

The Red Man and Helper.

THE RED MAN.

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THANKSGIVING DAY.

WE GIVE Thee thanks, O Lord!
Not for armed legions, marching in
their might,
Not for the glory of the well-earned fight
Where brave men slay their brothers also
brave;
But for the millions of Thy sons who work—
And do Thy task with joy,—and never shirk,
And deem the idle man a burdened slave:
For these, O Lord, our thanks!

We give Thee thanks, O Lord!
Not for the turrets of our men-of-war—
The monstrous guns and deadly steel they pour
To crush our foes and make them bow the
knee;
But for the homely sailors of Thy deep,
The tireless fisher-folk who banish sleep
And lure a living from the miser sea:
For these, O Lord, our thanks!

We give Thee thanks, O Lord!
Not for the mighty men who pile up gold,
Not for the phantom millions, bought and sold,
And all the arrogance of pomp and greed;
But for the pioneers who plow the field,
Make deserts blossom, and the mountain
yield
Its hidden treasures for man's daily need:
For these O Lord, our thanks!

We give Thee thanks, O Lord!
Not for the palaces that wealth has grown,
Where ease is worshipped—duty dimly known,
And pleasure leads her dance the flowery
way;
But for the quiet homes where love is queen
And life is more than bawbles, touched and
seen,
And old folks bless us, and dear children play:
For these, O Lord, our thanks!

—(ROBERT BRIDGES, in Collier's Weekly)

THE INDIAN SHOULD BE A CITIZEN.

In your Journal of October 23 I find a very interesting article on the Indian question. One thing along the line suggested in that article, should be done at once; an act should be passed that would permit any Indian to go before a court of record to establish his competency to do business for himself: on establishing his competency the court should enter on record such decree. The Indian should then be released of all restrictions and become a citizen of the United States in every respect. In this way the number of Indians over whom the government exercises guardianship will be greatly reduced. The balance of the Indians should have their lands allotted and forty acres be made a homestead inalienable; they should be permitted to sell the balance of their allotment and go to work.

But, says the eastern friend of the Indian, he will spend all of his money and will have to be supported by the government. Why so? Does the government support the poor white man? No. He must go to work or starve; so should the Indian.

But, says the eastern man, he is not prepared; he is not capable. Well, when will he be? While the older Indians are dying off, the young Indian is growing up under the supporting care of the government; he is not prepared. If the eastern idea is followed up, the Indian will never be prepared for self-support. In 1854, at Paola, Kan., and, in fact, all around Kansas City, the lands were allotted among the Shawnees, Senecas, Wyandottes, Ottawas, Peorias and Miamis and other tribes. In 1867, when those Indians came to the Indian Territory, they were just as well qualified, and better, for self-support than they are today.

So were, in fact, all the Indians in the Indian Territory, except the wild tribes.

History records the fact that we do not owe our progress to the efforts of rich men's sons, but to the efforts of poor men's sons. So future history will record the fact that the Indian never progressed as long as he was supported by the government.

Under the treaties made with the civilized tribes there are provisions made that forty acres shall be set apart for each allottee, and that they may lease their lands for certain periods of time.

The object of the government and all the real friends of the Indian is to protect him. This cannot be done. It is

impossible for the Secretary of the Interior to protect a man who will not protect himself. The Secretary may frame a rule and that may provide that the Indian may lease his land for \$1 up The white man may lease the land and agree to pay the Indian \$100 at the end of each crop year. The white man goes to work on the land. In a short time the Indian comes around and wants some money. The white man says: "No I will pay you as I agreed, when it is due." But the Indian wants money, so he says, to the white man; "If you will pay me now \$50 I will give you a receipt for the \$100 that will be due me in about a year." The white man says, "All right."

The receipt is drawn up for \$100 in the presence of some one, the \$100 is paid to the Indian. Then the Indian and white man go off to one side and the Indian hands the white man back \$50. After six months the Indian wants more money, goes again to the white man and offers for \$20 to give a receipt for \$190 or 33 cents per acre. Now how can this Indian be protected?

Again the white man keeps these leases good for three years ahead by a system of light payments. Suppose now the restriction of five years prohibiting sale of lands has expired and the Indian wishes to dispose of forty acres of his land, and some one offers him a fair price for it, say \$15 per acre, total \$600. But there is a lease paid up for three years to the white man, and the would be purchaser wants possession at once

The Indian goes to the white man and says I can sell this land for \$600. Now how much will you take and cancel the lease? The white man says: I have improved and fertilized the land so that the lease is worth to me \$400 per acre for each year of the three years. This would be \$480. Pay me that and I will cancel the lease." But says the Indian: "This will leave me only \$120,"

"Well," says the white man, "I will give you \$250 and that is all I will do." "Well," says the Indian, "I will take it." Can you protect that Indian? I say, no, and the Indian that can protect himself does not need any protection. The only way to do is to allow the Indian to sell at once everything but his homestead and go to work. This is the only way, and the longer this is put off the worse for the Indian. I have Indians working for me, and find they do as much as anyone.

If congress should pass an act, naming 200 men that were laboring for \$40 per month and say in that act that they should receive life pensions of \$25 per month. I assert as a fact that in sixty days 100 of those men would quit work when he has other support? So I say turn the Indian loose and in twenty years there will be found more white people in the poor houses of the Indian Territory in proportion to the population than Indians. W. G. Lykins, in Kansas City Journal.

PANAMA

Panama has no communication with the rest of the Republic of Columbia, save by sea, the mountains being at its southern end, and it takes a month to go from Bogota to Panama or Colon. The politicians at the capital of Columbia have never sought to connect Panama with the rest of the Republic by a safe road, or a railroad, and they have let the little State take care of itself as best it could, seeing in it only a means to wring tribute from the foreigners who seek to do business there.

And yet it was the bright particular star in the constellation of the Columbian States. Its 30,000 miles of territory and population of 275,000 was regarded as of the utmost importance to the well being of the Republic. And so the State of Panama went through a continual succession of pettings and impositions. It was too important for Columbia to lose, but it was too far away from the grafters at Bogota to do anything for. Was it a wonder that the people of the State be-

came discouraged and listened favorably to the advice of the merchants and moneyed men of New York, who advised them to put an end to the intolerable conditions that existed. For there is little reason to doubt that a great portion of the encouragement for the recent revolution had its source in the clever business men of Manhattan.

