

The Red Man and Helper.

THE RED MAN.

This is the number your time mark on wrapper refers to

FRIDAY, OCT. 23, 1903.

Consolidated Red Man and Helper
Vol. IV, Number Nine

NINETEENTH YEAR OR VOL. XIX No. 13. (19-13)

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY BY APPRENTICES AT THE INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA.

BELIEF.

THE pain we have to suffer seems so broad.
Set side by side with this life's narrow span.
We need no greater evidence that God
Has some diviner destiny for man.

He would not dream it worth His while to send
Such crushing sorrows as pursue us here,
Unless beyond this fleeting journey's end
Our chastened spirits found another sphere.

So small this world—so vast its agonies—
A future life is needed to adjust
These ill-proportioned, wide discrepancies
Between the spirit and its frame of dust.

So when my soul writhes with some aching
grief,
And all my heart strings tremble with the
strain,

My reason lends new courage to belief,
And All God's hidden purposes seem plain.
ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

COL. PRATT ON HIS RETURN FROM THE WEST.

It is a special pleasure to me to come back and see this full school, and to know that you have carried out so well during the past year the purposes and intentions, the rules and regulations. And as I look at you and think about you my heart is filled with gratitude for all that is coming to you.

I am grateful for all the influences that bear upon this to help you and all those who are working for you here. I realize more to-day than I did two months ago the importance of these influences, and all that is done at Carlisle, through Carlisle, by Carlisle, beyond Carlisle, and all that Carlisle looks after and plans and carries out.

Sometimes results are questioned, but I visited a place where I sat down with old Carlislars, and wrote in a little book the names of thirty-one boys and seven girls who had returned to that place.

Then I asked: "What can I say for each one?"

And the reply was, "Doing well."

Always the same answer until I had gone over the whole list and all save one drew that reply, "Doing well."

Thirty-eight in all!

Thirty-seven doing well, and one who had made a mistake; not necessarily consigned permanently to the bad, in fact I am most hopeful of that particular one; condemned now for a little while, but I am sure not condemned for long.

I asked the missionaries; "What is the record?" And they gave me the same answer the boys had.

I asked the army men and got the same answer, and I asked citizens, and some of them said these Indian boys averaged better than themselves.

Now, if Carlisle had only done THAT, in that one place, and for that number, Carlisle has paid amply for its existence, for all it has cost in labor and money.

I talked with almost all of the thirty-eight and found them full of courage. Things were going hard. The difficulties to be met were very great, but there was steady purpose in their faces that made me have great confidence. And I felt glad. I felt that this is some reward for What is the word? (School) "Stick!"—That's it! Some reward for sticking to it all these years.

What I gave you in my talk at breakfast this morning, I mean to give you much of in the future because upon these principles I am sure our success hinges.

Now, of these boys and girls of whom I have been speaking and whom the citizens admitted to be on an average better than themselves (the citizens of that particular locality I am speaking about) I found four working on the railroad.

I was riding in a Carlisle wagon with one of these Carlislars, an employee of an Indian School, and he pointed to a party that was fixing up the railroad track, a little distance away.

He said "Do you see that party of men up there? Those are Carlisle boys."

"You don't mean that our Carlisle boys are keeping the railroad track in order."

"Yes," he said, "they take care of it."

"Let us drive up there," I said, "I want to find out about it." So we drove as near as we could, and I told him to call them and say that some one wanted to see them.

So he called to the boss, "Tell all the Indian boys to come over here. Some one wants to see them." I wish you could have seen them. They jumped up on the track and bounded over as fast as they could. I tell you we were glad to see each other. I looked at them and they were big manly men. There was health, courage, and contentment

They looked me square in the face.

It was hard work keeping that track in shape so that the commerce of the country might go on all right and passengers be transported safely, but they did it.

"Well, boys, how long have you been at this work?"

"Four months."

"Why didn't you go at it before?"

"They did not ask us."

"How do you like it?"

"First rate."

"How much do you get?"

"\$1.40 a day."

There was a little house where they lived. It belonged to the railroad company and was near the track. It was built for the men who took care of that six miles of track. They had a hand car so they could ride to their work and back to their house at night.

This white man who had charge of them said, "As long as I can get Indians like these I don't want any white men or any black men about. These Indians do better than any hands I ever had."

I said, "Well boys, there's just one thing I want to say. 'Keep at it.' 'Are you saving your money?'"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, keep at it and the next time I come I hope there will be an Indian boss."

And as I looked them over I thought I could pick out the boss right there. If that white man had left his place I think I could have found right there an Indian to take up his work, and do it all right.

The Foot ball scores this afternoon are, second team, 15-0, in our favor, and first team 30-0 in our favor.

O, if I can only get this Carlisle school up to where it will NEVER be whipped!

Do you know, boy, the game down there on that railroad is a bigger game. If those boys are not whipped out, if they push right on and keep up the reputation of Carlisle and the Indians as they have it established now, it won't be long until what I said to you this morning will come to pass.

I said this morning: We must learn to hold our own, learn to take care of our selves under any and all circumstances and to take care of all that is ours. We must put ourselves side by side with the white man and hold our own. It is a great battle all over the land between intelligence and character and the lack of intelligence and character—Equal intelligence, character and ability, is the point to reach, and we MUST reach that point.

You know I tell you often it is not property so much as intelligence, ability and character; for if a man has property and can not take care of it, but has always to have some one to take care of it for him, he is a mere infant in arms, and his property won't be his long.

No Government supervision or guardianship of any sort can be established that will be a safe and sure success in caring for him and his property.

The man HIMSELF must come up to the ability to manage himself and that which is his.

He must get the most out of himself he can. He must labor and push and stick until he has made of himself all he can, and until he stands as a developed man who can take care of himself and all his.

He must make the people of his community respect him because he goes about his daily business and has an intelligent care over all that is his and over all the affairs of the community in which

he lives. He must be a man, a WORTHY man. That is what Indians must reach out for, and climb up to.

Until you do that you will be an unending problem.

Can you do it?

Thirty-eight Carlislars in one community and thirty-seven of them, under the hardest of conditions doing all right!

I say, that settles that it can be done and we need not concern ourselves about the possibility of it any further. It simply shows it can be done.

So that is my message to you and will be for some time. I want to talk that principle into your minds, your hearts, yours determinations, until it governs every muscle of your body and every fibre of your being and then you will march forward and accomplish it.

I have had some very peculiar experiences.

