The Red Man.

HIS PRESENT AND FUTURE.

"GOD HELPS THEM WHO HELP THEMSELVES."

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THERE is no true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives nothing but worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,
That thread of all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite,—
The hand cannot clasp the whole of alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it, and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

—[*Vision of Sir Launfal.*

(Continued from November.)

IN THE INDIAN SERVICE.

Black Hawk continued his close observation of the approaching Indian until he could decide as to whether the visitor was a friend or foe. Being at last satisfied that there was nothing to fear he said, "All right," put up his pistol and went to work.

It will perhaps be thought strange that Black Hawk should have been at all in fear of a brother Indian, but indeed he had good reason to be on his guard, owing to the severe threats made by the hostile faction against any of their tribe who should show a disposition to settle down and lead quiet and peaceable lives; threats which only men of nerve and resolute character would face, and he in common with all others who were doing the same, knew that they must be prepared to boldly defend their course and resist any force that might be used against them.

This intimidation of the peaceably disposed and progressive among the Indians by the old savage element of the tribe is by no means an obsolete condition, but is to-day one of the potent influences operating against Indian progress in many sections of our land. There is no adequate protection for life or property, and the only resource left is for those who are like-minded to go off by themselves and form a colony, for mutual protection.

Returning to camp we were informed that there had been during the day another messenger from the hostile chiefs summoning the Apaches and others who were known as friendly Indians to join them in a grand council. To this council, Pacer and others proposed to go, but to leave behind them their lodges, and not in any way join the hostile demonstrations. As far as they could they wished to keep on good terms with the ruling faction, by attending their council and then returning home.

I had quite a desire to be present at this council, and Pacer at one time was in favor of my accompanying him, but afterwards changed his mind saying he would go first, and then if he thought it was all right he would send for me. I, in the meanwhile, was to remain in the camp with Black Hawk, John and their followers, about five hundred in all.

A few days after Pacer and party had started it was determined to make another trip to the mountains, see how the crops were coming on and do what cultivating and weeding were needed. The party consisted of about a dozen well-armed men, as many women and some children, with cooking utensils and enough of camp equipage to make us comfortable for the night.

Arriving at the fields the Indians went to work with a will, with hoes and with knives doing all they could to put the crops in good condition.

Towards evening the women made preparation for supper, gathered some berries and prepared as good a meal as they could, expending on it more than their usual care so all might enjoy themselves after the day's labor. All preparations had been made, horses staked, pallets prepared and all in readiness for the supper call, when a loud halloo was heard from the opposite side of the creek some two hundred yards distant. Two men immediately seized their rifles and went to investigate. The visitor proved to be a messenger sent by John's wife from camp requesting us to come home at once, as one of their young men had come in and reported having seen a band of ninety hostiles a few hours ride to the west, and they were afraid for the camp and for us also. The order was at once given to saddle up, and in a few minutes we were on the move, no one caring now for supper.

The night was intensely dark and sultry, and soon we were guided in our path only by Indian instinct, aided by occasional flashes of lightning. The order of march was, first, the men extended in a long line occasionally signaling to each other; in the rear in compact order, women, children and pack mules.

The country traversed was full of ravines, and it was often necessary to wait for a flash of lightning to see our way down into a gully, and then for another to light the pathway out.

Before reaching camp the lightning which had been fitful became almost continuous bringing into clear vision every rock and hill-top for a long distance around as well as a large expanse of prairie, so to avoid unnecessary exposure our march was a circuitous one along water courses and ravines until we had passed the broad trail coming in from the west after which our main anxiety was to reach camp before the storm should burst, which we were able to do.

The violence of the storm that followed was in one sense a relief to us, as we knew that whatever may have been the original intentions of the hostile party (and we were informed that it was to attack two agencies that night) that their plans would be effectually frustrated by the storm.

But what was the final result of the attempt to farm under these circumstances? Why, it was the dry season of 1874, with no rain for many weeks, and any crop that survived the drought was destroyed by passing Indians; those who did the work did not reap one particle of benefit.

Hearing nothing from Pacer, I remained with the Indians in camp, making occasional visits off for various purposes, visiting other Indians who were trying to farm a little and at all times extending my acquaintance with the young Apaches.

Returning on one occasion from a short trip, we found the camp all in excitement over a rumor that the hostile Indians contemplated a raid on the horses belonging to our camp. Every precaution was taken to protect the stock, but though the word had seemed direct, the raid was never made. Perhaps it was only another device to worry the Indians who wanted to do as "Washington" had told them, *i. e.*, to live as white men.

Varied by rumors of troubles here and there, of fights between the soldiers and the Indians and of raids by the latter on settlers and others, the summer months passed, culminating in more active operations on the part of the army, which left the Indians clearly divided into two bodies, the "friendly" enrolled by name and drawing subsistence from the Government and the "hostiles" cut off from any chance of coming in except as prisoners of war.