There are seven provinces, or, as we would call them, counties in the State of Panama. These are Chiriqui, Cocle, Veragues, Los Santos, Colon, Panama and Darien. Of these, Chiriqui, the one in the extreme northwest, is the most salubrious and progressive. But all these provinces, save where they come down to the valleys close to the sea on the Atlantic and Pacific sides, are filled with energetic hardworking people, who have tried to make the State a success, even with the heavy burden of Bogota resting on their shoulders. Even the lottery, that saps their pockets by its continuous appeal to greed, cannot take away from them the marks of a hardworking, self-respecting people.

For the most part they are an intermixture of Spanish and Indian blood, and given over to agriculture and cattle raising. In the uplands back from the pestilential sections on the coast, their farms are well kept and are generally profitable. They raise coffee in abundance and its quality is of the best. They raise fruits of all varieties, but especially bananas and cocoanuts, which they export in large quantities. Rubber is also another of the main staples of the land. In addition to these, Panama does an extensive trade in copaiba balsam, and sarsaparilla, heron or garza feathers, ivory nuts, hides and deer skin, hardwoods, fustic, pearlshells and salt. This extensive agricultural and natural product finds its way easily to the seacoast, where it is shipped abroad by a number of lines. The harbors of Colon and Panama are noted for their busy trade. [Glen Mills Daily]

THE SNOWFLAKE AND THE LEAF.

The big sky above the hard, frozen ground was dark. The little stars had hidden their winking yellow eyes, and the round old moon had forgotten to shine. Big black clouds were hurrying past each other, back and forth, from east to west.

Up on the old oak-tree at the corner of the lane a little leaf still clung. He was very much wrinkled; but still he kept a tight hold on the stiff old branch where he had lived all his life.

"Ugh!" he said, as he shivered and clung still closer. "It's going to rain again. I'm sure I felt a drop just then."

But it was not a drop of rain, but a soft, cold something else which nestled wetly down among the little brown wrinkles. The leaf stirred slightly and shivered again.

"What is the matter?" queried a sweet voice.

"I'm very cold," said the leaf.

"Are you? What makes you cold?" asked the voice.

"I think it is—you," the kind little leaf answered slowly, dreading lest he hurt some one's feelings.

"Oh, no, I'm sure it is not I, because I'm not cold; and if I made you cold I would be cold too, wouldn't I?"

"I suppose you would," said the leaf, thoughtfully. "But anyway I am not warm as I am in summer-time. I'm lonesome too up here," he added politely.

"What is summer?" asked the snowflake. "I never heard about it."

"It is a very nice time," said the leaf, hugging the old tree and drawing his tight edges closer. "It's the time when you are green and soft and—and warm," he added with a sigh.

"I don't believe we have it up where I live then," said the snowflake, "for I never remember being green."

"It is very pleasant in summer," continued the leaf. "The birds perch upon the branches here and sing so sweetly. Once

a robin built a beautiful nest, just under where we are now. It was a large nest, and was made of hay and threads woven nicely together. One day long after the nest was built, after the mother bird had been staying in the nest nearly all the time, I saw four tiny birds with great big mouths wide open. It seemed to me that they were always calling to be fed, and the mother bird and the father bird were busy from morning till night fetching worms for those hungry little ones. But before long the mother bird taught them to fly, and one by one they left the nest and flew out into the world. I am never alone in summer, for the tree is full of leaves; but they have fallen off one at a time until only I am left. Every time the wind blows I expect to go too."

"Where will you go?" asked the snowflake, with much interest.

"O, I shall drop to the ground below and grow smaller and smaller until I sink down underneath where the new grass is preparing to sprout and the violets are ready to wake when the great, warm sun bids them push their little folded leaves and buds up through the warm earth."

"Is it nice down there in the dark?"

"Oh, yes, it is very warm and sweet, and not a bit lonely, for the worms and bugs and roots and seeds are all busy making ready for the spring days."

Just then a heavy gust of wind shook the old oak tree, and down fell the little brown leaf, snowflake and all. The snowflake melted, and the little leaf lay happily there, waiting to reach the busy little world beyond the sod.—[Christian Register.]

NEGLECT OF BIBLE STUDY.

We have been struck by the following extract from an address of Chancellor MacCracken, of New York University, to the student body of that institution:

"I wish we could require from every freshman a Sunday school diploma that would certify that he knew by heart the Ten Commandments, the Sermon on the Mount, a church catechism of some kind and a score of the Scripture Psalms and best classic hymns. This university will join any association of universities and colleges which will demand this as an entrance requirement. So much as in us lies, we will make the college a place for preserving and strengthening reverence for the things divine."

Of course, there must be a cause for this utterance. It has been named before, and deeply deplored; and that is the increasing ignorance of the Bible among the young people of this country. The bible is not read in the home as it once was. The press of engagements and the multiplication of books and papers may account in a measure for the change. There is so much to read, and so many temptations to read it instead of the Bible, that the latter is neglected. This is for all reasons to be regretted.

Of course, the all-comprehending reason for the study of the Bible is its character as a revelation from God. It tells us as no other book can, of God and ourselves—of origin, duty and destiny. It is for these reasons the Book of books. Our all depends on knowledge of and obedience to it. But, additionally, a knowledge of the Bible is necessary to the highest intelligence and culture. The best in art, literature and history are based on or grow out of the Bible. No man can really understand these great departments of study and refinement without a knowledge of the Bible. Their illusions and illustrations will be lost on the man who does not know the old Book. It is not surprising, therefore, that the leaders in learning are beginning to demand that something shall be done to counteract the tendency to neglect the Bible. Some, like the Chancellor MacCracken, would have the study of the Bible made a condition of admission to the colleges. Others have put the Bible into the regular college course, and require it to be studied as any other text-book. Either plan is good, and one or the other should be adopted in all schools.

THE RED MAN AND HELPER.

THE MECHANICAL WORK ON THIS PAPER IS DONE BY INDIAN APPRENTICES

TERMS: TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE: MISS M. BURGESS, SUPT. PRINTING CARLISLE, PA.

Entered in the Post Office at Carlisle, Pa. as Second class matter.

Do not hesitate to take this paper from the Post Office, for if you have not paid for it, some one else has.

About twenty-five years ago the Government moved the Ponca Indians from their nomadic range in Nebraska to the Indian Territory. Standing Bear and his following were discontented and he and Bright Eyes secured the help of eloquent friends, travelled the country and created such an interest as to get the Standing Bear faction moved back to their Northern home. The larger portion of the tribe remained in the Territory. The lands given to them were alleged to be barren and unhealthy.