Thirty-nine years ago I was every few days taking one or two or three or four or five or six Indians over to the blacksmith shop with a guard behind them and standing by and seeing the blacksmith put chains upon their legs, riveted there not to be unlocked, only to come off when filed off, or cut off.

Doing that all the months of the fall and winter until I had about 250 in the old guardhouse and ice-house, some of them with irons on their wrists; doing it by order of my Government because these Indians had raided the frontiers of Texas and Kansas, killing people, taking women and children carrying them into captivity; and were constantly disturbing the peace, and trying to get the other Indians to go with them to war.

In the spring I took seventy-four of the worst on the train from the Territory to Florida and I stayed with them there as their jailer for three years.

It is very strange! When I was at Anadarko a few days ago, I met two of these former prisoners. We had not seen each other for twenty-three years.

It seemed to me that if anything could make one man hate another it would be doing what I had done—be their jailer.

These two men came to me. One put his hands on my shoulders and put his face against mine and cried. He was almost as old as I am. And the other put his arm on my shoulder and said the kindest sort of words to me.

These are the Indians, the SAVAGES who hate people, who never forget nor forgive, as the news-papers and books say. That is what historians say of them; but we must remake history, and we are doing it.

We have to wipe out some things and write the contrary, and we are doing it fast, and as I believe doing it well and right.

When I was at Anadarko there were about forty of my old Indian friends, scouts, in my command thirty-five and thirty-six years ago and other scouts of twenty-nine and twenty-eight years ago and those who were prisoners in my care twenty-five to twenty-nine years ago

And there were old students of Carlisle. We got together and went to a hotel and had a little dinner, and while we were talking over old times it was proposed that we have a good big time together this fall, that we get all the old Caddo scouts who were with me at Fort Arbuckle and those I had when we captured the prisoners and all old Carlisle boys and girls and have a barbecue. One of the former prisoners said he had a fine grove on the banks of the river and invited us all to come to his grove, and we agreed to go there. And they proposed that we get some big fat beeves; then dig some pits in the ground and build fires in them and when there is a big fire and a bed of hot coals kill the oxen and put iron bars across the coals and roast the oxen whole.

I said "That looks pretty big. I don't see how you can do it."

"O, we can do it," they said, "and we will have other things, sugar and coffee

and bread, and so on, and we will have speeches."

Then some old Carlislars,—not so very old but getting old—the first ones, said "We want some of our old friends to come down, bring Mrs. Pratt Miss Burgess, Miss Ely, Miss Cutter."

So we are going. I wish I could take you all and we would have a good time.

INDIAN WORKERS.

"There are forty-two young men from the United States Industrial School at Santa Fe who are now working on the Santa Fe Central Railway, laying tracks with a machine, surfacing, lining, spiking, bolting and anything necessary to be done. After ten days close observation and a study of their habits, manner of their work, and the way they stick to it, the intelligence and skill they exhibit is not excellent by any 42 men picked out of the 200 working on the Santa Fe Central Railway on the portion of the line, of any race, color, or previous condition of Barbarism.

"They are fully equal to the best. In their ready and cheerful obedience to the orders from the Superintendent and his lieutenants, they excel others in their social relations with each other, and with the other races with whom they come in contact, they are kind, cheerful and even playful after a hard days work. Their manners especially in the dining cars, where their table habits as compared with those of 'American hobo' would make an American blush for his race. The personal habits of these young men show that they have the seeds of civilization shown pretty deep in their minds, for they are exceptionally clean.

"They have learned other things too. Some letters that have been handed to the writer (and they all write letters) are beautifully written, some in fine Spencerian and others in fine vertical writing. But the most astonishing thing about them to the writer is their love for music. Some of them play the mouth organ with as much feeling and expression as he has ever listened to. They read too. They have a good many books with them, and it is a very common thing to see a dozen posing over their books out of working hours. So it seems that there are two sides even to this question of educating the Indian and making a man of him.—[New Mexican Review.

TROUBLE IN BIRDLAND.

Last spring a couple red-headed woodpeckers started to build a nest in a telegraph pole in one of the rural sections of Eastern Pennsylvania. The pole was an old one, having been spliced, and the birds began to dig out a hole at this point. Perhaps they thought when they sounded the spot that there was a rotten place within where it would be easy work making a nest.

But they were doomed to be disappointed, for the pole was a firm one, and the building of their home progressed slowly. They were gritty, however and relieved each other at short intervals, and the "tap, tap" of their bills went on steadily from sunrise to sunset.

Their perseverance won out at last, and they had a home that they might call their own. For the first time in several weeks they left the spot together, probably to celebrate the finishing of the nest. While they were away a sparrow chanced to discover the hole, and proceeded at once to jump the claim during the absence of the rightful owners.

When the woodpeckers returned from their celebration they discovered the sparrows lugging straw into their home as fast as it could be carried. If birds can swear, those two woodpeckers did when they went for that sparrow with blood in their eyes. From their actions it was plainly to be seen that they tried to impress the interloper with the fact that they hadn't been working on that hole for a month for the fun of the thing. The sparrow was lucky to escape with his life.

THE RED MAN AND HELPER.

THE MECHANICAL WORK ON THIS PAPER
IS DONE BY INDIAN APPRENTICES

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it, some one else has.

PROMISE AND PERFORMANCE.

Many a man before and since Shakespeare has noted that some persons who are "mighty" in promising are in performance "nothing." The strong, true man is exceedingly careful never to make a promise unless he has examined the ground and decided if the performance be practicable; but when he has once given his word he will move mountains in order to fulfill it to the letter. He will do this even if the nonperformance in itself does not involve any great hardship to any one; he will do it merely from principle and in defense of his own character and standing, as well as for the influence of his example on others.

There is no surer test of manliness than an unswerving adherence to one's "word" once given. It is said of a man that his word is as good as his bond; that "you may trust him in the dark"; that he is as true as steel and a pillar of strength in a community.

Several philosophical historians have noted that in different ages different stress is placed on the several virtues. For instance, in the age of chivalry military prowess was the heroism which elicited the admiration of the time. If a knight were bold, gallant, courageous and victorious the world was at his feet; kings crowned him, poets sang his praises and he became embalmed in history. Cruelty and many vices might stain his name according to our views, and yet his heroism was undimmed. We live in a different age, the age of industrialism, and ideals have changed. A thousand and one voices are always lifted in deprecation of the "present," and so it is now. Industrialism is the object of much scorn and attack, but it carries distinctive virtues in its train.