My duties had changed somewhat in character. There could be nothing done about schools. Farming was out of the question, so I was made custodian of the roll of the friendly Indians and used to certify to the daily presence in camp of those whose names were enrolled, and if any were absent, furnish information in a proper quarter.

It was while on this duty that I started out one morning with an Indian, whose younger brother had absented himself and joined an unruly band, for the purpose of prevailing on him to return to our camp. Our road lay over the hills; the day was pleasant; the ride enjoyable, until nearly our journey's end when we were joined by two Indian horsemen who travelled with us for some miles. I noticed after they joined us unusual care on the part of my companion that I should not drop far behind; if I did he would slack up, too. I afterwards learned that the two who joined us would have liked my scalp.

That they did not get what they wanted was doubtless owing to the presence and watchfulness of my friend Dangerous Eagle. Although ignorant of the purpose of the two warriors it was soon evident there was real danger, and we were warned by a friendly Indian to hasten. We did so, and soon passed between the lines of the United States soldiers on the one hand and hostile Indians on the other.

We had barely passed before firing commenced, and a general stampede of the Indians ensued, those who were friendly in one direction and the hostiles in another, leaving their tents standing with all their valuables in them, also a considerable quantity of ammunition, which later in the day was destroyed by the soldiers along with the tents.

The point for which we were aiming was the Agency, where I, at any rate, would be associated with those of my own color. Having reached that point and it being evident the trouble had only just commenced, Dangerous Eagle became restless and wanted to get back to camp asking me to go with him. This invitation I declined for good and sufficient reasons, so he started out alone.

For the remainder of that day our anxiety was intense. The hostile Indians were gathering their forces. We could see them collecting on the hills around us. Now and again a company of horsemen would dash out on the prairie, then circle around and rejoin their comrades. Off and on, firing was heard from distant points. The Indian camp was being burned by the soldiers, and now and again a lot of ammunition would explode as it was reached by the fire, making altogether a continuation of events tending strongly to make us realize the difference between reading of such occurrences and being eye-witnesses of them.

By night-fall it was known that several white men, working at distant points had been killed. More would have been but for the interference and protection of friendly Indians.

The night was spent in watching. Sunday morning's dawn revealed the hostiles gathered in force for an attack on the trader's store. This was prevented by the four Companies of the 10th Cavalry who were on hand, and whose charge repulsed and discouraged the Indians.

An unavoidable incident of the occurrence of Saturday was that the friendly Indians hardly dare show themselves. Their absence added to the general gloom of the situation. It was therefore a matter of thankfulness when on the afternoon of Monday, a few well-known chiefs came to call on the Colonel commanding the troops, and the Agent. A lunch was provided for them and a council held at which the friendly chiefs were assured that their friendship was understood and valued, and that it was regretted by all that they should have been in any way jeopardized or injured during the recent troubles.

The council was about to adjourn when a party of Indians were seen approaching, who were recognized as Kicking Bird, of the Kiowas, and Pacer and Black Hawk, of the Apaches. They were entirely without arms and said they could no longer stand the suspense. They had heard all sorts of rumors, but had come to find out what the situation was and what would be their best course to pursue for the safety and protection of their people.

Pacer and his friends greeted me very cordially, said they had heard at one time that I had been killed, and at the close of their interview asked if I would go with them again. The Colonel commanding said he would be glad if I would do so. I had no objection, had no fears at all while with them, so drew from the Agency stores a supply of provisions and a beef, as the camp was reported to be out of food, and went with them.

I had been surprised that there was not a weapon on any one of the party as they came into the Agency, but after riding a mile or so on our way home they all turned into an abandoned hut, and came out fully armed warriors.

I had been given authority to collect all the Indians I knew to be friendly and to proceed with them to Ft. Sill. All under my care were to be safe from any interference on the part of any troops we might meet.

Arriving at the camp I received a very warm welcome from my Indian friends, in fact, on the part of some ladies of the camp, none too clean in their persons, the welcome was a little too effusive to be agreeable.

In passing from the Agency to where the Apaches and Kiowas were in camp it was sad to see the charred ruins of what but a few days before were comfortable Indian homes, representing perhaps the labor and efforts of years all gone in a day, by no fault of their own, and no such thing as compensation for losses need be entertained. Here and there were burned wagons and haystacks with ruined fields, while at intervals would be seen the putrefying carcasses of cows, work-oxen and hogs, shot down in a spirit of wanton destruction by those who never owned such things themselves.

Such destruction of improvements made and property accumulated under difficulties, is one of the obstacles that has discouraged and impeded Indian progress and is one of the many arguments in favor of the United States governing the Indian Territory in a way to secure adequate protection to those who of themselves are ignorant and weak, divided into factions, tribes and bands, differing in language and customs, and incapable of self-government.