We visited the Poncas of the Indian Territory yesterday and found them located on exceptionally good land. Lands opened to settlement for only a few years all about them are selling at \$20 to \$35 an acre, and they reserved the best for themselves. We doubt if there are healthier Indians anywhere than the Poncas in the Indian Territory. Not only is this the case, but we found Standing Bear himself a visitor among them and importuning to be allowed to be moved from his northern reservation back to the reservation that he rejected, alleging the bad quality of his lands in the north.

Twenty-five years ago the Nez Percés under Chief Joseph, having rejected the reservation allotted to them in Idaho and rebelled against the authority of the Government, were captured and given a carefully selected reservation in the Indian Territory. They were dissatisfied, and the land was alleged to be barren, unproductive and unhealthy. Such complaints were made and such appeal by Joseph and his friends as to finally lead the Government to allow him to return to Idaho, but not to the location he wanted, and his reservation in the Territory was given to the Tonkawa Indians. The better element of the Nez Percés did not want Joseph and his people back as neighbors; they were therefore located at a distance from their original home and have ever since been dissatisfied. We visited the Tonkawas to-day and found their lands among the very best in this surpassingly fine region of the country, and lands about them of similar quality, selling from \$35 to \$50 per acre.

R. H. PRATT.

PONCA CITY, OKLAHOMA.
Dec. 10, 1903.

THANKSGIVING NOTES.

The day was cold but not stormy. It was a holiday and a happy one. The morning service was the first event of importance.

The platform decorations were plentiful although not so profuse as last year.

Snocks of corn and sheaves of wheat were gracefully stacked at the sides of the stage, and around them were piled farm products—homely reminders of some of the blessings to be thankful for. The Chrysanthemums and potted plants added beauty to the setting, which with Old Glory in the background, and a modestly laden Thanksgiving table set out in dishes and lighted candles made a pretty picture. Misses Senseney and Scales were the decorating committee and deserve mention for the tasteful arrangement of the articles at hand.

The printed service was used, Rev. Diefenderfer officiating, assisted by Assistant-Superintendent Allen. In addition to the printed program the choir favored the audience with a special and appropriate selection on Thanksgiving.

The address of the pastor was brief but very much enjoyed, his remarks being spiced with wit and laughable stories along with the more serious parts. He first read the President's proclamation, which was made memorable by impressive emphasis. Among other things to be thankful for to-day was that there are no more Indians. "You say, What are we? You are Americans! I don't need to carry a gun with me, as the people of old

did when they went any distance from home. I am not afraid of meeting Indians.

I now meet Americans not Indians. You speak my language. I could not speak yours. Thank God for the Carlisle school. Thank God for the Government who maintains it. Thank God for Colonel Richard Henry Pratt and all his assistants for the work they have done and are doing in this great school.

He thanked God for Johnson, Sheldon, Williams, Jude, Matthews, and all the rest of the team and Pop "Warner." He thanked God that the Indian to-day is able to stand by the side of his pale-faced brother and compete with him in every way; that he is able to throw off the shackles that hinder. The speaker closed his remarks by reading a very amusing turkey poem. Mr. Collison sang most beautifully, and the meeting was closed by singing the Doxology.

The Games.

After the morning service all interest was centered on the shop football game played on the athletic field between the printers and carpenters. It will be remembered that the printers have proudly carried the shop championship for years, and yesterday's game was to decide who should have it this year. In a hard fought battle in which both sides did excellent work the printers lost by a score of 5 to 6, and the banner as far as they were concerned went trailing in the dust. The rooting was mostly in favor of the carpenters, as all the shops who had worked against the printers had failed. The line up was as follows:

Printers	Carpenters
Lawrence Mitchell	Flitzhugh L. Smith
James Parsons	Harold Whittemple
J. Standingdeer	Joe Fly
George Willard	James Schrimpscher
Peter Francis	James T. Snow
Jonas Jackson	Horton Elm
Wm. B. Mahone	Henry Mitchell
Phineas Wheelock	Henry Thomas
Dock Yukkatanche	Capt. Salem Moses
George Degray	Martin Machukay
Elias Charles, Capt.	Charles Ross

The Blacksmiths and Tanners played a game in the afternoon to try out the best of the two. The Blacksmiths won, and now the Carpenters and Blacksmiths will have to have a game for the championship.

A team made up of boys from the small boys' quarters of which Fred Brushel is Captain was invited by the Scotland Orphan Asylum team to play there. Our line up was Sheldon, r. e., Urrutia, r. t., Bero, r. g., Scott, c., Tarbell, l. g., Miller, l. t., White, l. e., Brushel, (Capt.) q. b., Johnson, r. h. b., Foster, l. h. b., Samson, f. b., Sheldon, White, Johnson and Brushel, made long runs, while the other members of the team deserve honorable mention. The Scotland team was as heavy if not heavier than ours. In the first half, play was in their territory excepting once when they punted into the Indians' territory. Several times the Indians were within striking distance of their goal when unfortunate fumbles lost them their opportunity. In the second half the Orphans kicked off to the Indians, who, by steady line plunging and a few end runs carried the ball to the 6 yard line where Foster was pushed over for a touchdown. The goal was kicked by Brushel and it was a beautiful kick, as the ball was only five yards from the side line and the goal posts presented a very small space through which to kick. The score at close of game stood 6-0 in favor of the Indians.

The Dinners.

The students as usual on this day of feast were ushered to full tables of turkey, and all the good things that go with it. The birds were done to a beautiful turn, and Mr. and Mrs. Crosbie had spared no pains to make the room and tables attractive and the occasion a pleasant one.

The Club dinner was set out in a most appetizing style, Matron Miss Noble and Cook, Mrs. Rumsport being fully up to their unexcelled excellence. There were a few catchy dishes which were specially enjoyed. It being a holiday the dinner was served in courses, taking two and a half hours, which were well employed in mirthful chat when the faithful waiters were changing dishes. For both dinners, in addition to those immediately in charge, who worked untiringly to make a success of this feature we all have to thank our caterer and store keeper, Mr. Kensler, who never fails us in abundant supply of food appropriate for the day, no matter how scarce certain articles are reported in

market. This year, turkeys were scarce and high, but through good management there was an abundance all around.

The Evening.

