for anxiety; for while this is a malady which is by no means of necessity fatal (some who have suffered from it all their lives have yet lived to old age), it is one which requires the utmost care, and that perfect quiet which is the most difficult of all conditions to impose on one of such ardent temperament and incessant activity."

In connection with the above statement Mr. Field makes the following earnest appeal for Hampton:

"That such a man should be struck down in the midst of his usefulness, is more than a private grief; it is a public calamity. And it is to the interest of a cause that we all have at heart, that the evil be limited as far as possible. Now is the time that all who are interested that an institution which has such a history as Hampton has had for the last twenty years, and who would have it perpetuated, should come forward to relieve its chief of a burden which, if not upon his hands, is still upon his heart. We believe that nothing would do so much to restore him to health as the assurance that all its wants were provided for, and its work moving on without an interruption or a jar. Let this be done, and the worn and weary worker will be content to lie upon his pillow and rest, while otherwise he would be chafing with impatience that so much remained undone which he would be compelled to feel that only he could do. By such thoughtfulness on the part of his friends, we believe that his precious life can be saved, and in due time he who has been a leader in a great work may be again at his post, at least to counsel and command, if not to do all the hard drudgery which he undertook before. Nor is this a matter of merely private and personal concern, but one of public interest, for it is not too much to say that there are not many lives between the two oceans that are more worth saving than that of this gallant soldier. That the needed relief may be given before it is too late, is the fervent desire and prayer of

His admiring and loving friend,
HENRY M. FIELD."

While placing the foregoing extracts from the *Evangelist* before the readers of the MORNING STAR, we are thankful to know by later advice that the immediate danger is past and that in all probability rest and relaxation will give renewed health and vigor to the valuable life endangered.

Some men of great ability accumulate large fortunes; others aspire "the applause of listening senates to command," and to these the world is indebted; but how much more so to one who gives his life and ability to help his fellowmen.

We earnestly hope that the appeal made on behalf of General Armstrong and his work will meet with hearty response from the public, and his mind thus being relieved from a part of its care may conduce to his full restoration to health.

CAPTURED GERONIMO.

General Miles makes public the successful close of the Apache war in the following official despatch:

The hostile Apaches surrendered on the 4th to the troops in the field as prisoners of war. I arrived here last night with Geronimo, Natchez and three others. Captain Lawton brings in the remainder. All will be shipped out of this country about two thousand miles east. I am also mov-

ing all from Fort Apache in the same direction.

In an editorial squib the *Phila. Evening Bulletin*, says:

Geronimo, Natchez and other "bucks" to the savage Apaches are at last prisoners of General Miles, and the inglorious little war upon the band is brought to an end. It is a good thing for the people dwelling on the border of Arizona; for these marauding rascals, who seem to be the most brutal and irreclaimable of all red men, have been a terror to the ranchmen and the campers. The party of prisoners, numbering thirty or forty, are to be sent eastward, and there is a chance of planting them on some island off the Florida coast, where they can do no harm to the whites, and where, in default of civilization, they may waste away under the effects of the climate. But the showmen will try to ransom Geronimo at least, and secure his services either as a lecturer or an attraction in a theatre or dime museum.

"If public opinion in and out of the army has weight in deciding the fate of Geronimo and his murderous band, they will be tried by a military commission, speedily convicted and executed without undue delay. There is a precedent for such treatment of them, if one is needed, in the case of the trial by military commission of the Sioux after the Minnesota massacre in 1862. Five hundred of the prisoners were then put on trial, three hundred of whom were found guilty of murder and thirty-eight were hanged. It may be difficult to obtain evidence of murder against any of the Apaches, although Gen. Howard suggests that some of the band may be induced to turn state's evidence against the others. It appears to us, however, that the proper course would be to bring home to them a purely military offence and one that is punished in actual war by death.

Every one of the band was a prisoner of war at the time of his escape from San Carlos reservation. They had been placed there by Gen. Crook and were given the liberty of the reservation on condition of not leaving it. They broke this promise and used their privileges to escape in order again to take the war-path. They are paroled prisoners, taken red-handed in acts of war, and should suffer the punishment adjudged by the law of war to such acts of treachery."—(*Army and Navy Register*).

WILCOX, Ariz. Sept. 9.—A special train of three cars left Bowie Station at 3 p. m. yesterday, with Geronimo, Natchez, and other Indians, in charge of Captain Lawton, bound for Fort Marion, Florida. General Miles goes with them to El Paso and thence to Albuquerque to meet the train containing other Indians from the Apache reservation, who will be taken to Florida. Intense relief is felt throughout the Territory over the knowledge that at last the Apaches have been disposed of.

Mr. Atkins, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, is quoted by *The Post* as insisting that Geronimo must be put to death. "The President," he says, "will probably acquiesce in whatever proposition General Miles makes for disposing of the murderer. His proposition will doubtless be a court-martial, which will not fail to award a death sentence. There is no doubt that the public sentiment of the country demands the death of Geronimo."—(*New York Tribune*).

The *Tribune* of later date, on the same subject says:

"We are as far as ever from casting aside the absurd distinction between Indians and white men. We are as far as ever from realizing (in action) that the only way to civilize these unruly people is to apply the laws of the country to them. Under those laws Geronimo and his lieutenants would years ago have gone to the gallows as common murderers, and the commonplace ignominy of their fate would have had a salutary influence upon all the hot-blooded young Indians who have been taught to regard the taking of scalps as the highest occupation the lords of creation can follow."

A Letter from the Governor to the Govr. of New York.

"PHILADELPHIA, 5th January, 1764.

"Sir:

"Our back Inhabitants who have indeed suffered a great deal by the Indian War, have got it into their heads that one Indian should not be suffered to live among us, and have carried their resentment so far as to go and kill some Indians who lived under the Faith & Protection of the Government for Sixty Years in an Indian Town, near Lancaster. Not content with this barbarous outrage, they, in the open day time, march'd into that Town, and there murdered fourteen more Indians who were put in there by the Magistrates for their Security, & after perpetrating these horrid Violences, these

lawless people have even threatened to come and kill a number of Indians that I gave leave to sit down in an island on the Schuykill, in the Neighborhood of this City.—[*Colonial Records*, Vol. ix., p. 112.]

"A Proclamation:

"WHEREAS, it appears, by a Deposition this Day taken before the Chief Justice of this Province, that on Sunday, the Tenth day of this Month, a certain Frederick Stump, a German, of Penn's Township, in the County of Cumberland, did, in Violation of the public Faith, and in defiance of all Law, inhumanly and wickedly kill, without any Provocation, four Indian men and two Indian Women, in his own House, near the Mouth of Middle Creek, in the said County, and that the said Frederick Stump went the next Day to an Indian Cabin about fourteen miles up the said Creek, and there barbarously put to Death, and burnt an Indian woman, two Girls and a young Child. Whereas, etc.—[*Colonial Records*, Vol. ix., p. 420.]

The above extracts record the exploits of men of our own race. It is true there is an unfortunate resemblance to some recent lamentable occurrences in Arizona in which the Apaches and not the whites were the most notorious as scalpers.

We have no apology to offer in either case, and while the similarity of the acts is strikingly suggestive of the same nature in each case, we must remember that the Apaches are only murderous Indians, while the men above mentioned were probably educated and as enlightened as others of their period. That, however, was 100 years ago and we may imagine that if their descendants are now orderly and law abiding citizens that there is certainly a gleam of hope in the future—even for Apaches.—Ed.