A busy industrial age strengthens many useful virtues. Steady habits of labor have taught the world the value of thrift, industry, punctuality, forethought and, perhaps above all, the necessity of meeting engagements and of keeping promises. Every one has heard of the woman who is as untamable as a fly and of the man who is as unstable as water. There are many of the kind in the world, but the world regards them not. Some of these untrustworthy persons do not keep promises because they are indolent and careless; others because they intend to deceive and never mean to keep the promises which they make. The world judges by results, and the person who is well-meaning but indifferent causes as much trouble and suffering by not keeping promises as the man who purposely misleads. On the other hand, the man who is known to be absolutely trustworthy is a blessing to his community; his neighbors look up to him, he is a rallying point for virtue and trust. Some of the best advice on the subject of promising was given by old John Randolph of Roanoke, in his direct and down right way:

"Lay down this as a principle, that truth is to the other virtues what vital air is to the human system. They cannot exist at all without it; and as the body may live under many diseases, if supplied pure air for its consumption, so may the character survive many defects where there is a rigid attachment to truth. All equivocation and subterfuge belong to falsehood, which consists not in using false words only, but in conveying false impressions, no matter how.

"Do not through a false shame, through a vicious modesty, entrap yourself into a situation which may dye your cheek with real shame. Say 'No, it will not be in my power—I cannot'; or if it be a thing which you would willingly do, but doubt your ability, take care to say, 'I cannot promise, but if it be in my power I will do it.'"

—[Abstract from Public Ledger.

THE INVINCIBLE RECEPTION.

A very delightful social occasion was the reception given by the Invincible Literary Society in the Gymnasium and Y. M. C. A. Hall on Monday evening. The room was beautifully decorated with autumn leaves and the national colors which are the adopted colors of the society. Neat and artistically printed cards of invitation in the society colors had been sent to the guests, the list of which included all the employees of the school and the officers of the other societies.

The Invincible brass band played several selections, gracefully led by Mr. Eugene Fisher. The next feature of the entertainment was a prize march or cake walk. Mr. and Mrs. Wheelock led off and were followed by a goodly number of students and a few of the younger members of the faculty. Col. Pratt, Mr. Allen and Miss Wood were appointed judges. The prize, a beautiful cake, prepared by Miss Noble, who is ever ready with generous aid on these occasions, was presented to Mr. Solomon Webster and Miss Eliza John, Mr. Chiltoski Nick and Miss Edith Bartlett, these two couples having been pronounced by the judges the most graceful in the march. Refreshments were served, members of the Standard Society assisting. The guests were seated in groups about small tables. The color scheme was carried out in the refreshments with pink and white ice cream and Japanese napkins of blue, cake, coffee, grapes and candy. Mr. Albert Exendine, the President of the Invincibles presided as toast master and called first upon Mr. Allen, who responded and expressed himself pleased with the cordial spirit existing among the Societies this year, and that their rivalry was of so generous a character. Col. Pratt was the next speaker. He told of the great Military banquet he had attended in Washington the previous week, participated in by three hundred soldiers, their wives and daughters, congratulated the Societies upon their working along right lines and gave words of encouragement for the future.

The guests then dispersed and many expressions of pleasure have been heard in this very successful social entertainment by the Invincible Society—

Letters From Students in the Country.

Maggie Quartz writes:—"I like it here. I go to school already. My teacher is kind to me. I am in the Third Reader. I am well and happy."

Shela Guthrie writes from Wellsville, Pa., "I only wish that some of you Carlisle people could come out here and eat apples for the ground is covered and we cannot use them. I think I will go to school next week and I'll have to get up early and milk five cows before breakfast. I will study hard this year."

Lucy Coulon writes:—"You have indeed given me the best of homes and I am going to try to return your goodness by doing all that is in my little power—the best that has ever been expected of me. I haven't been sick once since leaving Carlisle. I started to school the 24th of September and I am indeed enjoying the walk to and from school, trying not to stop anywhere until reaching home."

Amelia John writes from Jenkintown:—"I have a very nice home and I am so glad I came out again for this is just a lovely place. I never had so many friends among the white girls as I have here. I really think there is no time to get lonely if you keep your eyes open and see what is going on. I thank you for sending me to these nice people who are willing to teach me the right way."

That the abolishing of the Ration System is appreciated by self respecting Indians and is working well for them is evident from a letter received by Col. Pratt from an old pupil of the school who in speaking first of some trying experiences says: "One of our strong work horses was killed by lightning this summer and one is crippled by some cause we do not know. This was the strongest team we depended on for haying, others are all three years old, but we had to break them for working." The writer then adds courageously, "We had to buy every thing we need to start a ranch, horses, pigs, cattle, wagons, harness and other things, for nothing is issued here now, and good for us Indians! It does my heart good to see some of these Indians hustle to earn their living. So you see Colonel, we are trying to be what you wanted us to be, self supporting.

These are encouraging words that it does the heart of Col. Pratt and old Carlisle good to hear.

Kowuni-Abner.

The many friends of our former pupil and employee, Miss Anna Kowuni will be interested in the following account of her marriage taken from the Albuquerque Daily Citizen.

The Indian School was the scene of a very pretty wedding last evening when Mr. Joseph Abner and Miss Annie Kowuni were the high contracting parties. They were attended by Mr. Haywood and Miss Alice Morton as groomsman and bridesmaid. The bride was attired in white organdie and carried a beautiful bouquet of white roses, while her maid, who also wore white, carried pink roses.

The ever beautiful ring ceremony was performed by Rev. Mordy, of Laguna, New Mexico, and was witnessed by the entire school as well as a number of invited guests.

The chapel was beautifully decorated in white and green, interspersed with autumn leaves and beautiful flowers.

The wedding party entered the hall to the sweet strains of the wedding march played by the First regiment band, which also rendered several other pieces during the evening.

After the ceremony and congratulations the wedding party and guests repaired to the dining room where the beautifully decorated tables were laden with delicious viands that would tempt the appetite of the most fastidious epicures. The dining room was also handsomely decorated and on the arch over the doorway rested the dove of peace.

Mr. and Mrs. Abner are very popular young people and were the recipients of a host of good wishes as well as a goodly number of beautiful presents.

The happy couple left last evening for Laguna, the home of the bride, where they will spend their honeymoon—Albuquerque Daily Citizen.

EDUCATION A HELP TO MAN.

Louis Paul's account of Col. Pratt's talk to the Sophomores;

Col. Pratt favored the Sophomores with a short talk on Tuesday evening which was both instructive and interesting.