A school sociable closed the day for the students, in which a number of the faculty took part, and after which there was a spelling match and taffy-pull in the teachers' club rooms. Miss Sadie Robertson stood the longest and drew first prize as best speller, and Mr. Bietzel was next. Some failed on words in every day use; one of the number, whose adipose tissue quite predominates, went down on adipose, all of which helped on the amusement. The taffypull was more enjoyed by the timid spellers, and the company dispersed at an early hour, feeling that the day had been restful and profitable for the break in routine duties.

THE BAND IN PHILADELPHIA.

The following account of the band's visit to Philadelphia, contributed by Alfred Venne, came in too late for publication last week.

The band having been engaged by the ladies of the Civic Club to give a concert at a Home Mission Rally in Witherspoon Hall on the evening of Nov. 13, arrived in Philadelphia early in the afternoon.

Walking over to the hall we immediately took our places on the stage and "tuned up" for the concert, after which we were escorted by the ladies to Wanamaker's Restaurant. Here we were made to feel very much at home to see that tables all set and decorated with "Red and Old Gold" flags had been reserved for us. We seated ourselves eight at each table, one lady with seven young men, and the boys that had fasted since breakfast at last found a "time of plenty". Everything was excellently prepared, but I shall mention only two things which aroused all the football spirit there was in us. That is the menu which is printed herewith, and the ice-cream was served in the form of little football men, dressed in "red and old gold," running with the ball.

MENU

First Half	
Everybody Tackle	
BLUE POINTS	
CELERY	
OX TAIL SOUP	
Pass Without Delay	
FRIED OYSTERS	
CHICKEN CROQUETTES	
No Fumbling; The Waiters Will do that	
POTATO SALAD	
Second Half	
COLD HAM	COLD TONGUE
ICE CREAM	CAKE
DAIRY ROLLS	COFFEE
Now for a Free Kick	

There Will Be No Charging
Final Score
To-morrow

The Wanamaker Restaurant
in the Basement.

When every body had been satisfied we stood up and joined in three "Min-ni-waka Ka-wa-wi" and three "Wanamaker" and returned to the hall. While the ladies were assigning us to the different homes in which we were to be entertained that night (as arrangements had been made to have us entertained in private families instead of in a hotel) we spent the time singing "Old College Chum" and our football songs which were enjoyed by the ladies who were present. The time for the evening exercises was approaching and the hall was filling up, so we resumed our places on the stage and at 7:30 opened the program with Mr. Wheelock's "1903" march, following with "William Tell" and Paderewski's Famous Minuet. A couple of hymns were then sung, Scripture was read, prayer was offered and an address was made by Mr. John Willis Baer, N.Y., Secretary of Home Board. The address was followed with the singing by the congregation and playing by the band of "God Bless Our Native Land" after which the remainder of the concert was rendered.

The next thing was to find the people with whom we were to stop over night. As they were all there no one had any trouble and the band soon disbanded, for some went to West Philadelphia, some to Philadelphia proper, some to Oak Lane and others to Germantown. I am sure we were the most scattered band that ever visited the city, but the direction or

distance we went was not considered, for the following morning on assembling every boy was telling what a fine place he had, how well he had been entertained and each one was trying to make the others believe that his place was the best in Philadelphia.

At eleven o'clock that morning we played a few short selections in Wanamaker's score for the excellent treat we had received there the evening before and then returned to the hall where the ladies had another fine luncheon for us. We were soon seated at some long tables which had been spread especially for us and when all had had a sufficient amount of roast-beef, mashed potatoes, sweet peas, bread & butter, coffee, ice cream and cake no more time was spent there for something seemed to tell us,—"Go to Franklin Field and see your gallant heroes get another University of Pennsylvania scalp. And sure enough it was not a false omen. As some one else will surely write about the game I shall not take space here to say any thing about it except to mention that the band was highly complimented for its good work in playing and rooting on the side-line.

Fifteen of the boys who stayed over night to play for a Y. M. C. A. meeting the following day, returned to the city and stopped at the Windsor Hotel. In a place like this there are always new dishes on the Menu which the boys do not know and some always like to "experiment." Among these experimenters was our friend Tiffany Bender, who you know is very anxious to learn everything even at the cost of his own meals at times. Supper time came and he walked into the dining-room, seated himself at a table with some of us, picked up the menu and ordered what he knew he could eat first, and then seeing something which he thought he had never eaten and would like to "experiment" upon he ordered "Wheat Bread." He got all that he ordered including a large plate full of bread, but Tiffany thinking that his "Wheat Bread" had been forgotten called the waiter up and said, "Where is my Wheat Bread." The waiter picked up the large plateful of bread which was in front of his face and passed it to him, greatly to the amusement of the rest of the party.

The meeting that we played for Sunday afternoon was well attended. The music being furnished by a Men's Glee Club, the congregation and our little band was very good, and a very helpful address was given by Rev. Charles Wood.

This ended a very pleasant and profitable engagement of the band which will be long remembered by all its members.

Carlisle Reserves vs. Dickinson Seminary.

The Reserves were again given an opportunity to display their prowess last Saturday when they won from Dickinson Seminary at Williamsport by the decisive score of 28 to 5. The line up was as follows: Eugene Fisher, l. e. Tomahawk, l. t. Pico, l. g. Wm. B. Jackson, c. Adam Fisher, r. g. James, r. t. Nephew, r. e. Archie Libby, q. b. Andrew, Doxtator, l. h. Edward Green, r. h. Yukkanina, f. b.

The Dickinson Seminary team had on it Prof. West, an old Dickinson College player as well as several other old players. On the way, ponds and streams were seen covered with ice of which many skaters were seen taking advantage. It was therefore, not a surprise to find the field upon which we were to play frozen very hard and presenting anything but an inviting appearance. The team was cordially entertained at the Seminary. The foreman of one of the city fire companies invited the team to witness the modern methods in use in their fire-house for receiving alarms, turning out the horses, harnessing them, etc. which was done. The surprising short time of nine seconds was sufficient to cover the time from receiving the alarm to leaving the house. Because of late trains the team did not reach home until 2 o'clock Sunday morning.

Miss Clara Anthony who has so ably ministered to the palatal needs of the football boys this season closed out her work this week and has gone to her cosy home on North College Street. Her sister Miss Mary was with her.

Man-on-the-band-stand.

Robert O. Long is becoming an expert carpenter.—

Miss Ferree spent several hours in Philadelphia last Thursday.

Sara Jacquetz, ex-student, is teaching school in New Mexico.

A new Besson BB Morster Tuba arrived this week for the band.

Through a letter we learn that Lillian Waterman, '02, is in Cleveland, Ohio.—

The cold wind helps to make the boys move to and from school with more life.—

The carpenter boys are enjoying the work of putting up a ceiling in their shop.