While it is true that these divisions preventing concert of action on the

part of the Indians have been in the past our safety, yet the relative position of the two races now leaves the Indians absolutely dependent for personal safety on the strong arm of the Government, and the sooner this is made effectual for all Indians the more rapidly will they advance.

A. J. STANDING.

WHAT CAN WE DO TO KEEP THE RETURNED CARLISLE BOYS FROM GOING BACK TO CAMP AND BECOMING LIKE CAMP INDIANS?

DARLINGTON, IND. TER., Dec. 23, 1888.
DEAR RED MAN:

We hear the above question from every side. Let me make a suggestion. Send them back to Carlisle. How would that do? "Oh," you would say, "they all don't want to go back, and their folks wont let them." Well, let us solve this problem. We must get them interested in whatever plan we undertake.

Here is Daniel Tucker. He has been back about six years. He has had time to go back a long ways. He has been at work for the Government as blacksmith ever since he came back. He has a herd of cattle, a number of horses, and has lately got his life insured for $5,000 on the instalment plan. He dresses well but not foppishly, and lives in a house.

Let me inquire right here, What is the matter with Daniel? Who kept him from going back to camp and becoming like a camp Indian? Let me whisper to you gently, I think Daniel did the most of it himself.

Jessa Bent is another returned student who has been at home for about six years. He has had the position of Commissary Clerk most of the time since he returned. He has a team, and this season raised one hundred and fifty-five bushels of wheat besides other grain. He lives in a house, dresses respectably in citizen's clothes. But you say "He has"——yes, yes, we know he has done many little things like camp Indians do. I think most of us, when we remember our boyish freaks would not be ready "to cast the stone."

Jaah Seger has been home about six years. He has a farm of about twenty acres fenced and under good cultivation, has a team, wagon and harness and ten head of cattle. After he raised his crop the past season, he enlisted with the scouts for six months to get employment through the Fall and Winter. His time will be out in February when he will go back to his farm.

Henry North has lately cut his big toe most off, while working on a house for himself. He has this Fall earned a young horse and a heifer, has twenty acres fenced in and six acres under cultivation. He and his wife together have nine head of cattle and two horses.

Let us call at the Agency stable. Here we will find Kise Williams busy taking care of the Government mules, cleaning out the stable and mending harness. If you have any little job of harness mending you wish done, he will do it for you at odd times (work warranted and prices reasonable) when his services are not required in the stable. He dresses respectably, but not so foppishly as when he first came back.

We will step over to the Livery Stable. Here we find Cleaver Warden employed as a hostler and mail-carrier. We understand he gives satisfaction.

At one of the trader stores we may see David Pendleton smiling behind the counter. He has been employed for about three years. He has a large Sabbath School class which he is deeply interested in. David was one of the Florida prisoners.

What! Have we stumbled into the Reading Room of the Young Men's Christian Association, right here in Darlington? Oh, no, not exactly. This is the room occupied by Leonard Tyler. He is a returned student of both Carlisle and Haskell. He is now working under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association of Kansas. We find in his room a good selection of books, among the most prominent is a well-thumbed student's Bible. We find his room is quite a rendezvous for the returned boys where they can meet together to read and write, and talk over plans for the future without being biased by camp influence.

Outside we see two loads of lumber which have recently been purchased and hauled from the railroad by Leonard. He intends building a house.

Present appearances indicate that Leonard will not only keep from going back to camp life, but will keep others from falling back to Indian ways.

As we will not have time to call on all the returned boys let us try and draw our conclusion from what we have seen.

To the question, How shall we keep the returned Carlisle boys from going back to Indian ways? I would suggest that we let them do it themselves.

After five years of careful training in the East, being fed, clothed, and nursed when sick at the expense of the Government, it is time they began to rely on themselves. If they need holding up they should return to school where they will surely improve and not go back to Indian ways.

It is encouraging to know that while many returned boys go back to Indian ways there are some that hold fast to their civilized ways proving that all might do so if they were thoroughly in earnest.

To the returned Carlisle boys I will say, while your friends may advise, encourage and direct you, it is left with you to ACT.

If you do not you will surely drift downward to a lower level.

J. H. SEGER.

For THE RED MAN.

CONDITION OF AFFAIRS AT SAC AND FOX AGENCY INDIAN TERRITORY.

THE PROGRESSIVE SIDE OF THE SITUATION.

From a Member of the Tribe.

In the matter of progress in the direction of civilization and education, I am sorry for myself and the progressive party that we do not feel much encouraged. The civilized community of the United States cannot fully understand the difficulties that have to be contended with. In writing this we do crave the sympathy and assistance if possible of our enlightened fellowmen of the civilized world.

One of the main difficulties is the monarchical form of the National Government. Its fundamental construction is arbitrary and one-sided, its people practically having no voice in it.