An aerial visitant descended upon Hampton on Friday, Aug. 13th, in the form of a thunder-bolt which struck the tower of the new chapel of the Normal School, splitting the capstone of the finial in two at the iron bolt, knocking off tiles and bricks, and making a hole in the roof of the church on its way to the earth. Mr. LaCrosse, a painter at work near the entrance under the tower, was prostrated, and several persons on various parts of the school grounds, and in the village of Hampton half a mile away, experienced slight shocks, but no lives were lost or serious damage done. The injury to the chapel is provided for by the terms of its insurance. The storm was the most sudden and violent that has been known here in many years, the meeting of two great clouds rolling up from the west and north in elemental conflict grandly terrific, like the warfare of the gods.

Between half past nine, and ten of Tuesday night, Aug. 31st, three distinct shocks of earthquake were felt at Hampton. The first and third were very slight, but the second was decided enough to bring dwellers on third and fourth stories down stairs in a hurry. The powers of earth and air, earthquakes and thunderbolts, are keeping us from stagnation at Hampton this summer, but this time our tower stood firm.—[*Southern Workman*.]

The Indian Office at Washington has issued a circular to the various agents on the reservations to which the treaty obligations grant the right to separate land ownership. Commissioner Upshaw, urges that the work of allotting and patenting land to Indians be prosecuted with the utmost vigor. He alludes to the fact that the Indians have discovered the importance of individual ownership, and insists that agents shall encourage this feeling by all means within their power. He says:

"The Indian asks for a 'paper title' for his land, and with that in his possession has some guarantee that the land he improves will not be taken from him. The Indians must be impressed with the fact that if they desire to make their stay upon their reservations sure and stable, they must take up the lands and get a regular title to them from the Government."

Among the many subjects of interest and importance claiming the attention of the Spring River, Kansas, Quarterly Meeting of Friends, held Eighth month 21st, there was an appointment of a committee to critically examine and forward through the proper channel to their ensuing Yearly Meeting, a memorial of the late Frank Modoc, the first and only full blood Indian ever recorded a minister by Friends.

The Woman's Board of Foreign Missions has assumed charge of Miss Cora Buckbee, who has gone to Wealaka, Indian Territory.

Charles H. Yates, of California is appointed Indian Agent, at the Round Valley Agency, California.

What can be Done.

When Chief Joseph was captured seven or eight years ago, some of the children of his band were sent to the industrial school at Carlisle, Pa. A few days since, Capt. Pratt, in charge of that school, telegraphed a gentleman of this city that one of these pupils, a girl, 18 years old, was to be returned to her home at Lewiston, Idaho, and asked him if he would see her safely, on her long journey, through this city. She was met at the depot and taken to the gentleman's home and cared for until the time arrived for her to leave by the Northern Pacific railroad. This young girl had adopted the name of HARRIET ELDER. She was well educated, could cook, make her own clothes, perform quite well on the piano and had the manners of a perfect lady. This is mentioned to show what are the possibilities of this race. It is far better to educate them than to fight them. In fact, Capt. Pratt is doing more to solve the Indian question than all the arsenals in the country. The doubt is often expressed that these Indians, when educated and returned to their tribes, will relapse into their old manners of life. This point has been carefully examined, and it is found that only 5 per cent. do so. That is, ninety-five out of every hundred return and live up to the advantages they have received. Certainly the outlook is encouraging for the reclamation of the sons and daughters of the forests and the plains. When the tribal system is broken up and land is given to these people in severalty, we may reasonably hope for rapid strides in Indian civilization.—[*St. Paul Globe*.]

By newspaper reports we are informed that from ten to twenty thousand people, (civilized people of New York) go daily to see The Wild West Show, where in feeble imitation are enacted the scenes which in terrible reality have desolated so many frontier homes and earned for the Indians the cognomen of "Red Devils." If an act is wrong in fact is it not wrong in imitation? And are not these thousands of civilized people putting a premium on barbarism, as well as rendering themselves indirect accessories to any future misdeeds of these same Indians if, encouraged by the popularity which hails their mimic efforts, they should choose tragedy in place of comedy?

On the 19th of August Mr. McDowell arrived at Hampton, with a new party of twenty Indian students, from Standing Rock, Dakota.

From an account in the *Southern Workman* of Mr. McDowell's trip to Dakota we learn that our good friend Lieut. Geo. LeRoy Brown, formerly Disciplinary at Carlisle and afterward Commandant at Hampton has been transferred from Fort Lincoln to Ft. Sully with promotion to the position of Regimental Quartermaster.

The people of La Grace, a town on the east shore of the Missouri, twenty miles below Standing Rock, last July invited Rosa Bearface—the Hampton girl, whose school at Standing Rock drew enthusiasm from the Holman Committee, and was called to their remembrance in Congress last winter—to read the Declaration of Independence at their celebration of the Fourth. She went and "read it beautifully," they said, and with an accompanying party of Indians had a most cordial reception and entertainment.

Agent Wright goes out of office remarkable as one of the few Indian Agents who was so fortunate as to serve a full official term of four years. Taking the agency at a time when matters were in confusion and disorder, with little progress made in the way of civilization and education, he has, during his term so efficiently forwarded these interests as to place the Indians of Rosebud Agency on such a footing that their future prosperity seems assured. In him the Indian Department loses a useful and efficient Agent.

A letter has been received from Rev. Sheldon Jackson, dated at Seattle, Washington Territory, about the 1st of September, stating that he is about sailing for Alaska, accompanied by fifteen teachers. This will be the last heard of them for some months.—[*Evening Sentinel*.]

LOCAL.

The health of our school was never better.

Mr. Jordan and boys have been busy rearranging the steam pipes in the girls' quarters.

In the absence of our Editor in Chief, all editorial discrepancies or undue verbosity will be overlooked.

Upwards of forty of our pupils spent a pleasant and profitable day at the Williams Grove Grangers' picnic.

Rev. W. P. Groupe, Pastor of the Evangelical Church, of Carlisle, kindly officiated as school chaplain during the month of August.

The addition of 40 feet to the girls' quarters, giving 18 nice, new rooms, is completed. The girls are cleaning the rooms preparatory to occupying them.

August 25th, two car loads of shop products were shipped to Indian Agencies in different parts of the west. Some of the wagons went to agencies on the Pacific coast.

The second kiln of brick, containing 106,000, is completed and ready for burning. Brick making has been pretty thoroughly learned by quite a number of the Indian boys during the season.

The farm boys are busy digging and storing potatoes. About 600 bushels are now in the cellar. The crop is in part a failure, and will fall very far short of the 1800 bushels expected.

The school chapel, originally built to accommodate 325 persons has long proved entirely too small for the 500 and more who frequently gather there. It is now being enlarged by an extension of ten feet on either side, making a room 56x60 feet.

School began on the 1st, but not till about the 13th, did things assume their usual steadiness. Now, we are fairly in the traces and prepared for "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether," with prospects for making big strides up the hill of knowledge and experience before another vacation term wheels around.

The incoming pupils, eighty-five in all who have been spending their summer vacation at work in good families, are much improved in health and general usefulness. The affectionate How do you do? the hearty shake of welcome by the homeworkers, the glad response and joyful smile of the returning ones, show that much of the undemonstrative Indian has been lost and an appreciation and willing manifestation of friendliness gained.