To enforce the main thought he gave a personal experience of his youth. He said in part, that to be a successful man, a person had to have an education, with the education the person had to have enough "gumption" to "stick."

A man that had a trade and no education could not be a very successful man. A man with the sticking quality and a good education should have no reason for not having a very successful life.

When a youth he learned to be a tinsmith. His first lesson was in making cups. His patron wished him to get speed and accuracy. His patron told him (the Col.) that he had made twelve dozen cups in a day. Col. tried his best to do so but could not succeed, and expressed his doubts. So finally his patron actually made the twelve dozen cups so it could no longer be doubted. The Colonel worked and studied different methods so as to take less time to make a cup, finally he succeeded in making the twelve dozen cups in a day.

In this he proved that we will be successful by having a determination to be successful and by sticking to a thing, and last but not least, working intelligently. Working at our studies and sticking, thereby winning our goal.

Following the visit of our football team to Princeton last Saturday, the proprietor of the Nassau Hotel writes to Mr. Thompson saying:

"Your company of Indians left the cleanest beds and rooms in the best condition in every particular of any company of men we ever entertained in thirty years management of Nassau Hotel. I take pleasure in making the statement to you and assure you if they should have occasion to visit Princeton again we shall feel honored to have them as guests."

A letter from Samuel Miller, class '02, tells of his marriage in July last to Miss Ardie Abrams of Red Springs, Wis. Sam is in the employ of Ed. Miller and Son's Lumbering Company of Red Springs, and is getting along well and happily. He has grateful memories of the days spent here and sends regards to his old friends, "three cheers for Carlisle" and says "long may it live and prosper in its uplifting of the Red Man." We congratulate Samuel upon his start in life and wish him abundant success.

Football.

On a muddy field and during a pouring rain Princeton defeated Carlisle at Princeton last Saturday 11 to 0. This was the first game with any of the first class teams and Carlisle had hoped for a dry field, realizing that with a team so much lighter in weight they would not stand much chance against Princeton's heavy team on a wet field. Under the circumstances the result of the game was very gratifying to the supporters of Carlisle as Princeton's men had to put forth their best efforts in order to make their two touch downs.

Princeton won the toss and chose the goal having the wind to their back. The play was in Carlisle's territory all the first half but the Princeton team was forced to surrender the ball to Carlisle many times. Carlisle could not gain ground consistently and the punting was rather weak partly on account of the heavy ball and the unfavorable wind and it was impossible to get the ball out of Carlisle's territory when the Indians secured it and finally after twenty minutes of the hardest kind of work Princeton rushed the ball over Carlisle's goal.

The ball was fumbled as it was being carried over but a Princeton man was lucky enough to fall on it for a touch down. This score seemed to cause Carlisle to loose heart or perhaps they thought it would be impossible for Princeton to score again in the remaining five minutes of play and the team let up in their efforts just enough to enable Princeton to make two or three long runs and score another touch down.

During the second half the defense of the Indians was great. Princeton was held many times on downs and although the ball was carried dangerously near Carlisle's goal several times the Tiger's most desperate efforts failed to carry the ball behind the Indian's goal.

Every man on the Carlisle team played the best he knew how and they deserve much credit for their game fight against such a strong team under the most discouraging conditions.

Of course there were faults which only a big game like this will demonstrate and the work from now on will be devoted to correcting these faults. With the experience gained in this game and with the faults shown up by it corrected, Carlisle should improve greatly and be in better condition to give Harvard all they can handle one week from to-morrow.

The following players played in the Princeton game, Jude, left end; Bowen, left tackle; Dillon, left guard; Schouchuck, center; Lubo, right guard; Exendine, right tackle; Matthews, right end; Capt. Johnson, quarter; Sheldon, left half; Charles and Hendricks, right half; Williams, and Charles, full back.

Swarthmore will be played on our field to-morrow [Saturday] and no easy game is expected as Swarthmore has a strong team and was only defeated by Columbia last week 5 to 0. This is the only game our home people will have the opportunity of seeing this season and it is hoped the Indians will do their best and win a substantial victory. A defeat by a minor college team would spoil the good record already made and the team must not be caught napping as they were last year in the Bucknell and Virginia games.

FOOTBALL SCHEDULE.

- Sept. 19, Lebanon Valley College, here. Won 28 to 0
- " 26, Gettysburg, here. Won 46 to 0.
- " 30, Mt. St. Marys, here cancelled.
- Oct. 3, Bucknell, at Williamsport. Won 12 to 0
- " 7, Bloomsburg Normal, here. Cancelled.
- " 10, Franklin & Marshall, Lancaster. Won 30 to 0.
- " 17, Princeton, at Princeton. Lost 11 to 0.
- " 24, Swarthmore, here.
- " 31, Harvard, at Cambridge.
- Nov. 7, Georgetown, at Washington.
- " 14, University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia.
- " 21, University of Virginia at Norfolk.
- " 21, 2nd team vs Dickinson Seminary at Williamsport.
- Nov. 26, Northwestern, at Chicago.

The Society visiting list this week will be as follows.

- Invincibles:
Mr. Beitzel and Mr. Colgrove.
- Standard:
Mr. and Mrs. Crosbie.
- Susans:
Misses Bowersox and Carter.

Man-on-the-band-stand.

Mrs. Munch went to Philadelphia Monday on business for the school.

At the end of the week the new fence at the near farm will be completed.—

Miss Fannie Long of Shippensburg was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wheelock on Monday.

Col. Pratt and Miss Burgess are attending the annual Indian Conference at Lake Mohonk.

Alida Johnson lives with a family in Buffalo N. Y. She is enjoying good health.—

Mr. Peter Cole of Hogsburg, N. Y. arrived on Tuesday with three pupils for the school.

Juan Apchose, who has served his time here, left us for his home in the west a few days ago.—

Last Saturday was a very bad day for corn-cutters who went to work at the near by farms.—

Adam Fisher a new pupil from Winnebago Agency, Nebraska has joined the force of printers.

Mr. Guy Le Roy Stevick and his little son Le Roy of Denver are the guests of Col. and Mrs. Pratt.

Jeannette Pocatello was the recipient of a large cake made by Theresa Wankeegan now at Lansdowne.—

Mr. C. H. Carns, instructor in the paint-shop attended the funeral of his grandfather last Monday.—

"The Holy City" was sung very effectively by Edith Bartlett in our afternoon service last Sunday.—

We hear, by letter, that Miss Sophia Warren, class, '03, is soon to be married at her home in Minnesota.—

The Band went to Harrisburg on Tuesday evening to hear the famous Italian band, called "Banda Rossa."