In civilized Governments—Republican form of Government—the powers are so distributed as to insure with legal measures the preservation of the rights, but with us the Constitutional power is lodged with four chiefs. Each chief has the appointing of two councilmen of their choice, who together with the said chiefs are constituted as an Executive Council, and are members of the National Council, also.

The chiefs are seated for life unless impeached, and as long as the councilmen appointed by the chiefs do as their chiefs want them to do, they are also secure for life of their seats.

This gives the chiefs and upper councilmen twelve votes.

On the other hand the people are represented by eight councilmen and have no voice in the Executive Council. This leaves the people with no voice in the Executive Council and with a minority of four in the National Council.

Notice that the Constitution requires a majority of two-thirds to consider a change in the same. But as if this were not enough to enslave the people, the same constitution makes the National Council, or a majority of it, the judges of the peoples' representatives, and in our last election the peoples' representatives (two of them) did not get their seats, notwithstanding they were elected by a large majority.

Two others had been run by the chief party of that band, and when it came to say which of the two sets were elected the Breech-clout party headed by their chiefs declared in favor of the chief party claimants and against the peoples' two representatives.

Moses Keokuk (Progressive) and his party voted for the rightful claimants (Peoples) but of course was with the minority. The result was that those not elected, the Breech-clout party, were seated, and those elected, working with the Progressive party did not get the seats to which they were elected.

I have no hesitation in saying this condition of affairs will continue as long as the Government of the United States will allow it. If it is true that we, the Sac and Fox Indians, as well as other Indian tribes are wards of the Government, and the Government's policy is to civilize said tribes with the expectation that some day in the future said wards may be fitted to be entrusted with the responsibilities of citizenship in the United States, it, the Government, should use said Indians as wards in fact and not in name only.

Where is the consistency of a guardian allowing a few ignorant, tyrannical leaders of its wards usurp the rights of their fellow wards, and furthermore ignore and negative the guardian's policy or rules?

The Progressive party is doing all it can, and working against great odds. The Breech-clout party hating the white man as they do, ignorant, warped and influenced and controlled by superstition is ready and anxious to oppose any move in the direction of education, Christian religion or whatever may tend to civilize or enlighten, no matter by whom the move is made.

It is very safe to say that by virtue of the Constitution of the Sac and Fox National Government the people of said nation will never have any voice in the Government.

You may say, this certainly should not continue, something should and must be done. I answer this by suggesting that the Government can apply a remedy by withholding the three thousand dollars that are annually used for assisting in the carrying on of the said National Government. This money is taken from our common funds, and belongs to every man, woman, and child of the nation. The same should not go to support any National Government that does not shape its organization in a manner to guarantee equal rights to every individual, and leave the sovereignty undisturbed with the people.

This National Government was put into operation after the approval of the Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar, Secretary of the Interior, dated Washington, February, 12, 1887. In his closing paragraph, he says, "The money will therefore for this time at least, be paid over to the National Treasurer of the tribe as requested."

Now I take it that here is an indication that the Secretary reserves the right to withhold this money in the future under justifiable cause or circumstances.

The Progressive Party is headed by chief Moses Keokuk, and is the most civilized and educated, he, Keokuk, being a leading and influential member of the Baptist Church. His councilmen are progressive and moral, and are very much in favor of education and the ways of the white people.

In contrast to this the principal chief, Chick-Kus-Kuk is ignorant, and was in opposition to the adopting of our organized Government. He finally acquiesced to save himself as he had understood that his opposition would gain for him the ill-will of the Administration. He himself is a Breech-clout and Blanket Indian. His party of the Council are all Breech-clout Blanket Indians, and every one of them as well as their chief, Chick-Kus-Kuk, are bitter against the whites and the ways of civilization.

During the last session of the National Council, notwithstanding the Keokuk Progressive party protested, the Breech-clout party adjourned to attend a Breech-clout Blanket Indian dance.

The said Breech-clout party being in the majority, elected as Clerk of the Courts and Secretary of the Nation, a man entirely incompetent and unfit to discharge the duties. He lives twenty-five miles from the seat of Government and his duties require him to be here at court time and during the holding of the National Council; his incompetency obliges him to travel twenty-five or thirty miles to the Seminole country to get white men to do his writing, so that all bills proposed drive him to the Seminole country to have them put in shape.

It is now Court week, and the clerk of Court has started for home and the people cannot get their papers to present their cases in Court and tired of waiting, they have gone home, many miles away, disgusted with the new official.

The same party elected the Judges, not one of them competent and moreover none are at hand to open the Courts or to afford redress to the people.

The said Breech-clout party elected the Prosecuting Attorney. He, too, is away but if he were not it would make no difference as the said Attorney can neither read nor write. They, however, every one of them expect to get the money. This same Breech-clout party, when a member of the Progressive party was offered for the office of Clerk of the Courts and Secretary of the Nation, they, the Breech-clout party, unanimously opposed him, giving as their reason that he knew too much, or in other words was too much educated, and they were afraid of him. Furthermore it is a notorious fact that they do not intend to put our laws in operation.