Miss Hawk has gone home to Elizabethtown to spend the Thanksgiving holidays.

Mr. White of St Regis, N. Y. was here on school business the latter part of the week.

This week the Sophomores are studying some features of progress in the United States.—

Miss Senseney is spending the Thanksgiving-vacation with her mother in Chambersburg.

Mrs. Forster and daughter Miss Margaret ate Thanksgiving dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Bietzel.

The pond is now flooded and we all hope that it will soon be frozen over so that we can skate.—

Miss Josephine Ramone led the prayer meeting for the large girls last Sunday and it was very impressive.—

Myron Moses is still with us and is much improved, having gained four and a half pounds since his arrival in Carlisle.

Miss Annie Richards of Carlisle and her friends Mr. and Mrs. Speer of Germantown visited the school a few days ago.

Miss Agnes Goedker led the Wednesday evening prayer meeting. She made it interesting and a number of girls took part.

Miss Richenda Pratt looked in upon us for a few hours on her way to Rochester, New York, where she will visit friends for a time.

Mr. Collison, the gospel singer, again visited our afternoon chapel service on Sunday and sang two solos very sweetly and impressively.

We learn through a letter that Miss Eliza Nauwegesic, '02, is home with her mother in Michigan. She wishes to be remembered to all her friends.—

There were high and merry doings when the score from Chicago came over the wires. Ask Mr. Sherry how high he can kick when he hears a good thing?

Richard Jack, once our bass-clarinete player, has selected a life companion, and they are now living in Loyalton, California, where Richard is employed.—

Martha Enos, '04, writes from West Chester, that she and the rest of our girls who are attending the Normal school there, are getting along very well.

The Thanksgiving poem on the first page was written by Robert Bridges, a native of Cumberland County and a brother of Mr. George Bridges of Carlisle.

Emma Skye led the prayer meeting for the little girls. The subject was "What are we thankful for?" Many of the little girls took part, and made the meeting very interesting.—

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson entertained a party of friends last Thursday evening in honor of Mrs. Thompson's sister, Mrs. Gallup. A very enjoyable evening was passed by those present.

William Mahone, who went to the Y. M. C. A. convention at Shippensburg says that all the delegates had a delightful time and he makes special mention of the hospitality of the people.—

The girls of Miss Ferree's classes will be glad to return to their own quarters for their cooking lessons next week, as the arrangements are more convenient and they will have more lessons.—

As the football boys of the second team do not play any more this season, they have left the training table and were in the regular dining hall to enjoy the Thanksgiving dinner.

Several of the senior girls have received letters from the Principal of the West Chester normal who welcomes them to enter the school after graduating. We hope many of them will take advantage of the opportunities offered by this excellent school.—

THE NORTH WESTERN GAME.

As we go to press the following from the Associate Press is noted. Our official report by wire is 29 to 0. The full report of the game by our special correspondent will have to wait for next week:

CHICAGO, ILL., NOV. 26.—Carlisle Indians in today's game with Northwestern University demonstrated the superiority of the football that has made the Redmen formidable gridiron warriors in the East by defeating the Purple 28 to 0. At times during the one sided contest snow fell in such blinding swirls that the gridiron and players were concealed from the 3,000 enthusiasts who gathered to root impartially for the Evanston eleven and the popular Indians. Coach McCormack's eleven was materially weakened by the absence of Guard Phillips from the line. The old Carlisle lineman refused to play against his former colleagues. Watching the contest from the stands, Phillips said that had the field been free from snow Carlisle's speedy back would have doubled the score.

At no time was the Northwestern dangerous on the offensive. Captain Flaeger and his Methodists fought gamely to withstand the almost irresistible attack of the Indians, and Peckum and Weinberger, the Purples ends, showed fierce tackling. Half-backs Charles and Sheldon, light but fast as the wind, and Full-back Williams circled the ends at will. Occasionally when a short gain for first down was needed Left Tackle Bowen did the work. Quarter-back Johnson ran the team's attack with a bewildering mixture of wing shifts and crush bucks, following by fake interference plays that yielded 23 of Carlisle's points. Johnson's brilliant goal from field furnished the other five points.

NOVEMBER'S EXHIBITION.

Everybody was pleased with the program on Wednesday evening this week when the Academic Department placed upon the boards again an entertainment of declamations, music and song that was a credit to the teachers and students taking part.

The Band played well and the school singing of "Chiming Bells of Long Ago" was remarkable for volume, clearness of enunciation and rich, deep harmony.

We hope we shall often hear the same song and that it will always be rendered in the same spirit and excellence.

The decorations of the platform were for the following Thanksgiving service and several numbers on the program were Thanksgiving in spirit.

Who took the Man-on-the-band-stand's banner for best speaking?

Tiffany Bender; although there were a number so near to his excellence that it was hard for the old gentleman to decide this time. Some excelled Tiffany in ease of expression, but were not so good in other things. Those who came nearest to the high mark were Florence Welch, Ellwood Mather, Agnes Goedker and Francis R. Tomahawk. The other speakers were Minnie White, Alva Johnson, Olaf Gray, Rose Monroe, Daniel Robinson, Lydia Armstrong, Fred Schanandoah and Elkney Wolf, all of whom did well.

One test of good speaking is the ability of the speaker to hold the attention of the audience.

Ida Mitchell played Engleman's "Melody" and it was said to be her first appearance as a pianist. She displayed a pleasing touch and natural expression that was remarked upon.

Dr. Elson's lecture of last Saturday evening covered the administrations of Van Buren, Harrison and Tyler, and the election of James K. Polk; the business panic of 1837, the establishment of the Sub-treasuries, and the annexation of Texas. Dr. Elson also gave a very interesting picture of the social conditions of the times.

Twelve members of the "Washington Fan" football team left Thursday for Chambersburg, where they played the Scotland Orphan School team. The boys went under the management of Mr. Scott. See report of game in other column.

Messrs. Kirk Bryce and Lloyd Bryant, brother of Miss Bryant, were her guests yesterday. The gentlemen are from Pittsburg, and connected with the United States Glass works.

Football.

The University of Virginia and Carlisle played a tie game of football at Norfolk, Va., last Saturday, the score being 6-6.

The Virginia team had prepared all the season for this game as it was the most important one on their schedule, and they put up one of the strongest games of any team Carlisle has met this year, and our team had to play desperately to keep from being defeated.