Annebuck led the prayer meeting for the little girls. Many of them took part and made it very interesting.—

Little Blanche Hauck and Mary Cook No. 2 are the smallest girls now, instead of Effie Nori and Louisa Thomas.—

Miguel Moat who went home two years ago has entered Sherman Institute as a student at Riverside California.—

Lillian Archiquette with her friends Pearl Hartley and Daisy Dyke spent last Saturday at Mount Holly Springs.

Mrs. Edgar M. Hawkins of Steelton, who has been spending several weeks at the school returns to Steelton to-day.

The boys are now having a course of sitting up exercises which develop the muscles in the arms, shoulders and waist.

Mr. and Mrs. Wheelock entertained a small party of town friends and students from Dickinson College on Tuesday evening.

The Y. M. C. A. meeting which was held last Sunday evening in the Opera House was well attended by the large boys.—

Elizabeth Knudsen, '03, who is in the country, says she has a very nice place and wishes to be remembered to her friends.—

It is very pleasing to hear that Ida La-Framboise likes her new home, as this is her first experience in an Eastern country home.—

Martin Archiquette has left the school where he has been employed. He and his wife are going to live at his home in Quejda, Wis.—

Miss Lucy Coulon is enjoying herself and likes her home at Norristown, N. J. Many of our girls there are attending the High School.—

One of Sosipatra's friends received a letter saying that she was anxious to hear news from Carlisle. She is getting along very well.—

The Seniors have elected for their captain of the basketball team, Arthur Sheldon. They hope to have the championship this winter.—

Two new arrivals from Hogsburg, N. Y., on Tuesday morning. They are Minnie Billings and Mary Cook and have entered the Normal class.

The girls who visit the big walnut tree at the end of the teacher's quarters gather the nuts, so that when winter comes they may enjoy walnut candy.—

Martin Costo, '03, who is working in the Baldwin Locomotive Works at Philadelphia, was one of the spectators at the Princeton and Indian game.—

The "Scientific American" has been added to the list of periodicals taken by the School Library.

The tailor and tin-shop teams were to play last Saturday but were prevented by bad weather.—

The walk to the farm last Sunday afternoon was enjoyed by the girls. The afternoon was cool and pleasant.—

Joseph Ruiz and James King, graduates of last year's class, have returned to attend the Commercial College in town.

Felipa Amago's youngest sister Filomena, died last month at her home in California. The friends of Felipa sympathize with her in her sad bereavement.—

Last week Mrs. Crosbie read an article on "How to Breathe." to her morning workers while they were preparing vegetables in the dining-hall cellar. It was a very helpful point to the girls.—

Johnson Bradley left us yesterday for his home in North Carolina. Johnson is recovering from a siege of typhoid fever and goes to his mountain home to recuperate. He hopes to return to us later in the season.

Jennie Arch writes from her country home in Woodlawn Maryland, that she has started to school. She lived there before and thinks that a great honor has been afforded her to return for the winter.—

Preston Pohoxicut, an ex-student of Carlisle, who is working at Fort Sill Comanche school, likes his position and is getting along very well. He wishes to be remembered to his classmates and to his many friends.—

While the Band boys were at Chambersburg last week, many expressed their appreciation of the music rendered on that occasion. The boys returned their thanks for the kind hospitality of the Chambersburg people.—

The boys' prayer meeting at the little boys' quarters was led by Miss Roberts and the story of Moses was told in the most beautiful way. We who were present noticed especially the good behavior throughout the evening.—

George Pratt and John Londroche, both members of the class of 1903, in letters to a friend send their best regards to all at the school. George is at Laguna, New Mexico and John is at Wabash, Minnesota. Both are doing well.

The normal pupils have finished the study of the spider, and are now taking up various nature studies. They are so eager to learn that they bring all the curious looking bugs they can find, besides apples, nuts and leaves.—

Rose Temple, Margaret Freemont, and Lucy White Spirit gave a little dinner party to a few friends in quarters. These invited were Edith Bartlett and Pearl Hartley. The table was decorated beautifully and everything was very pleasant.—

Some time ago a foot-ball team was organized in the Harness Shop, the boys are learning slowly but do good work. Three or four members are old players while others are new players. But with what we have we may stand some show.

Mrs Canfield's class in fancy-work is busy getting ready for the St. Louis Exhibition. The girls take great interest in the work and are trying to have a good collection to send to the exhibition from the Indian Schools.—

Walter Analla, ex-student has been heard from after a long silence. He is the owner of a ranch near his home, Laguna, New Mexico and is aiming to live up to the Carlisle idea in being self supporting. Walter has a family and hopes soon to send the oldest to school.—

James Russell one of our sailor boys is now at the Brooklyn Navy Yard and says that his vessel will remain there in dry dock until January. He is enjoying his work but at the same time he regrets very much that he went away from the school without graduating.—

The anniversary, of the Young Men's Christian Association of Carlisle, which was held in the Carlisle Opera House, last Sunday evening was attended by the majority of our large boys, making in all a great audience for Rev. McCaughy who was the speaker for the Y. M. C. A.—

In a letter from Bessie Gothola asking for a renewal of her subscription to the Red Man and Helper, she says, "I have enjoyed my weekly letter from the school which I look for every week. I enjoy reading it. I am still in California and it has been a year since I have made a home with this lonely family. I have so much to be thankful for in what these dear people have done for me."

On last Friday "Baby Isabell" Wheelock, with her mamma, visited her two great grand aunts, the Misses Ebert, who reside in Chambersburg.

Charles Williams received an injury to his knee in the foot-ball game last Saturday which will keep him out of the game for some time to come.—

The ceilings of the verandas of the small boys' quarters are receiving fresh coats of paint which improve very much the so long unpainted boards.—

Many of the pupils were delighted to have the opportunity to buy a few souvenirs, which were made by the Armenian children in their far off homes.—

From a letter to Patrick Verney we learn that Rev. Edward Marsden expects to reach Carlisle the last of this month with a party of Alaskan children.

Miss Dahney E. George has recently been transferred from Rosebud, S. D. to the Witnebago School where she has received an appointment as teacher.