A telegram from Capt. Pratt, dated Cantonment, Ind. Ter., 9th, reports that he has sixteen students from the Cheyennes who are located there, and we therefore expect to receive quite a number of new pupils from the Indian Territory, as Cantonment is the first place visited. After starting the Indian Territory party en route to Carlisle, Captain will go to New Mexico and Arizona, visiting the Pueblo and Navajo tribes, returning eastward by way of the Sioux Agencies of Dakota.

LATER:—Just before going to press on the 18th, we hear that twenty-seven boys and sixteen girls from the Cheyenne and Arapahoe agency have already started for Carlisle. The party is in charge of Rev. S. S. Haury.

Among many good newspapers which exchange with THE MORNING STAR are the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*, the Bucks County *Intelligencer*, the Harrisburg *Morning Call*, the Carlisle *Sentinel*, all dailies, which are passed over to and appreciated by our advanced pupils, who

are keeping well informed upon the general news of the day. Will not some of the western dailies follow suit and thus aid, substantially, Indian civilization and education?

Lorenzo Bonito, a Chiracahua Apache, son of Bonito, the chief, who four years ago was Geronimo's accomplice in raids upon settlers in Arizona, is a bright and promising youth of fifteen. He has been a member of our school two years and a half during which time he has led an exemplary and trustworthy life. On the 12th inst., having expressed a desire some time before to enter the church, he was baptized by Rev. Joseph Vance, of the First Presbyterian Church, of Carlisle, and became a communicant. The singular coincidence of the two events—Geronimo's capture, and the son of his accomplice uniting with the Christian church, was remarked upon impressively by Dr. Vance.

Distinguished Visitors.

Dr. Rachel L. Bodley, Dean of the Women's Medical College of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, with Pundita Ramabai and Dr. Anandibai Joshee natives of India, paid our school a visit, recently.

It will be remembered that Dr. Joshee, graduated with high honors from the above named college, this last spring. She is the wife of Gopel V. Joshee, and came to America, alone, in June 1883, and since October of that year has been a resident of Philadelphia, pursuing with untiring diligence her medical studies. Mr. Joshee came to America, later, and they will return to India this year, she, as the first native Hindoo lady who has graduated in medicine.

Pundita Ramabai, came to America last March for the purpose of witnessing the graduation of her relative, Dr. Joshee. The Pundita is the daughter of a Hindoo gentleman of high rank, who ostracized himself and his daughters by his enlightened views on the subject of female education. After his death and that of her sister, who had shared her peculiar educational advantages, Pundita Ramabai traveled extensively in her own country. Upon the death of her husband, and under the pressure of the onerous conditions of Hindoo widowhood and her desire to serve the cause of her fellow-women, she went to England, where she embraced Christianity and where her high literary attainments obtained her a position as a teacher of Sanscrit in a woman's College.

At our Sunday evening prayer meeting, Mrs. Ramabai favored the school with a few remarks, which were listened to with marked attention. "I am one of you," she said, "if not of the same blood we are both Indian in name."

After expressing pleasure at being able to meet with us, she dwelt upon the importance of thinking right, and following the light that is given us of God—the light within. She advised all to give out the light that others might be helped. The more we use this light the stronger it becomes. We may do our teaching quietly. A good example is better than much talking. Our Master was silent thirty years before He began to preach. Thirty years in the "lower kind of duties,"—a carpenter by trade. How silent he was, but how wonderful his example! She emphasized the importance of doing our duty, rather than talking of what should be done, and wished particularly that our pupils might do, when they go back to their homes.

A few of the 253,000,000 of people in her country are receiving the light of Christianity, while others reject it. In referring to the nations from the four sides of the world represented in the chapel that evening, she said, "I never dreamed of coming here, but God led me to seek knowledge. Knowledge brings happiness if we use it rightly." Then referring to the inferiority of women in India, and explaining how when a boy was born there was great rejoicing but a girl was considered nothing, she said, contrary to the customs of her country, her father educated his girls. "Some people in India believe that women have no souls, but they are beginning to think differently now, thank God."

She wished our girls would be able to teach their fathers and brothers to respect woman, and "I hope that the light that is spreading over the world will reach all nations so we may be gathered in one fold."

CHEROKEE INDEPENDENTS—CHEROKEE CITIZENSHIP—WHOLESOME STIMULUS WANTED.

The *Traveler*, published at Arkansas City, Kansas, three miles from the Indian Territory line and the Chillico Indian School, is in a position to gain much information from the different tribes south of the city, and along the line of the great southwest. We like in the main the stand taken on the Indian question by its editor, and may profitably re-print for the benefit of our readers an occasional article from its columns:

Cherokee Independents.

Politics are stirring up our dusky neighbors in the territory, and the Cherokees, like their pale-face brethren, are forming a new party. The *Chieftain* publishes the platform adopted by this new political organization, which has the merit of setting forth candidly the aims and objects of its members. They call themselves "Independents," which designation is correct in showing the framers and supporters of this political confession of faith to be independent of the obligations imposed on them by the present conjuncture of events, and sublimely indifferent to the social issues they will soon be called on to meet. Art. 4 sets forth: "We are emphatically opposed to the establishment of any kind of United States territorial government over the Cherokee nation and people." Which is a declaration that they are opposed to an improved form of government; that they are distrustful of the political institutions which would assimilate them in social life with the American people; and that the wheels of progress must not be allowed to roll over that darkened and unprogressive land. Art. 5 is expressive of the same spirit. It says:

"We are opposed to selling one foot of our Cherokee soil for white settlement, for in less than one year the country would be settled up with white settlers who would be calling on Congress to establish a territorial government or state which would embrace not only the entire Cherokee nation, but the present Indian Territory."

The question for these quiet-loving platform builders to consider, is whether a refusal to "sell one foot of their soil" will prevent the intrusion of white settlers. Their one desire is to be let alone. On all sides around them they see the world in active movement, old forms fading away and habits adopted which embody the requirements of the present age. But these people are distrustful of change. The constitutional lethargy of the Indian race keeps them hopelessly in the rear of their white brethren; yet they dread change; set themselves, with all the force they can command, to keep out the tide that is rising to overwhelm them. Dr. Arnold has declared, "There is nothing so revolutionary, because there is nothing so convulsive and unnatural, as the strain to keep things fixed when all the world is, by the law of creation, in eternal progress." These Cherokee Independents would refer us to the treaties of 1833 and '66, guaranteeing them immunity from pale-face intrusion; but it is time they were aware of the fact that race movements are not restrained by paper guarantees; and prudence should admonish them to have an eye on the signs of the times, and stand firm under.

Cherokee Citizenship.

The Cherokee editors have made repeated complaint of the issue of certificates of citizenship by the United States agent, which entitle the holders to residence within the nation. Applications for citizenship are frequent and continuous, and the number of whites admitted to residence causes increasing uneasiness. This has been going on for five years under an order authorizing the agent to examine the claims presented to him, and where he considered it probable that they were founded on fact and entitled to credence, this official would issue what is called a *prima facie* certificate, entitling the applicant to reside until the matter was finally disposed of. This order, it is claimed, has been taken advantage of by numerous adventurers,

who know that with the certificate in their hands, they would live on unmolested for years. With the white population increasing in their midst by means of marriage with an Indian woman and this certified affiliation, the ultimate division of the land becomes a question of some moment. The *Chieftain*, published at Vinita, has two or three times said if the much talked of allotment in severalty was not soon made, the continuance of this practice a few years longer would leave nothing to allot. But to prevent further injustice and misrepresentation, the interior department has recently issued an order requiring all applicants for citizenship to remain outside the nation until their status has been determined, and their application definitely acted on. This will be very soothing to the Cherokee mind.