The Virginia team was composed of veterans who averaged 180 pounds to Carlisle's 164, and their players were well covered by both Yale and Princeton men.

The eligibility rules in the South are not very strict, and some of the Virginia team have played for more than four years. All these things account for the strength of their team and they could undoubtedly give Yale and Harvard all they could handle.

The Carlisle team played a good game against these odds, and that they were not defeated reflects great credit upon the whole team. If Virginia is played next season it will probably be earlier in the season when the Indians are preparing for the more important games.

Neither side scored in the first half although Carlisle had the ball within scoring distance of Virginia's goal several times. Just before time was called in the first half a Virginia man got away with the ball, and with ten other men to interfere for him it looked as though Captain Johnson would be swept aside and a touch down scored, but "Jimmie" avoided the interferers and caught the runner from behind and saved a touchdown from being scored.

In the second half Virginia made a short ten-yard kick off and their end secured the ball and gained the ten yards more. From that point they worked the ball gradually down the field for a touchdown and it looked very much as though Carlisle would be defeated.

The Indians then seemed to grow stronger and Virginia weaker and Carlisle rushed the ball from their 40 yard line by irresistible rushes into Virginia territory and over for a touchdown from which a goal was kicked, tying the score. The Indians were fast rushing the ball for another score when time was called, leaving the score a tie.

The team defeated Northwestern University on Thursday. Northwestern has not been defeated this season and is one of the strongest teams in the west.

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.
Won 12 to 5.
- " 31, Harvard, at Cambridge.
Lost 11 to 12.
- Nov. 7, Georgetown, at Washington.
Won 28 to 6.
- " 14, University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia.
WON 16 to 6.
- " 21, University of Virginia at Norfolk.
Tie 6 to 6.
- " 21, 2nd team vs Dickinson Seminary at Williamsport.
Won 28 to 5.
- Nov. 26, Northwestern, at Chicago.
Won 29 to 0

The plucky Shoemakers were defeated last Saturday afternoon, by the Printers in a game of football by a decisive score of 21-0. It was a lively game and the Shoe-makers deserve credit for the splendid game which they put up.—

The Tinnors' football team put up a good plucky game last Saturday against the Carpenters. The Carpenters won after a hard fight by the score of 10-5 —

The debate, Resolved, That the Chinese should be excluded from the United States, in the Susan Society last Friday evening, was very interesting. Many girls expressed their opinions about the Chinese.—

THE SECRET OF THE WOODS.

It is the heart that sees more than the mind. To love nature is the first step in observing her. The eye sees quickly and easily those things in which we are interested.—JOHN BURROUGHS.

Perhaps the real reason why we see so little in the woods is the way we go through them—talking, laughing, rustling, smashing twigs, disturbing the peace of the solitudes by what must seem strange and uncouth noises to the little wild creatures. They on the other hand, slip with noiseless feet through their native coverts, shy, silent, listening, more concerned to hear than to be heard, loving the silence, hating noise, and fearing it, as they fear and hate their natural enemies.

We would not feel comfortable if a big barbarian came into our quiet home, broke the door down, whacked his war-club on the furniture, and whooped his battle-yell. We could hardly be natural under the circumstances. Our true dispositions would hide themselves. We might even vacate the house bodily. Just so wood folk. Only as you copy their ways can you expect to share their life and their secrets. And it is astonishing how little the shyest of them fears you if you but keep silence and avoid all excitement, even of feeling; for they understand your feeling quite as much as your action.—WM.D.LONG in St.Nicholas.

A merry time was spent in the rooms of Mr. and Mrs. Beitzel, where the first history club entertained the second club last Monday evening. The history of colonization has been subject for study in the second club and upon receiving the invitation to colonize on Monday evening, the members decided to carry out the idea in their costumes and represent emigrants of different nationalities. The hostesses were convulsed with laughter at the appearance of the mo'ley crew, representing the Irish, German, Slav, Norwegian and Turk and all carrying their belongings in trunks, bags, small bundles and bundles of prodigious size. These were soon disposed of and in a marvelously short space of time the character and appearance of these foreign emigrants were completely transformed, showing their adaptability to new conditions. Charades and historical puzzles were the order of entertainment, Miss Wood capturing the prize for having guessed the largest number. Refreshments were served and a pleasant social time enjoyed until the company dispersed donning their costumes again, shouldering their bales and bundles as if they, like Patrick, had "lately tuk the notion fer to cross the briney ocean, and to start for Philadelphia in the mornin'."

Mr. Morgan Owens, of Summit Hill, Pa., was a guest of Miss Roberts, yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Musser of Lancaster, Pa. were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Nori yesterday.

The RED MAN was held over to get the Thanksgiving and latest football news of the week.

Rueben Sundown has returned after spending the summer at his home in New York.—

Mr. and Mrs. Felton, of Waterbury, Conn., are guests of their sister Miss Steele, Librarian.

Mrs. Moul, of Carlisle, ate Thanksgiving dinner with her daughter, assistant matron for the small boys.

Mary Beaulieu left us yesterday morning for West Chester where she will live with a family at West Chester.—

On Monday morning John Kane went to the country for the winter. He will be greatly missed by the shoemakers.—

Frank L. Beaver, class 1901, in a letter to a friend says that he has been suffering with his eyes since he left Carlisle.—

Robert Friday a former student of Haskell has entered our school. He says that Carlisle is more like a home than a school.

The class-leaders in heavy gymnastics are working hard to fit themselves to instruct the other boys at the general evening practice hour.

Rev. Edward Marsden came in from New York in time to take Thanksgiving dinner with his Carlisle friends, and goes to Washington to-morrow.

Mr. Ellis, Chief of the Accounts Division of the Indian office called on Thursday. He was visiting his daughter who is a student at Dickinson.

THE CURSE OF DISCONTENT.

There lived on the banks of the Indus river an ancient Persian by the name of El Hafed. From his beautiful and comfortable cottage on the hillside, he could look down upon the gleaming river and over the glorious sea. He was a man of wealth. His fields and orchards yielded plentifully, and he had money at interest. A beautiful wife and lovely children shared with him the joy of a happy home.

One day there came to the cottage a Persian priest. That priest sat down with El Hafed, and told him how diamonds were formed. "If you had a diamond," said the old priest, "as big as your thumb, you could purchase many farms like this; and if you had a bushel, you could own the whole country."