The Invincible and Standard Societies held their meetings last Friday evening, although a number of their officers were absent with the foot ball team and the band.—

The football boys who were at Princeton Saturday, were taken to the different departments of the College by Mr. Gansworth, who was there visiting his College friends.—

We large boys enjoy being treated with apples once in a while. The apples that were sent to our quarters by Mr. Kensler were very refreshing. Thanks to Mr. Kensler.—

Jose Flores formerly of our school who left for his home in Porto Rico last summer, writes to one of his friends here, that he is taking a business course in New York City.—

The Afternoon Bible study classes in the Y. M. C. A. Hall have been reorganized, and we now have three classes. The leaders are Mr. Allen, Mr. Colegrove and Mr. Reising.—

Sophia American Horse, '03 writes to a friend thus, "I am very happy and enjoy every day spent at home, but that is not all, I make use of every minute and strive toward the right."—

James Dickson, who went to his Idaho home last summer on account of his poor health, said in a letter to a friend that he is getting along nicely, although he has not fully recovered.—

The Federation ladies were very much interested, in the sewing room. They thought it was just the place for a girl to do her work well and to learn how to sew and make clothing.—

Madeline Welch '03 who went to Camden mostly for her health writes that she is gaining very fast. She speaks of the pleasant home and people with whom she is living.—'05.

When some of the girls found that the boys who go out to husk corn for the neighboring farmers on Saturdays, get a dollar a day, they said that they would be willing to go if asked for.—

Miss Senseney took her music pupils to the concert in the Lutheran Church, given by the ladies of the Clubs. They enjoyed the music and it inspired them to work harder with their music lessons.—

Several of the ladies who were attending the Federation of Women's Clubs in Carlisle visited the Susan Longstreth Literary Society last Friday evening. They gave some helpful remarks.—

Benjamin Caswell '92 who is the Principal teacher at Cass Lake school said that the weather out in Minnesota was getting very cold. He and his wife wish to be remembered to all their friends here.—

John Harvey, a Sioux Indian who has been attending the Bucknell Academy has now matriculated at the Dickinson College Preparatory. He is a cornet player and a valuable addition to the band.—

The Susans held their first regular meeting with a well prepared program last Friday evening. Many of Mrs. Pratts, friends who were from the convention were present and each gave an account of the work of the convention.—

Monroe C. Coulon, a member of our school who has been at Mohonk Lake, N. Y. for some time, expects to return within a few days. The place is a most delightful one, and he has had many experiences. He also has had an opportunity to meet a great many people who go to this beautiful place for a rest.—

WHAT WE DID AT THE FEDERATION.

Among the many appreciative letters received from the Federation guests was the following in rhyme from Miss Jane Campbell of Philadelphia to, Mrs. Pratt, which will be enjoyed by all club women and our readers in general.

What did we do at the Federation,
What did we do at Carlisle
That we have cause for self-gratulation?
That we consider worth while?

Oh! we did dozens and scores of things,
Saw the most wonderful happenings;
Went to Receptions and Meetings galore,
Filled our minds full of most erudite lore,
Listened to speeches, addresses, reports,
On Clubs and Child Labor, and various sorts
Of Libraries, peregrinating and free,
Learned what a School should ideally be,
To Kindergarten went, from its fountain to drink,
Madly desirous to learn how to "THINK".
Decided that women on School boards did good,
Agreed to abolish THESE boards if we could,
Hobnobbed with a Governor—(this you will know
Means, we were presented to him in a row.)
Heard plenty of music, trios, duets,
Songs, and to crown all, piano quartettes.

By trolley went out to the Indian School,
Where Aboriginal Lo is living by rule.
On the platform making a speech, saw him stand,
Heard "Hlawatha" from the Indian Band.
Miss Lo was our guide to the workshops. We got
As Souvenirs, books and a tin coffee pot.
At Dress Parade next, saw Lo march in style,
Not only in rows, but in Indian file.

And we saw too the oldest house in Carlisle,
And where Andre was held, and walked most a mile
To Moll Pitcher's grave, and I tell you no lies—
Saw Moll Pitcher's pitcher! Saw it with our own
eyes!

And ice cream we ate in the Washington Inn
And were told that "G. W." once lodged within
We believed it, of course, for it wasn't worth while
To distrust anything we were told in Carlisle!
We admired the old tapestry still on the wall,
Which told the adventures of Virginia and Paul,
(To write Paul and Virginia would not rhyme at all
I had to invert them for rhythm and rhyme
And at any rate ladies come first all the time.)

We elected our Officers, and decided that we,
Would be "City Improvers" as soon as might be,
For in a mad chaos thrown up on a screen,
Old houses, old fences, old tin cans were seen.
So we have decided round our houses to twine,
Morning glory—that unique caterpillar vine!
And we passed resolutions, so grand and so great,
That if we live up to our "blue china plate,"
We'll have to "step lively." "If we want to get
and keep in the van, at the pace that was set.

And we always went early—for we saw at a glance
That the early bird at the front seats gets first
chance,
And we went to the prison—this was a mistake,
But we were not to blame—if people will make
Their jails look aesthetic, and then set them down
In the most conspicuous part of the town,
What CAN we do, when left in the lurch
But go into the jail and think it a church!
We are crammed full of learning, for please
understand
Dickinson College lay close at our hand
And we were invited to go in great State

To Dickinson Chapel at a quarter past eight!
And on Gettysburg Battlefield spent a whole day
and carried a lively remembrance away
Of monuments, boulders, and such works of art,
And the "guide's" thrilling tales of those who
took part
In the Battle—but not, though till dooms day I
tried
Could I tell all we heard upon that "famous"
ride.

This what we did at the Federation,
This what we did at Carlisle.
Now haven't we cause for self-gratulation?
Wasn't it something worth while?

Jane Campbell,

Oct. 19th, 1903

Rev. H. S. Jenanyan, a native Armenian, the founder and principal of the Apostolic Institute of Asia Minor, with his American wife, visited the school this week. Rev. and Mrs. Jenanyan have done faithful and efficient work for the education and christianization of the poor and orphan youth of Tarsus and Iconium. They were not strangers to the school, having visited us several years ago when our sympathies in their work were enlisted by their recitals of the cruelties and atrocities suffered by their people at the time of the Armenian massacres.

Emma Holt who went to her home in Winnebago Nebraska, in 1901 has returned as a student. Emma, while away was not at leisure. She helped in house work for a while and then went to Genoa School for a short time. She brings good news from Levi and Lillian St Cyr, Frank Beaver and other graduates. Emma has made the "Freshmen" class and is determined to finish at Carlisle.—

Miss Ella King, who is in St. Paul, Minnesota writes she is attending Commercial College there. She likes her work and is getting along nicely with her studies. She writes she has witnessed one of the University of Minnesota football games in which Edward Rogers was a prominent figure.