Wholesome Stimulus Wanted.

The *Cherokee Advocate* is exercised over the use of the forest timber that abounds in that nation. Judicious statesmanship would provide for the utilization of the material resources of a country taking proper care that waste is not practiced and that the supply does not become exhausted. According to the statement of our Indian cotemporary the timber has been stolen, the depredation not being committed alone by the citizens of the United States, but by members of the nation also. "Some of this stealing," the *Advocate* says, "has been done by citizens who have used the woods of the nation for other purposes than those allowed by the constitution and laws." The authorized uses of the timber of Cherokee land, under the constitution and laws of the nation, are for fuel, for the construction of dwellings, and other necessary domestic uses. The Cherokees are not a manufacturing people, therefore there can be no great consumption of the forests for industrial purposes. The *Advocate* thus states the evil and the remedy:

If the timber belongs to the nation, then to take it without the nation's permission, or for any purpose except that approved and allowed by the nation, is stealing it from the nation, then there is but one way to stop the wrong and the loss. In the case of our own citizens, the offender should be persecuted and jailed when found guilty. We have courts already established and they have jurisdiction—or would have if there was a law to define the offence.

The obstructiveness of the Indian race is a puzzle to American statesmanship, and here we have it brought down to concrete shape. What is the use of nature endowing a country with the elements of wealth, if the industry of its inhabitants is restricted, and these natural resources are to be turned to no useful purpose? Under the communistic system that prevails with our dusky neighbors, the land is held in common, and all the timber and rock and mineral that it contains. A Cherokee or a Creek may take up his abode on any unoccupied portion of the soil and cultivate to whatever extent he pleases. He may plant an orchard, raise live stock, put up barns, and provide himself with all the facilities necessary; but he cannot acquire individual ownership, and he is liable to be turned off at any time by an act of the national council. We can see what an insuperable impediment this is to the exercise of industry and thrift, and we can perceive why it is that these five "great nations," instead of establishing their right to the soil they occupy by putting it to proper use, are constantly clamoring to the government for protection, and are forever crying to be let alone.

The Indian race is not without notable examples of business aptitude and successful enterprise. We can mention, George Washington, a Wichita, who owned a profitable store and could point to his herd of cattle on a thousand hills. Black Beaver, a Delaware, is famed in local annals as a scout and negotiator, and his thrift enabled him to accumulate a valuable property in livestock and merchandise. With proper stimulus, and under favorable conditions, other redskins would apply themselves to reproductive pursuits, and thus fit themselves

for the struggle in which they will soon have to engage.

But where can you find a people alert and active who live in tribal relations, whose soil and natural resources are sequestered, and who are withheld from the wholesome stimulus of competition? The duty of the government is plain. Give each head of a family a farm, let him have the benefit of paleface example to stir up his energies, and a fund held in trust by the government, (derived from the sale of surplus land), with which to aid him in his efforts at self support. The present system of nursing and coddling will keep the Indians helpless and unprogressive to the end of the chapter.

A WONDERFUL RETROSPECT.

Nineteen centuries ago Christianity was in its cradle. It came an infant in a manger. Its birth was in a lowly Jewish town. Its parentage was humble and poor. It had no friends at court. It did not come with observation. The Sanhedrim sat in state on Mount Zion. Rome was in the magnificence of her Augustan age. Jupiter held sway over the fifty millions from the Rhine to the Indus. A dark and dismal superstition reigned all over the earth, except the land of Judea. Thrones bolstered and classic learning wove garlands for it. It was an age of unparalleled corruption. Poetry and art ministered to lewdness and debauchery. Virtue was satirized in the theatre, and lust and crime went unrebuked at the altar. The age was toppling into the Neronic quagmire of imperial incest and matricide. It was thus at the centre. The fringes were barbaric and savage. Vengeful deities were appeased with human sacrifice. The Coliseum ran deep with the blood of gladiators and victims thrown to wild beasts for the amusement of courtesans and kings. Slaves were tortured and murdered for mere pastime. The world was in its deepest night. Into that age the infant Christ was born. All behind it, stretching away into the night of pre-historic time, were the dreary cycles of unbroken darkness, relieved only by the feeble glimmer for a brief day played around the Parthenon and shimmered on the remote horizon of the Orient, only to be quenched in deeper gloom. Abraham and Elijah and David and Solomon and Isaiah and the uninspired sages had lived and died and left the race sinking into still deeper depths of brutality and lust. The star of hope had gone out, and humanity was given over to the asphyxia of despair. Into that night of rapine and lust the son of God descended; but, ere He was old enough to find His way to His mother's breast, exile and flight alone rescued Him from slaughter.

At thirty years of age, alone and poor, He opened His brilliant ministry. At thirty-three He expired as a malefactor between thieves. That was Christianity two thousand years ago; A friendless stranger, in a hostile world, expiring upon a gibbet, amidst the jeers and calumnies of a reviling mob. But put to death, it did not die. The Sermon on the Mount had gone into the impalpable atmosphere of the world, never to be expelled. The crucified came back. Henceforth mankind knew, what it never knew before, that death had a master. Hope sprang anew in human breasts. The gibbet and fagot were busied to extinguish it, but were not able. Thousands were hunted to death. Myriads of martyrs counted not their lives dear to them; but life and immortality had come into the world, and gibbets and fagots were futile. In four hundred years, weary of the effort to banish it, the cross was raised above the eagles, and the Crucified toppled Jupiter from his throne, and was proclaimed in the senate house God of the Empire.

All this is external history, the master drama of the ages. Do not imagine that it is nothing more; that it is the mere romance of how a crucified Jew became, in after years, worshipped as a god. That is of the smallest significance, and might be classed as merely one of the revenges of history. The thing to be noticed is that in

that cradle and on that cross the power of a new creation was born; a new force entered the world's life which can never perish until it has wrought out the regeneration of universal humanity. It was not to win an easy triumph. It has a long and weary work to do. Its trail should be marked with many bleeding feet. Martyr fires should glow along its path. It should be opposed by thrones. Armies should be shattered and go to pieces upon it. Learning would oppose it. Lust would rage against it. But it should not weary or faint or be discouraged until it set judgment in the earth. For nineteen hundred years one generation has handed it along to another. When barbaric hordes ravaged ancient civilization, it calmly kept its way, bearing the sacred ark through medieval times, to the modern age. Over loaded with heathen admixtures, it bursts forth in the Reformation. Casting off the thralldom of priestly and political despotisms, it established liberty of conscience and the right of individual judgment. Out of it came the "Magna Charta," the doctrine of free schools, free Bible, free people, and free church. It is the mother of science and modern civilization. It is the architect of the Christian home and the Christian state. Abolishing ancient paganism in its stronghold, it carries the death warrant of every pagan system still in existence. It is confessedly to-day the mightiest factor in the world, the creator of industries, protector of rights, the guardian of liberty, the palladium of progress, the sanctuary of learning and art. This position she has won against the perpetual assaults of tyrannical power, the subtleties of skepticism and opposition of lust. In her sublime march through the ages she has many times been proclaimed dead. French and English deism formally attended her obsequies. Time and again vulgar infidelity has jested over her grave. Modern philosophic doubt and scientific skepticism to-day write her epitaph. Her enemies have passed like shadows over the rock; she remains the maker of the present and master of the coming age.—BISHOP R. S. FOSTER, in *Independent*.