That moment El Hafed became poor. All his possessions seemed to lose their value, as the feeling of discontent filled his soul. He said: "I must have a mine of diamonds. What is the use of spending one's life in this way, in this narrow sphere? I want a mine, and shall have it!"

That night he could not sleep. Early next morning he went to the priest, and asked where he could find those diamonds.

"If you want diamonds," said the priest "go and get them." "Won't you please tell me where I could get them?" said El Hafed. "Well, if you go and find high mountains, with a deep river running between them over white sand, in this white sand you will find diamonds."

The enthusiastic, restless and dissatisfied farmer sold his farm, took the money, and went off in search of diamonds. He began through Egypt and Palestine. Years passed while he was pursuing his useless search. At last he went over through Europe; and one day, broken-hearted, in rags, a hungry pauper, stung with humiliation and crushed by his bitter disappointments, he stood on the shore of the Bay of Barcelona. He looked at the big waves as they came rolling in, and listened to the whisper that invited him to peace, and in the moment of despair, threw himself in and sank, never to rise again.

The man who purchased El Hafed's farm led his camel out one day to the stream at the edge of the garden to drink. While the camel buried his nose in the water, the man noticed a white flash of glittering, glistening, sparkling something at his feet. Out of curiosity he reached down and picked up a black stone with a strange eye of light in it, which seemed to reflect all the colors of the rainbow. He took the curiosity to the house and laid it on the mantel, and soon forgot all about it.

One day the same old priest came to visit El Hafed's successor. He noticed the flash of light from the mantel, and sprang toward it in amazement, and exclaimed: "Here is a diamond! Has El Hafed returned?" "Oh, no, that is not a diamond. It is a stone we found out in the garden." But I tell you that it is a diamond." And the two men went out in the garden and stirred up the white sand, and there came up in their hands beautiful diamonds more valuable than the first.

This is all historically true. It was the discovery of the wonderful mines of Golconda, and the founding of the line of Great Moguls. Had El Hafed remained at home and dug in his own garden, he would have been the wealthiest man of his time and the most honored.—Exchange.

THE ORIGIN OF PUMPKIN PIE.

Once upon a time—a long while ago children—there lived a wise old man who was always trying to see what he could discover.

Having made several perpetual-motion machines and one or two air-ships, he was walking through the fields to avoid his creditors when he came upon a pumpkin. "This," he said to himself, bending down and feeling of the yellow orb, "is a vegetable growth; but I firmly believe that it acquires its hue from small particles of gold which it extracts from the earth."

So he put the pumpkin on his shoulder and took it home, telling all anxious inquirers that he was going to discover how to extract the gold from it.

At home, in spite of all his wife said, he cut the pumpkin up, and put it in a pot and boiled it,—only he argued that he was melting it.

When at last it was a pulpy mass he

poured it out of the pot and right on top of a pan of dough that his wife had rolled out for the purpose of making a dried-apple pie.

Now you know the kind of a wife he had, do you not? A woman who will feed her husband on dried-apple pie deserves to be married to two or three inventors, doesn't she? And so he put the pumpkin and the dough into the oven, asserting that he would harden it with the heat and produce a solid sheet of gold, and be so rich that he could afford to run for office on a reform ticket.

But, bless you! when the pumpkin and the dough came out of the oven it was not a solid sheet of gold at all, but a rich, golden, tantalizing section of goodness.

And the poor inventor was hungry, so he bit into it.

A few moments later several of his creditors broke into the house and came upon him, crying "Look here! Where is all that gold you were going to get for us? And he never looked up at them, but kept right on eating, saying, "Who cares f'r gold? [Bite, bite O-o-o-oh!] Who cares f'r gold? Men I have discovered pumpkin pie!"

And the creditors sat down also and ate, and they too were happy ever after.

So now when you eat pumpkin pie you should be glad that the poor inventor did not succeed in making gold of the pumpkin, for if he had the pumpkin might never have gone further than to fill your teeth.—JUDGE.

TEACH THE GIRLS TO COOK.

To the average woman a practical knowledge of the art of cooking will be worth a dozen "ologies." Such an accomplishment will make her the unquestioned mistress of her own household, instead of the helpless servant of incompetent servants, as many women are now a days. While it is true that mothers should teach their daughters the mysteries of the culinary art as well as how to perform other household duties, it is unfortunately quite as true that many mothers cannot do this because they do not themselves know how to cook, while others do not from motives of false pride.

While in the interest of the better physical development of the girls in the public schools, fewer rather than more studies should be required, the study of cooking is of so practical a nature and its acquirement so necessary to their own welfare and that of their future households, that it deserves attention.

No other land under the sun is so bountifully provided with the necessaries of good living as the United States, yet it is probable that in no other country is there so much waste as among ourselves; while bad cookery is responsible for the existence of a host of dyspeptics. Good cooking should mean not only a marked decrease in the expenditure of multitudes of homes, but an equally marked improvement in the health and comfort of their inhabitants.—[Philadelphia Bulletin.

THE ANXIOUS LITTLE LEAF.

Once a little leaf was heard sighing, as leaves often do when the wind is blowing.

The twig on which the leaf grew, said, "What is it, little leaf? Why are you sighing?"

"The wind just told me that one day it will take me off and let me fall to the ground, where I shall die," said the leaf.

The twig told this to the branch, and the branch told it to the tree. The tree sent back word to the leaf, "Do not be afraid; you shall not go until you wish."

Then the leaf stopped sighing. It went on singing as at first. And so it grew on. Through the warm days of summer it danced and sang.

When the bright fall days came, the little leaf saw all the leaves of the woodland turning from green to red and yellow.

The little leaf asked the tree what it meant. The tree said, "All these have put on their bright clothes to go away. They are very happy."

Then the little leaf wished to go, too. It grew brighter and more beautiful while thinking about it. It saw, however, that the branches were as gray as ever. So the little leaf said, "Branches, why are you so gray while I am so yellow?"

"We cannot put off our working clothes yet," said the branches, "Our work is not done, but yours is."

Just then a little wind came by. The little leaf let go before it thought.

The wind took it up and turned it over and over. Then it dropped softly down by many, many other leaves. It fell into a dream and never awoke to tell what its dream was about.—H. W. Beecher.

A CONGRESS OF BIRD LOVERS.

The meeting of the American Ornithological Union has been one of the most interesting of this week's local events says the Public Ledger. From all parts of the nation the lovers of the birds and students of birdlife gathered at the Academy of Natural Sciences to exchange views and experiences. The papers presented and discussed were most attractive and valuable. Philadelphia has always had an open mind for nature-lore, and her learned men have been among the leaders of scientific thought and discovery. The ornithologists have, therefore, found here a congenial environment, especially in our Academy of Natural Sciences, whose collection of birds ranks as one of the largest and best in the world.