PATHETIC DEVOTION OF ANIMALS TO THEIR MASTERS.

It is often said that animals have proved themselves times without number to be quite as faithful if not more so than human beings, and that this is so has been borne out by facts; for, though it is comparatively seldom that one hears of anybody dying of a broken heart, there are many instances of animals that have pined to death after the loss of a beloved master and that have given their lives for others, says Tit-Bits.

Both dogs and horses are capable of the most devoted affection; the story of Glendower's faithful dog, who defended his master's child from wolves during his absence and was killed by him under a misapprehension, has been familiar to us all from childhood. Less well known, however, is the story of a water spaniel belonging to a French Magistrate during the Revolution, who, being suspected of Royalist sympathies, was imprisoned and condemned to death. His dog accompanied him to the Bastille, but was not allowed to enter. Day after day the devoted animal took up his position outside the prison door in the vain hope of seeing his master, till at last the gaoler's heart was touched, and he took the dog into the cell for a few minutes.

In future, each day at precisely the same hour the spaniel put in an appearance, and after spending some moments licking the prisoner's hand he would leave of his own accord. "The poor dog was present at his master's execution, walked by the side of his body as it was taken to the grave, and laid himself down on the spot. After two or three days some neighbors, finding out where he was forced him to eat some food and took him away to their home, but he returned to the grave and, though he would go to these friends for food daily, never remained away longer than was necessary. But at last he became too weak to fetch his food, and declined to eat when it was brought to him, and his last hours were spent scratching up the earth, that in dying he might be near his beloved master.

Another dog that would not leave his master was that belonging to Sabinus, the Roman General, who was an adherent of the Germanicus family. After his execution his body was placed at the edge of a precipice as a warning to rebels, and nobody but his dog had the courage to approach it. For three days the noble animal kept watch by the corpse, food was brought to him, but instead of eating it he placed it on the dead man's mouth. When the body of Sabinus was subsequently thrown into the Tiber the dog sprang after it into the river, and perished in his attempts to keep it above water.

One has often heard of horses that have refused to leave their masters who have been killed in battle, but there only one instance on record of a horse that caused the death of its owner's opponent. After Antiochus was slain by Centareus, the Galatian, the latter jumped triumphantly into the saddle of his fallen foe's steed. But the animal, as if understanding who was on its back, rushed to a precipice and, in spite of all efforts to restrain it, leaped with its rider over the edge, and doth, of course, were crushed to death.

A more modern story is that attaching to the charger of Colonel Vaudeleur, the officer who was killed at Laswarri, when in command of the Eighth Hussars. When the regiment was ordered back to England, Black Bob was sold to a civilian at Cawnpore, but the soldier who had purchased it when their Colonel died returned the buyer half his money on his promising that Black Bob should always have a good stable, a snug paddock, and no work in his old age. As the regiment was marching away to embark, playing a familiar tune, the horse who for so long had been its pride, kicked his stall to pieces and galloped to the barracks, only to fall dead just at the saluting point.

A dolphin seems an unlikely animal to credit with great affection for a human being, but a story regarding one has been handed down since the time of Augustus Cæsar. As some boys were bathing at Baiæ, one of their number seeing a young dolphin near the shore, mounted its back, at which the creature manifested great delight.

So daily the boy came down to the beach to play with his strange companion, which he named Simo, and soon he found that instead of a long walk round the shore to Puteoli, where he attended school, he had only to call Simo, when the animal would lower his prickly fins, and the boy,

mounting his fishy steed, was quickly conveyed across the bay.

This Companionship lasted for several years, but one day as the two were playing, the sharp fin of the dolphin pierced the boy's side, and he bled to death soon after reaching the shore. It is said that the dolphin fell down by the lifeless body and died in less than an hour afterward, it is supposed, of grief. At any rate, the child was buried with his faithful friend beside him.

The devotion of almost every kind of animal to its young is proverbial, but sometimes the position is reversed, as in the case of an old horse in a French cavalry regiment that was too feeble to grind its oats properly. For over two months the horses on each side of it used to take the hay from the rack and chew it well before placing it within reach of the old animal, and they performed the same kind office with its oats; and not very long ago we heard of a gardener who, digging one day, found two very large ground toads underneath a head of rubbish. Watching them, to his astonishment, he saw the larger of the two climb on the back of the other, which at once began to move away, and looking more closely, he found he had cut the side of one with his spade, and its companion was bearing it away to a place of safety.

RED CLOUD, CHIEF OF THE SIOUX.

The chieftain that once ruled the entire northwest is dying penniless. All that is left of the empire once governed by this famous old Indian, is five acres of uncultivated ground at the Pine Ridge Reservation given him by the courtesy of the government.

As the leader of the Sioux, Red Cloud was the terror of the plains from 1845 to 1876, when he signed the "peace-paper" he has never violated.

Red Cloud's career is like not one but several chapters from the Leather-stocking Tales.

The old Chief is a born fighter, a born Indian and a born commander.

Of all the war chiefs that ever planned a massacre Red Cloud was the most cunning. None but an Indian could ever have conceived the stratagems that he employed and he outdid all others of his race.

These is one story that Red Cloud never wearies of telling.

It is the story of how he became Chief of the Sioux.

There were several jealous young braves who envied Red Cloud when the time approached for him to assume the leadership of the Sioux. These young warriors spread the report that Red Cloud was a coward, and he was afraid to walk alone at night unarmed through a desolate canyon called the "Spirit Walk."

Red Cloud of course accepted the challenge but his shrewd instinct was aroused by the strange propositions of the Indians and he suspected treachery.

"If Red Cloud passes through the spirit walk unarmed it will be proof that he is the true ruler of our warriors," said one of the antagonistic faction.

This convinced Red Cloud that treachery was afoot and that some trap for him was laid in the lonely canyon.

On the night when he was to make the trip he dressed himself in a long robe instead of the usual chieftain's attire. Beneath this robe slung in a hidden pouch was a rifle.

With the entire camp watching him he started for the canyon.

The moment he entered the place Red Cloud proceeded with the same caution as if he had been advancing upon an enemy's village. He glided from tree to tree, never leaving himself for an instant.

Half way through the canyon the path led between two great mounds of rock. Before he reached this, Red Cloud hesitated. Should he go through that natural ambuscade or spend half an hour climbing around. He decided to go through.