A CHICK IN EVERY EGG.

A Missionary Fable and Prophecy.

Once upon a time there was a great nest, containing many eggs, of different colors and sizes. One of them hatched early, and the little chick lost no time in pecking the shell of an egg not far away, and seemed likely to do the same service for all the rest, and it is a great pity he did not! But he soon grew weary of an active life, and crept back into his shell and pulled the lid on; the edges grew together in a little while, and the shell thickened, so that the Syrian egg became much tougher than it was in the beginning. The other one proved to be a very smart, capable little chicken, an Anglo-Saxon, much more persevering than its elder brother. It began to scratch for a living right away, and it grew remarkably fast. Had not several pieces of its shell adhered tenaciously to its back it would have a been beautiful chicken.

After a little while, indeed, this Anglo-Saxon chick forgot that it had ever been an egg, and about made up its mind that the other eggs were simply empty shells. But by and by it heard a little tapping and soft cheeping in the Sandwich Islands egg; some one was calling, as plainly as any one could under the circumstances, for somebody acquainted with the premises to make a light to show him the way out. There stood the little Anglo-Saxon, with a part of his shell on his back, and the rest of it scraping his little legs and tripping him up every time he came near the nest, and he soliloquized about the Sandwich Islands egg: "It sounds," said he, "as if there was a chicken in there; probably it is of a different color, and if it is it will never amount to anything if I do help it out. I shall have it to take care of, and I can hardly scratch enough to keep myself alive now."

But there was such a continual pecking and such a beseeching sort of cheeping, that the smart but selfish chicken finally

broke down a door and let out the little brother. And what do you think? No sooner had the tiny dark Sandwich Island's chicken stepped out of the shell than, after watching the Anglo-Saxon chicken scratching for a few moments, just to learn the stroke, he shook every bit of shell off his own back and fell to scratching for himself, asking no favors at all.

And when, a little later, a black egg near by gave out the faintest little flutter, our prompt young Sandwich Islander hopped into the nest, and tore the shell off a poor little Micronesian chicken; nay, he did more than that, he scratched beside it and raked up a bit for Micronesia every time he took one for himself. So they grew big and strong together, and helped many another little Island chicken out of its shell, and took their shells off clean, too.

A timid little Madagascar chicken got hatched somehow; it had a great deal of trouble with a certain other chicken who was not satisfied with his own rich furrows, but must needs try to drive poor Madagascar from her barren little corner. But she behaved so well, and the pickings disagreed so badly with the invader, that she was presently left alone.

Strange to say, after such conclusive evidence that there was a chick in every egg, every time that one came safely out and embarked in business independently, Mr. Anglo-Saxon would remark: "Oh, well, that is the last one that will hatch and if any more do happen to hatch I shall not expect anything of them. There is no use of my doing anything, they have such solid looking shells that I wouldn't wonder if they were too thick to crack, even with pecking from within and hammering from without. Besides they are doing well as they are; it would be a pity to burden them with such cares and responsibilities as I have."

So, when the Indian, and Chinese, and Japanese, and African, and South American eggs sounded the reveille, on the inside, and he could not help hearing, the Anglo-Saxon bristled his feathers and scratched as if he had found a bonanza, though he plainly heard the little prisoners calling for light and air!

Some children were looking over the wall, who had watched the nest from the beginning, and they wished, oh, so much, that they could go down into the yard to help them; and they tried to make the Anglo-Saxon chicken understand what it was his duty to do. By and by, when he was in danger of dying from over-eating, he went to work, as much for his own sake as for theirs; and oh, how thin he found the shells to be, and how easily and joyfully the little chicks came out! But you would have laughed if you had heard him exhorting them to step clear out of their shells and to roll in the dust to clean off the very last chip and splinter, apparently so unconscious of the slabs of shell on his own back. And how he did lay down the law and draw the lines as to how and where the Chinese chicken and the African chicken should scratch, in somebody else's yard, too.

The Syrian egg did give him some trouble, for the shell was tough and rough, and the poor stunted creature inside insisted that to have hatched once was sufficient, and that it was better off in the shell.

"Look at the seams in my shell," said he, "I was out long before you were; I hatched you, and I will thank you to stop this impertinence and let me be where I am." But the Anglo-Saxon was more determined than ever when he realized his indebtedness to the Syrian, and patiently labored and waited until at last he persuaded him out of his ugly dark shell into the fresh air and sunshine.

Singularly enough, the Anglo-Saxon chicken was willing to help all the eggs in the nest except the one next to him, a small red egg, for which he cherished a most unreasonable dislike. He declared that it contained a monster which would destroy them all, and that it should not hatch. So he rolled it about in the nest, hoping to addle it, and pushed it away to

the edge, intending to throw it over and let it smash on the ground. But lo! a strong little bill inside cracked the shell, and out popped a little North American Indian chicken, a good deal worse for the abuse he had had while an egg, but a chicken nevertheless. And the children who were looking over the wall and had watched matters from the beginning, said that really the North American Indian chicken grew faster and learned the ways of the yard more readily than the Anglo-Saxon chicken did at his age.

After a while the younger chicks helped the Anglo-Saxon to clear the last bits of his shell from his back, and fed him all about the places he thought he had scratched clean, and showed him treasures that he had never dreamed of. And then the Children who had looked over the wall and watched matters from the beginning, rejoiced to see them all living together, one happy brood.—HELEN R. EDSON, in *Woman's Work for Woman and our Mission Field*.

Other Indian Schools.

A remarkable feature of the closing exercises of the Albuquerque Indian School, after going through with a very interesting program, was an "Indian Council," extracts from a report of which we take from the *Albuquerque Opinion*:

"The governor of the pueblo with his officers and advisers sat in solemn state upon the platform. Governor Porter then arose, made his bow to the audience and spoke clearly and distinctly as follows: 'Ladies and gentlemen, I, as governor selected by our debating class have brought my officers here before you to discuss whether it would be better for us to live in the country or in a pueblo.'

My brothers: I have considered the matter a good deal and I thought I had better talk with you before I speak to the whole pueblo. I realize that we Indians are behind all the nations that have entered this country and settled about us. We have not improved as much as we ought in our manners and mode of living. It seems to me that instead of increasing in prosperity we are retrograding and my heart would be much lighter if we could start anew and steadily advance toward a higher and better life. Please give me your honest opinions on the questions I will now ask you.'

He then calling by name, propounded questions to his adviser, who rose in his place and answered the questions briefly. The audience were deeply interested in each boy and applauded nearly every reply. In all about forty questions were asked and it was generally regarded as a wonderful exhibition of memory that no mistakes were made. The governor then made the following closing speech: 'My brothers, I have listened with a great deal of satisfaction to what I believe are your honest opinions. You have intelligent reasons why we should not live in pueblos. As far as I understand you there is now no reason why we should not leave the pueblos, take up ranches and live by ourselves. We have found that pueblo life is injurious in many ways. It does us considerable harm instead of good. Living so closely together a good many of us sicken and die and we do a great many things we ought not to do. The fiestas do a great deal of harm to the pueblo. A great deal of whisky is freely used and that causes many accidents and trouble. If we live in pueblos we will never be able to act on our own thoughts and desires for better things. We will be always ignorant and weak and helpless with nothing to look forward to in the future. You have proven that we are free men, as free as the Americans and Mexicans under the same law and with the same rights for protection from our United States government, and if we obey the civil law and God's law, no one can compel us to obey any other law. Let us be free men.'