Mah-ko-sah-to, chief and one of the Breech-clout party, is opposed to the execution of the laws, and very much embittered against the whites. He is a Breech-clout and Blanket Indian, and is a dangerous character besides.

Under the administration of the set of officers of last year who were not re-elected it had been their endeavor to execute the laws, and they of course blundered some, but they did the best they could, and the people got as much benefit from their efforts as could be reasonably expected under the circumstances, yet at the same time there were cases that could not be reached by the officers, and right here comes where the character of the chief Mah-ko-sah-to is shown.

He, at his home got beastly drunk, beat, pounded and bruised his wife most unmercifully, tore all the clothes off from her so that she was as nude as the moment she was born, covered with blood, prostrate on the ground, he stamped and flogged her with all his might and swore he intended to kill her before he quit the job. Then and then only did some one, his own son, interfere. This poor woman crawled away out of sight until night, and by the friendly cover of darkness she found her way to some of her relations. Now what did this devil in human shape do? He boldly boasted of what he had done, and dared any one to inform on him. No one could be found to give information under oath, and this man stands as an unconvicted criminal.

What the people and Progressives want is a chance to form another and better Government, do away with so many chiefs, and elect one principal and assistant principal chief. Give the people the right to elect all the members of the upper and lower council. Let the executive officers be elected by the people. With such Government the party in favor of education and civilization would be enabled to do something in that direction.

As it is now there is practically no National Council, no Courts, and the Government is motionless, yet every one of the Breech-clouts look for and expect their pay for which they propose to do nothing to earn it. They say they want no white man's law, and that is the way they propose to kill it, by vigorous inaction.

There are some here, connected with the tribes, highly civilized, who have made money out of the Indians, and strange to say the same are they who influence this barbarous, ignorant, Breech-clout element to oppose the schools, religion and laws under form of "Civilized Nations." The said party fears the Indians will know too much, and that then said Indians will hold too tight a grip on the "Almighty Dollar"

Yours Truly, SAC.

WHAT MUST THE EDUCATED INDIAN GIRL DO WHEN SHE LEAVES SCHOOL?

The Trials of one.

The time in which it occurred, the place where it occurred and the right name of the subject of this story need not be mentioned. We will call our heroine Edith, and state that the experiences herein related actually happened.

Edith, when a child, lived with her mother in an Indian village in the Indian Territory.

Her house was a lodge in which twenty or thirty other beings as uncivilized as she herself dwelt.

The lodge was made of heavy long poles converging to a point at the top and covered with dried grass and mud.

Inside it looked like a great dingy cave.

At the entrance of the cave was a low dark hall-way, made with upright posts and cross-beams covered with grass and mud the same as the rest of the lodge.

Little Edith could run through this passage way without bumping her head, but her father, a tall, stalwart chief was obliged to stoop as he passed to and fro.

Edith's dress, like all the other little savages of her sex,consisted of a thin muslin or calico skirt—not a sewed skirt, but a piece of cloth wrapped round her body, and folded over a string around the child's waist.

The overlap at the side was managed so deftly that one would not dream there was no seam in the garment.

Besides this skimp skirt, reaching a little below the knees, she wore a make-believe sack, consisting of a straight piece of cloth with hole cut in for the head and neck, and the sides sewed leaving holes for the arms. Above the arm-holes were fastened half-sleeve over-flaps. As an outside wrap she wore over head and shoulders a much soiled and cast-off shawl.

Edith was not a clean child. How could she be? But she was no more unclean than the rank and file of her play-mates.

The surplus filth on the hands of an Indian child, after eating a greasy bone or playing in the mud is transferred to the hair. Edith's hair was never combed and rarely brushed.

The family *had* a brush made of weeds with thorny roots, but it was a luxury indulged in occasionally by the men and women, and rarely did the children have their hair straightened.

* * * * * *

One day a council of chiefs was called by the Agent, and a request made for children to be placed in school.

Edith's father concluded to send his daughter along with others.

The exciting talk this school-stir caused; the mother's indifference to the advantages offered; her weeping and frantic pleading; the father's stern decision in the matter as being the best thing he could do at the time to please the great father in Washington; this and the child's ten years' experience in school would make a story too long for the columns of our paper; hence we will now introduce you to Edith—a blooming young woman, able to speak English; a girl of ordinary education as far as books are concerned, but of no experience whatever in mingling with the people of the world.

She was a girl, however, of rare common sense, and with favorable surroundings was quite capable of taking care of herself.

Edith's school period being over, it was time for her to return to her people—a most deplorable move for an Indian girl of sixteen.

Was there no position in the school that she could fill?