As he passed into the shadow thrown by the rock embankment a rifle flashed from the crest and Red Cloud fell with a bullet through his thigh.

Instantly there was a whoop from the rocks and six Indians of his own tribe rose like wraiths from their hiding places.

Red Cloud's suspicions had been right. The "Spirit's Walk" was an ambuscade.

When he fell Red Cloud rolled from the path and into the tall grass.

The moment he was out of sight Red Cloud wounded though he was, drew his rifle from beneath his robe and fired at the Indian on the top of the rock. With

a screech the man rolled down the rock dead.

Then commenced the memorable battle.

The other five, knowing that if Red Cloud lived to return to camp nothing would save them from the vengeance of the tribe, dropped back into their places and turned their rifles on the spot where he had been when he killed their companion.

Red Cloud was gone. With the stealth of a serpent he crawled back and forth through the grass firing every time he sighted an enemy and then slipping aside before his fire could be returned.

It was a long fight, but seven hours after he fell wounded Red Cloud started to drag himself back to camp. In the "Spirit Walk" he left the six Indians all dead. He had picked them off one at a time.

As Red Cloud grew old he became childish, and returned to many habits of early childhood. Deserting the little old house which was erected for him by the government, he now lives in a tent in one corner of his yard. With him lives his aged wife, Mary Red Cloud, and among those who know it is said that she is the real ruler of the Sioux; that her word is law with the old man, whom she rules with a rod of iron.

WHAT ARE THE LEGAL HOLIDAYS.

Legal holidays depend upon the State, and are not by any means the same everywhere. The following list will help you to remember something about it:

January 1, New Year's day, in all States except Kentucky, Massachusetts, Mississippi, New Hampshire and Rhode Island.

Feb. 29, Lee's birthday, in five Southern States.

Feb. 12, Lincoln's birthday, in five States.

Feb. 22, Washington's birthday in all States except Iowa and Mississippi.

April 8, Good Friday, in Alabama, Louisiana, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Tennessee.

May 30, Decoration day, in thirty seven States, including this State and Kansas.

July 4, Independence day, by all the United States of America.

September—Labor day, by forty-two of the forty-five States.

November—General election day in all States.

November—Thanksgiving day, in all States. (It is not, however, in some States a statutory holiday.)

December 25, Christmas, everywhere and always and in each State.—[Ex.]

INDIANS AT ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE.

Among the new students registered at St. Joseph's College this season are two young full-blooded Indians. Their names are William Wesh and Michael Soloman.

They are practical Catholics and come from the Government Industrial School for Indian boys at Carlisle, Pa. They are under the patronage of Mother Katharine (Drexel) and come down from Cornwells daily to attend college, returning every afternoon.

At Carlisle it was not possible to obtain the classical education they desire, only rudiments being taught to pupils preparatory to their taking up a trade. They are taking a special course at St. Joseph's, for which Mother Katharine arranged with the rector. Both young men are doing well in their studies and are popular with their classmates and have been added to the foot-ball team, which they have materially strengthened.—[The Catholic Standard and Times, Oct. 17th 1903.]

SEEKING THE BEST OF OTHERS.

One of the greatest faults of Christians is the habit of criticising those about them. Dean Stanley has told how to conquer this habit, as follows:

"We may, if we choose, make the worst of one another. Everyone has his weak points; everyone has his faults; we may make the worst of these; we may fix our attention constantly upon them. But we may also make the best of one another. We may forgive, even as we hope to be forgiven. We may put ourselves in the place of others, and ask what we should wish to be done to us, and thought of us, were we in their place.

"By loving whatever is lovable in those around us life will become a pleasure instead of a pain, and earth will become like Heaven; and we shall become not unworthy followers of Him whose name is Love."

Wasps' Sense of Location.

There is no doubt among naturalists that many insects have certain senses that human beings have not. The sense of location shown by the wasp, for example, is remarkable.

The bombex species builds its nest in a sandbank that is only a part of several acres of such soil, and, when it leaves in search of food, it covers up the nest so carefully that no ordinary eyes could distinguish its location; that is to say, it is just like all the surrounding surface.

And yet the wasp flies back to it without hesitation, and finds it without making a mistake. There is another wasp that anerringly locates the eggs of the mason bee under a thick layer of sun-baked clay, and deposits her own eggs in the same cells that her young may have food when they are hatched.

Must pay the price

The young man who desires to push forward must pay the price. And the price is work, despite weariness and difficulties. Most of us are aware of this, but we have no grit nor persistence; in a word, we are willing to pass our years without ambition, recking little at our influence, growing daily more shadowy, and ascribing it to any cause that may flatter our self-conceit and cowardice. This may not accord with the views of the "orator" and "resoluter," but it is the plain truth.—[Catholic Record.]

This is interesting.

Here is a puzzle that puzzles everybody. Take the number of your living brothers, double the amount, add to it three, multiply by five, add to it the number of living sisters, multiply the result by ten, add the number of deaths of brothers and sisters, and subtract 150 from the result. The right hand number will be the number of deaths, the middle will be the number of living sisters, and the left will show the number of brothers. Try it and see.

THE BOY AND THE WOLF.

A boy whose work it was to watch a flock of sheep a little way from a village, used to think it fine sport to rush into the village and cry, "Wolf! wolf! a wolf is carrying off my lambs."

Several times men who had heard him dropped their work and ran to his help only to be laughed at.

But one day a wolf really did come, and the boy cried for help.

Every one thought him at his old joke and paid no attention to his cries. Of course he lost all his flock.

This fable teaches that people who tell lies are not believed when they speak the truth.

RIDDLES.

1. Add half a score to nothing. What animal does it make? O X (ox).
2. What part of a fish weighs most? The scales.
3. What is that which, though black itself, enlightens the world? Ink.
4. What line of steamers has always music on board? The P. & O. (piano).
5. Which is the merriest letter in the alphabet? U, because it is always in fun.
6. When is it a good thing to lose your temper? When it's a bad one.

"Our Daily Bread."

Back of the loaf is the snowy flour.
And back of the flour the mill;
And back of the mill is the wheat, and the shower,
And the sun, and the Father's will.

—[Maltbie D. Babcock.]

"Then strip lads' and to it, though sharp be the weather,
And if, by mischance, you should happen to fall,
There are worse things in life than a tumble on heather,
And life in itself's but a game of foot-ball."
—Scott.

SPECIAL DIRECTIONS.

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