In the way of general remarks, the *Opinion* says:

"It was an entertainment that would have done credit to any white school in the territory, and the people of Albuquerque have just cause for pride that they have in their midst and under their fostering care an institution that is doing such thorough work. It would be a grand thing for the territory if it had similar institutions large enough to accommodate the school children not only of its Indian, but also those of its Mexican and American population. All attempts to educate the rising generation should be encouraged as upon that largely depends the prosperity of the future."

Prof. Gordon, late superintendent of the Ponca schools, has been appointed superintendent of the Pawnee schools, charge being given him of the stores and sup-

plies, for the faithful care of which he makes a bond of \$5,000. This relieves Agent Osborne of all care of that establishment. T. W. Williams, of Lebanon, Tenn., has been appointed superintendent of the Ponca school, and we mentioned last week the arrival of that gentleman, with his wife, to enter upon his duties.

From G. C. Hitchcock, instructor in shoemaking in the Chilocco Indian School, we learn Superintendent Branham and one of his subordinates are now out drumming up scholars for the present school term. When the school closed in June, about 180 Indian youth were in attendance; of this number one-half returned to their homes to spend the vacation with their tribes. The task of gathering them together again is always a difficult one; the parents are unwilling to have their offspring leave home, and they seem to have a dread of subjecting themselves to the restraints of school. School was to have opened this week, but in consequence of the difficulty of gathering in the flock it is probable the opening will be delayed awhile.—[*Arkansas City Traveler*].

The well north of the railroad track is being fitted up by our citizens for the special use of the Indian freighters. Watering troughs will be put in at various other wells situated close to the highway.

C. E. Brook, of Tennessee, the newly selected boss-herder at Pine Ridge, arrived in Rushville Wednesday night after having been weather-bound for several days between here and Sidney. [*Sheridan County, (Neb.) Sun*].

Mr. Shipman Fixes A Monument site.

The death last week of the Rev. T. L. Shipman, of Jewett City, Conn., father of the United States District Judge for Connecticut, recalls a story which the genial old parson was fond of telling to illustrate his own father's decision of character.

One of the most interesting Indian legends of the Nutmeg State deals with the tragic close of a war between the Mohicans and the invading Narragansetts.

Miantonomoh, chief of the latter tribe, was taken prisoner, and, after some delay and with the approval of the Colonial Legislature, was solemnly tomahawked on the scene of his capture. His royal fee was appointed executioner; and, as he performed his work, he vengefully took from the shoulder of Miantonomoh a bite of flesh, exclaiming: "That was the sweetest morsel Uncas ever ate!"

To commemorate this incident the antiquarians of New London County, and especially of Norwich, within whose limits the affair occurred, resolved many years afterward to erect a monument. But living witnesses of the occurrence had passed away, and there was difficulty in determining the proper spot.

At length the task of designating the site of Miantonomoh's execution was imposed upon Nathaniel Shipman, on account of his familiarity with these traditions and with the topography of Eastern Connecticut.

Accordingly, one day, seventy odd years ago, a delegation of prominent men, headed by Mr. Shipman, proceeded to the corn field where now stands the monument. Marching boldly up a little rise of ground, the antiquarian went straight to the centre of the knoll, and without hesitation, planted his staff in the ground, remarking: "There, gentlemen, is the spot for our stone."

The party was accompanied by the Rev. Father Shipman, then a mere child. At the tea table that evening the youngster, who had been deeply impressed by the incident, ventured to inquire:

"Father, how could you tell precisely where Miantonomoh died?"

"Thomas," was the somewhat evasive, but characteristic reply, "I felt that it was no time to balk."—[*New York Tribune*]

Red Cloud, a Sioux chief, believes that it is better to get a living out of the white people than to quarrel with them. "What we want," says he, "is white men to plant our corn, hoe it, harvest it and put it into the barns which they will build for us. Warriors don't work."—[*Salt Lake Tribune*].

INDIAN PHOTOGRAPHS.

We keep in stock the following pictures for sale, proceeds of which go towards defraying the expenses of issuing THE MORNING STAR.

They are Cabinet and Boudoir size, and may be had for 20 and 25 cents.

1. Sioux boys as they arrived, Oct. 5th, 1879.

2. Indian boys (from 16 different tribes) in 1880.

(The ranks on the ground and lower porch show the same Sioux boys who appear in picture No. 1).

3. Sioux girls as they arrived Oct. 5th, 1879.

4. Indian girls from 16 different tribes, 1880.

5. Sioux chiefs from Fort Berthold, Standing Rock, Cheyenne, Crow Creek, Lower Brule, Pine Ridge, Rosebud, Yanton and Santee Agencies. Louis Rubedo, John Bridgman, Louis Primaux, Peter Beauchamp and John Smith, interpreters.

6. Crow Chiefs, from Crow Agency, Montana; Bannocks, from Crow Agency; Shoshones, from Lemhi Agency, Idaho.

7. Capt. Pratt and Spotted Tail, with Quaker ladies from Philadelphia.

8. Black Crow, Two Strike, White Thunder, Spotted Tail, Iron Wing and interpreters—Sioux Chiefs from Rosebud Agency.

9. Brother to all, Crow Creek Agency, Dakota Territory. Like the Bear, Lower Brule Agency, Dakota Territory. Poor Wolf, Ft. Berthold Agency, Dakota Territory. Son of the Star, Ft. Berthold Agency, Dakota Territory. American Horse, Pine Ridge Agency.

10. Joseph Cook, Medicine Bull, Sioux Chiefs, Brule Agency, Philip Delorin, David Tatiyopa, Eli Abraham, Pretty Youngest Child.

11. Red Shirt, Pine Ridge Agency. Thunder Hawk, Standing Rock Agency. Big Head, Standing Rock Agency. John Grass, Standing Rock Agency. Charger, Cheyenne Agency. Two Bear, Standing Rock Agency.

12. The first Indian boy who applied to Capt. Pratt—Ft. Berthold, Dakota, Sept. 19, 1878—for education at Hampton, Va., was called out of the Medicine Lodge painted and decorated as seen in picture.

13. White man, Apache Chief; Stumbling Bear, Kiowa Chief, from Kiowa, Comanche and Apache Agency, Indian Territory.

14. Tso-de-ar-ko, Wichita Chief—Clark, interpreter; Wild Horse, Comanche Chief; from Kiowa, Comanche and Wichita Agency, Indian Territory.

15. Spotted Tail, Sioux Chief.

16. Spotted Tail, Sioux Chief, after his return from Washington.

17. Iron Wing, Sioux Chief.

18. American Horse, Sioux Chief.

19. Red Shirt, Sioux Chief.

20. Ouray and his wife Chipeta—Utes.

21. Poor Wolf, Mandan Chief, from Ft. Berthold, Dakota.

22. Son of the Star, Arikaree Chief, from Ft. Berthold, Dakota.

23. Cook, Sioux Brave and daughter.

24. Standing Buffalo, Ponca Chief, Ponca Agency, Ind. Ty.

25. Photograph of Indian students, slate work.

Besides the above, we have a large number of groups, and

INTERESTING CONTRASTS, showing pupils as they arrived in native dress, and companion pictures of same pupils two or three years after.

A large photograph of the whole school on card 10x14 in. showing over 400 faces distinctly, is given as a premium for THREE new subscribers to THE MORNING STAR, or fifty cents cash.

A fine group of our Indian Printer Boys, Boudoir size, is offered for one new subscriber to THE MORNING STAR, or Twenty-five cents cash.