There were a number of other girls in the same predicament, and positions could not be provided for all; and besides, the political situation was such that all Government positions were gobbled up by friends of United States Senators and Representatives. There was nothing left for a plain Indian girl without influence and friends.

Did not some of the families at the Agency need her service?

All such places were filled.

Could she not find work among the whites just over the line of the reservation?

The border whites at that time had so little confidence in the Indians that they would not employ them, and, besides, not having had any such experience Edith did not possess the courage to go out among strange white people and apply for work.

What must she do?

There was but one way. She must go back to the lodge from which she had been taken ten years before.

Her aged father and mother implored her to do so. In fact she had been long since promised to her sister's husband for his wife No. 2.

The girl, sick at heart, gave up all hopes of doing anything else, packed up her few belongings and trudged off to the village.

She was of course warmly welcomed, especially by the brother-in-law.

"Glad you are here." said he as she entered the lodge. "Why did you stay so long at that white man's school."

"I staid because I wanted to," answered Edith rather saucily

"Are you glad to come back?"

"I am glad to see you all, but I don't want to live here."

"Why,not? Have you turned into a white woman?"

"No, but I don't like to live in a dirty place like this.

"This is good enough place for us, and I guess you are no better than we are," said Edith's sister a little moved.

"I don't think I am any better than you are, but I have lived so long in a good house. I have had a good bed to sleep in, and I have had good clothes to wear. I have had plenty to eat, and I have lived very comfortably compared with the way you live. I had forgotten that I ever stayed in such a dirty place as this. This smoke makes me sick. How can you stand it?"

"Oh, we stand it well enough, and I think you will soon get down to it," said the man with a sardonic smile.

"I don't believe I *ever* can."

"You had to work for the white people. They wanted you for their slave. We are nobody's slave. We have not to work. We do as we please," argued the Indian.

"Yes" said Edith, "and I notice that you please to be a very little above animals."

Now, the man began to get angry and call Edith names, and she was very near ready to cry with homesickness although she had been in thevillage but a few minutes.

"I wish I could find a place to work. I'd show you if I would stay here in this hole among the fleas and bugs," she continued.

"I should not let you go if you had a place to work. You are here now and you have got to stay. You are my wife. I have paid for you in ponies. You belong to me," replied the man.

Edith jumped straight up from the cushion on which she had seated herself, with form perfectly rigid she exclaimed in tones grand and womanly, "I am NOT your wife. You have one wife. There she is," pointing to her sister, and with eyes flaming with indignation, stood arm extended and motionless for a moment.

"Nonsense!" said her sister's husband with a sneer. "You cannot help yourself. We will see what you will do."

The sister chiming in said "No! You cannot help yourself. You may as well give up first as last. I need you to help take care of the children."

The father who had remained silent all the while, now spoke up and said, "Yes, you must submit."

The man who claimed Edith for his wife No. 2 was one of the most repulsive Indians in the village, and brutal. He had not a particle of education,and was not up to the average in Indian intelligence. He was in the habit of beating Edith's sister, and Edith knew well what her fate would be.

A week or two passed after this scene. Nothing eventful occurred aside from an occasional impertinent insinuation from the brother-in-law, but Edith held her own fairly well, although her every day life was a perfect night-mare, and she found herself continually planning a way of escape.

One night as the family were sitting around the fire, the lord of the household began with Edith on different tactics.

"Edith, you are a smart girl. They tell me that you talk good English," said he, addressing the sensitive creature who sat opposite.

"I know it," said she without you telling me.

"You are a pretty girl, too. There is not a prettier girl in all this village."

"I don't care if I am."

"I wish you would behave yourself and be to me what you are— my wife."

"I am not your wife and shall never be."

"Humph! What can you do? You have no other place to go. The white people have turned you off," said he tauntingly.

Edith noticed at the same time his countenance turn into that of a fierce brute,and felt her heart sink with fright. She said not a word, until he arose and advancing commanded, "Come here!"

She still said nothing, whereupon he roared, "Come to me, I say."

"I shall not," she replied with voice so choked that the words could hardly be heard.

"You will not, you witch," cried he seizing her by the hair.

He forced her to rise, and with a stout leather whip which he always carried beat her most frightfully. At every blow the girl gave a heart-rending scream, but through it all pluckily cried "I shall never be your wife."

"Then I will kill you."

Suiting the action to his words he drew from its sheath a long sharp knife, and made a motion to strike Edith with it.

The poor girl dodged the blow so that only her arm was cut. Another attempt was made and the knife grazed her shoulder.

The women and children screamed with excitement as Edith ran around the lodge with the raving demon after her. When she came to the door, out she ran into the darkness, and found shelter behind a large tree. The brute could not track her as she stealthily found her way to the banks of the creek a quarter of a mile distant.