Quite apart from the interest which intelligent people have in all phases of natural science as tending to elevate and educate society, ornithology has a special value to the community. Men need to be taught the importance of birds in the economy of nature, and what species to spare and what to slay. The indiscriminate slaughter of birds has been a great and in some cases a well-nigh irreparable wrong. Farmers and fruit growers are apt to act on the theory that all birds are injurious, and with equal hand kill and harass all species. They thus often smite their best friends. Take a single illustration:

A local ornithologist, within sixteen miles of this city, took a "sectional bird census" extending over a square mile of country. With that rare patience which marks the true naturalist, he located every approachable bird within that area, numbering 1388 individuals of 62 species. Of these, 1062 individuals, representing 48 species, are classed as "insectivorous." They live chiefly upon insects, and are, therefore, nature's great checks upon the increase of the agriculturist's most hurtful foes. Only two species are positively injurious, the Cooper's hawk and the English sparrow. Two more are on the doubtful list, the blue jay and the cedar wax-wing. Thus, of the birds that our neighboring farmers so ruthlessly destroy or permit to be destroyed, more than 70 per cent are beneficial. It is easy to see from such a census, which is a typical one, that it were better to go upon the theory that all birds are helpful rather than harmful. At least give them the benefit of a doubt, and hold then innocent friends until proved the reverse. The ornithologist who teaches us such facts should surely have encouragement and, what he well deserves, our thanks.

A Philadelphian was recently placing a number of plants in his spacious grounds. A friend, noticing the seeming excess of small fruits and berries, asked what he expected to do with so many. "You are not going to market them?" "No." "You surely cannot consume them in your own family?" "I do not wish to do so," was the reply. "I am planting one for myself and one for the birds!" Then he called attention to the character of the shrubs he had set out—such as bearseeds and fruit that birds can feed upon. And there, he added, on your outer lines are mulberry trees, cherries and chokecherries planted for the birds alone!

Is not this a wise and gracious rural policy? Independent of the service wrought by birds in helping to hold in check destructive insects, they add to the charms of the scenery by their presence. What would our countryside be without the birds? They enliven the landscape as they flit to and fro, and a birdless rural home would be dull indeed. And then their songs! Surely the lovers of beautiful things, at least, will agree that the song birds richly pay us for their pickings by the music which they so freely and joyously give.

CHIEF BIGHEART.

Governor Bigheart, Chief of the Osages, is a remarkable man in many respects, and his career has been one of honor and usefulness to mankind. A full blood Osage Indian, he was born 64 years ago, in Henry County, Mo., near where is now the town of Clinton, says the Kansas City "Journal." When the Osages were removed to their reservation in Eastern Kansas, Nun-sab-tun-kah, which is the Osage equivalent for "big heart," accompanied the tribe, and for a number of years made his home in the beautiful Neosho Valley. At a tender year of age he was taken in hand by the Jesuit Fathers and equipped for the sphere of usefulness that he has filled.

The young Indian was a student at the

Osage Mission, at St. Paul, a few miles north of the present town of Parsons, from his 17th to his 23rd year, when the Civil war began. At a call for volunteers Bigheart with about forty members of the Osage tribe, among them Uncle Tom Moiser, the present interpreter at the Osage agency, enlisted under Captain H. F. N. Reed, in Troop 1, Ninth Kansas Volunteer Cavalry. During the three years he served in the army Bigheart participated in a number of hotly contested engagements and rendered valuable service throughout his enlistment. Today he receives a pension from the Government for disabilities incurred while in the war. He is an enthusiastic member of the Grand Army of the Republic and is invariably a prominent figure at the reunions and gatherings of the veterans.

Governor Bigheart is now serving for the second time as Chief Executive of the Osage nation. He is, perhaps, the wealthiest individual Indian in the Territory to-day if not in the United States. He has several finely improved farms and cattle ranches in the reservation, and the doors of his comfortable and well furnished home are never closed against any one who passes by. In addition to his farm and live stock interests, the Governor is a Director and President of the Citizens' Trading Company, one of the strongest and most extensive mercantile institutions in the reservation.

A COLONIAL THANKSGIVING.

A quaint account of an old colonial Thanksgiving church service and dinner has recently come to light. It was written in the year 1714 by the Rev. Lawrence Conant of the Old South Parish in Danvers, Mass., and reprinted in the New York Tribune. A more vivid picture, in brief space, of Puritan traits and habits, or of the conditions of the times, would be hard to find.

"Ye Governor was in ye house and Her Majesty's commissioners of ye customs," writes the old chronicler, "and they sat together in a high seat of ye pulpit stairs. Ye Governor appears very devout and attentive. He was dressed in a black velvet coat, bordered with gold lace, and buff breeches with gold buckles at ye knees, and white silk stockings.

"There was a disturbance in ye galleries, where it was filled with divers negroes, mulattoes, and Indians, and a negro called Pomp Shorter was called forth, and put in ye broad aisle, where he was reproved with great carefulness and solemnity."

"He was then put in ye deacons' seat between two deacons, in view of ye whole congregation, but ye sexton was ordered by Mr. Prescott to take him out, because of his levity and strange contortion of countenance (giving grave scandal to ye grave deacons), and put him in ye lobby under ye stairs; some children and a mulatto woman were reprimanded for laughing at Pomp Shorter."

"When ye services at ye meetinghouse were ended, ye council and other dignitaries were entertained at ye house of Mr. Epes, on ye hill near by, and we had a bountiful Thanksgiving dinner with bear's meat and venison, the last of which was a fine buck, shot in ye woods near by. Ye bear was killed in Lynn woods near Reading."

"After ye blessing was craved by Mr. Garrich of Wrentham, word came that ye buck was shot on ye Lord's day by Pequot, an Indian, who came to Mr. Epes with a lye in his mouth like Ananias of old."

"Ye council therefore refused to eat ye venison, but it was afterwards decided Pequot should receive forty stripes, save one, for lying and profaning ye Lord's day, restore Mr. Epes ye cost of ye deer; and considering this a just and righteous sentence on ye sinful heathen, and that a blessing had been craved on ye meat, ye council all partook of it but Mr. Shepard, whose conscience was tender on ye point of venison."—[Every Other Sunday.

SPECIAL DIRECTIONS.

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