Views of the several quarters on card 10x14 may be had for 50 cents.

J. R. Howard has been appointed special agent of the Interior Department to make the allotment in severalty to the Crow Indians in Montana, in connection with J. G. Walker, appointed some time ago. Howard was appointed in place of B. S. Saunders of New York, who declined.

L. H. Poole, of Maryland, has been appointed a special agent to investigate Indian depredation claims under the act of Congress, March 3, 1885.

Doing the Best he can Under the Circumstances.

One of our former Arapahoe students, writes a letter to his Sunday School teacher, dated Aug. 16, from which we take the following notes of his and others' doings, and the discouragements a returned school boy is certain to meet with in his home surroundings:

"I have been helping Agent Capt. Lee, in fixing the names of the Indian students and signing their names with the right guardians. It took us about three weeks to have it straightened out correctly. Cattle were issued to all Indian students who attend the schools here and at other schools. For doing my work faithfully Capt. Lee gave me a cow and calf. I am living in a government building, and have been putting up hay for my stock for the coming winter. All your Sunday School scholars who returned are well at present. Some have been enlisted as scouts and others are running around the agency. — is a scout at Fort Reno, and is among the soldiers a great deal, and is in a bad company of men who gamble. He is among the worst kind of men. I myself am among the bad around the agency. It is very hard for us to follow our profession out here, where nothing much of good is going on. There are very few who can or who are trying to follow what they promised to do when they made their profession. I saw all the lately returned students. They formed a debating society of which I am a member."

The Cheyenne Sun Dance not well Patronized by the Indians.

The following letter, printed in *The Indian Helper*, from Richard Davis, a Cheyenne who learned the printers' trade in our office, and who returned to his home this summer, is so full of the right spirit that the readers of THE MORNING STAR will also be interested:

CHEYENNE AGENCY I. T.
August 11, 1886.

MAN-ON-THE-BAND-STAND.—MY DEAR FRIEND:—In your last HELPER you said something about the Cheyennes and the Arapahoes making a "Sun Dance." I have seen that dance which the Cheyennes made and they didn't make it as good as they used to. I asked many of the Indians why they didn't take part and they told me that was getting too old to them, there were only six dancers during the whole time and I will send to you to-day their photograph taken before they start to dance, behind them are the women and children looking at them.

Among the dancers you will see one of your Carlisle boys who returned three years ago. That shows weakness. I was surprised when I saw him; but the rest of the returned boys are doing something. Some are farmers, interpreters, scouts and cow-boys.

Henry and I work in the *Transporter* office. We are both staying in the Mennonite Mission, and we are treated kindly by the Rev. Voth, who is the head of that mission.

I don't know how many of us will return to Carlisle, but there will be many new scholars.

These Indians are all farmers. They like their Agent and he is doing the very best he can for them. I go to see my brother who lives twenty miles from here, where they are to make another settlement.

I have my cattle there and I am glad that many of the Indians are getting to be awakened. They advised us to go back to Carlisle with some more children or if we stay home not to take blankets again.

It is only their religion and their medicine dances that pull them down. But they will soon see the way.

I am your friend,
RICHARD DAVIS.

Do Your Pupils Make Good Use, After they go Home, of the Knowledge Gained at School?

The following letter from a young man who returned to his home in June, will answer the question, and he is by no means an exception to the general rule:

PUEBLO, COCHITI, N. M.
Aug. 2nd, 1886.

CAPT. R. H. PRATT—DEAR SIR:—The tools came to hand all right. I was very much pleased to have them. I also thank Mr. Hummel for his kindness. I am just trying to fix one of our wagons. A fourth plane did not come; but I am going up to Santa Fe to see whether I can buy some other tools which are necessary for my trade. Last two weeks ago C— and I went up to visit the agent. The agent does not know any English. I rather have a white-man for our agent than to have four Mexicans as agents for the Pueblos.

Dear Capt., C— D— and I ask you, we would like to come back again if you please; and I think there will be some boys to come with us. Last week a

man from San Felipe came after me; he wanted me to go with him and sell 757 pounds of wool. We sold the wool at Bernalillo. The man had to come after me because there was nobody that can tell the pounds. He paid me two dollars a day.

I saw Sheldon Jackson, married; dressed in Indian way. I could not see John Shields. The people are in harvest; my brothers and I have done in carrying in our wheat last night. The wheat that we brought in last night were about fifty bushels. All the wheat belongs to my mother. There are three fields of wheat that we have to cut yet; I think we will begin to-morrow.

Mother sends her best regards to you and to every teacher of the school. So I will close with my best regards to you, and to my teachers. I am wishing to come back soon if I can.

I remain your truly servant,

JOHN DIXON.

P. S. Hoping to hear from you please.

Doings of Returned Pupils.

The following extract was taken from a letter from Henry North, a recently returned Arapahoe printer, to the Carlisle Indian printers:

"As I have seen most of the former returned students and the late returned ones, I will give as near as possible a brief account of their situation. Jessa Bent is chief ration issuer. Arnold Woolworth is enlisted as a scout at Ft. Reno. Casper Edson is employed at the old Arapahoe school. Carl Matches is herding cattle. Wm. Fletcher is over at Mr. Seger's Colony. Myra Cedar Grove is in camp. Miss Julia W. Bent is staying with Ada and her father in a house. Richard Davis and I are working in the *Cheyenne Transporter* office setting type. I heard White Buffalo was discharged from being scout on account of expiration of term. Neatha is sergeant of Indian scouts. Jaah is a scout. Hubbell is a scout. Grant Left Hand is clerking in a store. Steve Williamson is a worker at the Mennonite Mission and acts also as interpreter. Jessa Bent is also the interpreter for the Agent. Little Bear is a scout. This is all I can tell you of the returned students, but all seem to be doing their duties. We will have to part with our good Agent Capt. J. M. Lee, he will leave so the Agency folks say. I can see that the two tribes on this reservation are improving to a considerable extent in taking hold of the way that our good agent and employees have been setting before them. They have improved a great deal since I have been away. I enjoy the good open territory very well. I have often thought of Carlisle but it don't make me feel homesick at all, I feel at home. But you must not think that I feel that I am proud and think I am through my education. "A man is never too old to learn." "A child is not educated until he can master books." I suppose you heard of our debating society organization. We still push it. I give you all the thanks for MORNING STAR and *Helper*. They are like letters of the doings at Carlisle.

I send you all my best regards, and thank all there for my learning. I am your sincere friend. HENRY D. NORTH.

Why can't we?

Walter S. Burwell, a young graduate from the Chemawa, Oregon, Indian School, makes the following good point in his farewell address an account of which is printed in their school paper—*The Indian Citizen*:

Only but a short time ago the Negroes or the black men of the southern states were slaves and had to work hard for their masters, but finally they were freed, and now they are citizens and voters, and hold office just as the white people of the country do. We have never been slaves. "Why, can not we be citizens and voters?" We can, if we will prepare ourselves to be citizens.

He Astonished the Natives.

One of our returned Pueblos who learned to use a cradle in the harvest field, writes from his home in New Mexico.

"A few days then we commenced to reap wheat and oats, some people were astonished, for I reap much as four or five men can with sickle, but I reap with cradle. We got finished two wheat fields and one oats field, so there are one more wheat field and one barley field we have to reap. I just came to this place and I brought down thirty horses, for thrash with horses for I will earn some more wheat in this place."