There had been recent heavy rains, and the stream was full to overflowing,but that did not stop her; pulling off most of her clothing, tying it in a bundle and fastening it to her head, she plunged boldly into the mad torrent, and swam to the other side. How she ever succeeded in getting across is more than mortal can tell,but she did,and found her way to the back door of the Agent's house.

Nearly exhausted, she sat on the doorstep for a moment, and then timidly knocked.

No answer.

A sound of footsteps near caused her to shudder, and she quickly gave a bolder knock.

"Who's there?" called the Agent's wife from within.

"Me," said Edith a most scared out of her senses.

"Wait a moment, and I will open the door."

The few seconds she had to wait seemed an age for she could almost feel the clutches of her would-be captor.

The Agent's wife who had known Edith from childhood was surprised and alarmed to see her there at that midnight hour.

"Where did thee come from?" she eagerly inquired.

"Home," said Edith plaintively.

"Well, come in! Come in, my child; what *is* the matter?"

Edith could not answer for crying.

"What dreadful thing has happened, child? Why, here is blood on thy arm. What does this mean?"

"That man wants to marry me, and I will not marry him. I will die first," and she broke out again in another hard sob.

"What man is it."

"My sister's husband."

"Never mind, dear; thee shall not marry him if thee does not want to."

"He says he is going to kill me. He has beaten me, and see, my arm and back are cut with the knife he tried to kill me with," and again she cried as though her poor heart would break.

"Don't cry, my child! He cannot harm thee now."

"But he is right out there. I thought I heard him walking."

The kind lady stepped to the door and locked it saying, "He cannot enter here. Thee is safe now."

Edith gradually calmed. Feeling perfectly safe and all tired out she lay down and slept till morning, on a cot prepared by the Agent's good wife.

That the man was dealt with and punished by the Agency authorities need not be told. Edith's experience was but a little harder than the other girls of her age who that winter were turned loose in a village of savages. The Agent graciously cared for three such cases, taking the girls into his family for months at his own expense rather than see them subjected to the cruel treatment that Edith suffered.

At the most tender age of a girl's life she is turned back into the cess-pool of vice and corruption from which she was rescued when a child. Sent back to help her people.

Do we see many fair daughters of sixteen starting reform movements to advance our own race?

An educated girl, young, modest, sensitive, loving and lovable,removed from the protection of law and order and decen society, sent into a community which tolerates no respect for woman, can she stem the taunts and jeers of her old associates, and start a reform, or will she as would our own modest girls under similar conditions,—succumb to the inevitable?

Indians Who make Bread of Acorns.

The Mahalas of Nevada, have a novel way of making bread. Owing to the failure of the pine-nut crop,many of them vent to California and gathered acorns. They pound the acorns up in a hollowed rock, and sift the meal through a sort of willow basket. They throw a piece of cloth over a pile of green pine boughs, pour the meal upon the cloth and dampen it, allowing the surplus water to run off through the cloth and the boughs. They then put the wet meal into a water-tight basket, and, after pouring water over it, put in heated stones to cook the bread. When the preparation becomes about as thick as mush, they dip it out with large cups or cans, and pour it into a pool of cold water, which has the effect of hardening the dough into cakes of bread.

Catholic Indian Schools.

The *Catholic News* expresses gratification over the statistics of Catholic Indian Education, issued by the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions. It finds that the appropriations granted by the Government to the Catholic Indian boarding and day schools "indicates a pleasing increase in the schools and in the sum set apart for their maintenance." In 1884 there were 13 Catholic boarding schools, with 565 scholars, the government allotment being $65,220. Under the present administration 25 new boarding schools and 16 day schools have been erected and the allotment has been increased to $320,-301. "This," says the News, "is a splendid showing, one that Catholics should not fail to remember."

The Dallas (Texas) *Advance Advocate* says: A prohibition petition has been discovered in the archives of North Carolina from King Hagler, King of the Catawba Indians. It is dated 1756. "I desire a stop may be put to the selling of strong liquors by the white people to my people, especially near the Indians. If the white people make strong drink let them sell it to one another, or drink it in their own families. This will avoid a great deal of mischief which otherwise will happen from people getting drunk and quarrelling with the white people."

The Red Man.

FORMERLY

The Morning Star.

Published Monthly in the Interest of Indian Education and Civilization.

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JANUARY, 1889.

The Board of Indian Commissioners will hold its annual meeting at the Riggs House in Washington on the 17th inst.

A gentleman of national fame, once a member of Congress, who showed by his vote and speech many times, his wisdom in Indian matters, recently in conversation, advanced a notion that it would be far better for all the Indians if they were turned over to the several State and Territorial Governments in which they were located. This plan has undoubted advantages. Whether sufficient to overbalance the disadvantages may be a subject for discussion.