In an Indian mound near Oakland, Ind., was unearthed recently a stone wall ten feet square. Within were five or six skeletons, three copper vessels filled with fifty pounds of rich silver ore, a copper axe weighing eighteen pounds attached to a stone handle, and a number of stone hatchets.

Our Pupils at the Lancaster County Fair.

The following account of the Carlisle pupils' visitation to the Lancaster county fair was found in the *Intelligencer* of Lancaster and tells the whole story:

On the 8.10 train from the West a delegation of Indians from the Carlisle Industrial school arrived. There are thirty of them—18 boys and 12 girls—in charge of W. P. Campbell, disciplinarian of the school, assisted by Miss A. M. Seabrook, one of the teachers. The Indian cornet band, under the leadership of Mr. Phil Norman, form an interesting part of the delegation. There are thirteen instruments, all of which are well played by the redskin musicians.

The delegation was met at the station by Hon. J. H. Landis and Hon. Wm. H. Brosius, a special committee of the fair managers appointed to receive them. Soon after their arrival the line was formed and with the band playing a lively tune the delegation marched to Duke and Walnut, where street cars awaited them and took them to the fair.

Arrived at the park the Indian delegation under lead of the special committee made a tour through the grounds and the buildings and seemed to be much pleased with the show. In the main building when they passed J. B. Martin & Co.'s exhibition that firm made a present to each of the Indian girls of a bottle of perfume, telling them to make their own selection from the great variety of samples on the tables. It was amusing to see the girls make their selections. They would pick up one, set it down again pick up another and set it down, and so on until they had handled a dozen or more of the pretty bottles.

The party afterwards were conducted to the grand stand where the band played a number of airs. At noon they were marched out of the grounds and to Mr. Eaby's hotel near by where they were served with dinner.

At one o'clock they returned to the fair grounds and were given front seats on the centre of the grand stand. Here the band played an overture and then Mr. W. H. Brosius in a brief speech introduced them to the large audience assembled.

Mr. W. P. Campbell responded in a brief speech, in which he outlined the history and objects of the Carlisle Indian school, after which he introduced Cleaver Warden, an Arapahoe boy, who made a speech.

Miss Mary Paisano, a bright Laguna Pueblo girl, made a recitation, which was well delivered, after which the Indian representatives sang "Twilight is Stealing."

Roland Fish, an Apache boy, made a brief speech, giving an account of what he had seen and learned in the Carlisle school, after which Miss Hattie Porcupine, a Sioux girl, made a recitation that would have done credit to any white girl of equal opportunities.

The delegation next sang, in chorus the national anthem, "America."

Miss Anne Lockwood, a Pueblo girl, followed with a recitation, and Luke Phillips, a Nez Perce, of Chief Joseph's band, gave an account of his life, and the life and capture of Chief Joseph.

At the close of these exercises Mr. Simon B. Cameron made a congratulatory address to the pupils, commending them for the excellence of their performances. He was followed by Hon. John H. Landis, who made an appeal to the people of Lancaster county to give to the school their moral and material support.

On leaving the grand stand the Indians under the guidance of the committee made a second tour of the fair grounds and buildings, crowds following them wherever they went.

They were then given supper at the large restaurant on the grounds, and after supper walked leisurely to town, preferring to do so rather than ride in the cars.

On reaching the railroad station the band played several lively airs. An immense throng soon gathered, and when the train came along that was to carry them to Carlisle it could scarcely force its way through the surging multitude. As the Indians got aboard they were greeted with loud cheers, and in return gave cheers for the people of Lancaster county.

The visit of the Indian children to Lancaster afforded much satisfaction to them and also to the thousands of people who saw them; and it is believed that the liberal-minded citizens who believe in Indian education rather than extermination will organize a scheme for giving the Carlisle school the material aid which the government fails to give or gives grudgingly.

Dakota Agencies.

Through a letter from Mrs. Harrison, we learn that her husband Mr. J. B. Harrison, prominent member of the Indian Rights Association, who is visiting Agencies in the west this summer to learn of the Indian on his own ground, is now in Dakota. Mr. Harrison attended the Annual Examination of the Carlisle School, in May, then went to Hampton, and was there several days looking into their methods, before going west.

Mr. Harrison writes to the *Boston Herald*, that many of the settlers in that western country "think that whatever hardships they endure result from the fact that they are excluded from the Indian lands, and that they would soon be rich if allowed to settle on them. This restless hunger will not be satiated as long as any kind of a reservation exists, but is certain to be a more and more potent influence in public sentiment and legislation. Yet the fact is that the land is no better than that they now occupy, much of it not as good."

Of the Pine Ridge and Rosebud reserves he says: "Seven-eighths of the entire Territory does not admit of tillage. Upon the most generous estimate there is probably not more arable land on both reserves than would give 40 acres to each Indian of the present population. The rest is fit only for pasturage, and much of it is barren, and useless as the central desolation of Sabara. The best of it is not so good as that of New Hampshire. There are little spots of tolerable land, and very big spots that are not tolerable. The land will never maintain a population at all considerable in proportion to its total area. Irrigation is impossible, the beds of the streams being too far below the surface of the land which is to be cultivated. The richest land is in narrow strips along the creeks at the bottoms of deep ravines. The timber on them should be improved in variety and protected by law. If cleared the surface soil would soon wash away and the streams fall in summer."

Mr. Harrison speaks very highly of the work of Dr. McGillicuddy, the late agent at Pine Ridge: "There are 8,000 Indians on that reservation; 676 families have farms. They cultivated 1,748 acres last year, raised 10,895 bushels of corn, cut 13,000 cords of wood. The Indians have the preference over anybody when laborers are wanted. Everybody says they are remarkably well behaved. Last year there were only two cases for the courts of the county in the population of 8,000 Indians. Security for life and property seems absolute. The school attendance is remarkably regular, owing to the best compulsory law that has ever been devised anywhere."

From all he has seen of Indian farming, Mr. Harrison thinks, "most of the Indians work as well as could be expected under existing conditions. Many are as nearly ready for self-support and all the rights of American citizenship as they ever will be till responsibilities are thrust upon them; that, like the colored people, they can only be prepared for citizenship by citizenship, though in the process many will be sacrificed."

"The feature that most impresses an observer in the Indian country is the work of the Christian church, its missionaries, teachers, and laborers of every grade and function. A student of civilization, in examining the present condition of the Indians, is obliged to take note of these religious influences and achievements, as they constitute one of the principal and most effective forces at work among the red people."

The government educational work generally, Mr. Harrison finds "fairly well done," and he speaks favorably, in general, of the spirit of the government employes on the seven or eight reservations he has visited.

Who will be Chief of the Cherokees?

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Sept. 12.—An exciting canvass for principal chief of the Cherokee Indians is now being made. The candidates are Rabbit Bunch and Joel Mays, nominees of the National and Downing parties respectively. The present incumbent, Chief Bushyhead, declines to lead an independent movement, he having been set aside by the National party after serving an eight years term. The chief issue is the disposition of 6,000,000 acres of land called "Cherokee Strip," which is leased to a cattle syndicate for five years. The lease expires in 1887. The rental is \$100,000 yearly. Some of the Cherokees desire to develop the land themselves, while others wish the lease renewed. The United States has paid \$300,000 on this land, intending to use it for the Settlement of friendly Indians. The Cherokees hold it by right of possession.—[Special to N. Y. Tribune.]

For one new subscription to the MORNING STAR a picture of our Indian Printer boys will be sent.