The half-breed Indian is often regarded as an inconsiderable person, who commits an offense by assuming to be an Indian, and is equally offensive if he presumes to pass as a white man and a citizen. It is possible his parentage may not have been honorable, but this si not true in all cases by any means, and beyond all controversy the half-breed represents the half-way point in changing the Indian to a Caucasian.

A summing up of the many years of effort to change the pure Indian from his own ways to ours, suggests the thought that we do an injustice in so regarding the half-breed that we ought in fact to greet him most kindly, and so legislate and educate as to bring about conditions favorable to the freest intermarriage of the races on terms honorable to both parties.

A. J. S.

A critical period in the history of any people is that in which their manner of living or means of subsistence radically changes. Such a period occurred with many thousands of the plains Indians between the years 1875 and 1880.

Within the five years specified the buffalo almost entirely failed the Indian as a means of subsistence or as a source of revenue, and from comparative plenty and independence he became at once wholly dependent on the Government for subsistence, and his own earnings for anything in addition to Goverument supplies.

It was fortunate that under the wise measures of General Grant there had been in the ordering of Providence years of preparation, during which a comparatively good understanding had been established between the Indians and the Government and a policy outlined that looked to the civilization, education and settlement of the Indians, so that when the time came it found a plan of action agreed upon and the machinery existing for putting it into immediate operation.

As a consequence of the conditions developed and existing at the time of greatest need, supplemented by the substantial aid and interest of the Christian philanthropists of the land, the crisis was passed with comparatively little suffering to the Indians or apprehension to the country.

The time, however, has now arrived when it becomes necessary to review and amend the conditions under which this substantial progress was made, and still further develop the individual at the expense of the tribe. To do this is the present necessity, for the reason that the Indian must henceforth live in proximity to and in continual association with the white race, and this contact can only be amicable and agreeable by the Indians adopting the customs and ways of living of the whites and joining with them in developing their common country.

There is no time to be wasted in this matter; the issue is plain. The irresistible tide of settlement must find the Indian secure in his individual possession, or he will become a homeless wanderer with no certain dwelling place on all the broad lands and where once there was none to dispute possession with him.

The necessary measures need to be taken now and by all possible means pressed on those who have not the wisdom to read for themselves the signs of the times and are ignorant of the conditions which roll onward the ever increasing volume of population.

"LET THEM ALONE."

The Report of the Commission says that when the Sioux Indians were in Washington to confer about the opening of the Sioux reservation, people visited them constantly and urged them to hold on to their lands, because the government was trying to rob them. "What would you have the government do with these Indians?" asked one of the commissioners before whom this was said.

"Let them alone," was the answer of the visitor.

"Do you mean that the government should withdraw its protection, and cease to feed, clothe and provide for them?" asked the commissioner.

"Oh, no" came the ready answer; "continue to do all these things, and allow the Indians to do as they please."

That the Indians should hold on to their lands means that they should hold on to their savagery. They are now conspicuously, as the phrase is, "land poor." Upon what grounds do people urge them to remain so?

Allowing them to do as they please, that is, their continuing their present habit of being provided for by government and leading a life of idleness means that they will be forever cut off from being citizens of the United States where labor is so much the law of existence that a man who inherits his father's wealth without his father's business talents usually dies poorer than he was born, and the grandchildren of idle millionaires are often earners of their own livelihood.

The individuals who demand that the government shall do nothing to change the status of the Indians are scattered throughout the country (except perhaps in Indian proximity) and are found in all societies and in every community. They desire that what is best for the Indian should be done, and this is what seems to them best.

Why does it seem so? Upon what grounds do they urge that the government should leave the Indians alone—they may mean wholly to the control of the missionaries who go among them, they may mean, and some do mean this, wholly to their own devices?

The first class plead the love of the Indians for their home and their children, and the cruelty of separating families. And, surely, in America where constantly families are scattering from Lakes to Gulf, from Atlantic to Pacific, we should appreciate this cruelty. But if the world had been made up of such arguers, it would have been all old world, there would have been no new colonies, no America; the Indians would have been "let alone" in the most emphatic sense.

Another class adds to this view a secret deprecation of the destruction of the only monument of antiquity that we have in America (with the exception of a few mounds the origin of which has not yet been satisfactorily settled.) They feel that an interest attaches to the Indian in his present state which will be utterly destroyed when he comes to be like white people, and the loss of the picturesqueness of the wigwam—really, dirt never has a bad effect upon canvas—adds poignancy to their argument that in this land where liberty and the pursuit of happiness are each man's due, a whole class of beings, having in the past been wronged, ought in the present to be left free to live their life in their own way.

But is there an instance in history where the bestowal of food and clothing has not argued certain rights over the receivers, as over children or vassals?

Is this case an exception for the reason that we feed and clothe the Indians because we took their lands away from them, because civilization cut down their forests, and drove away the deer and the buffalo? Is it because our feeding and clothing them comes of our not having taken from them their own ways of feeding and clothing themselves that the rights of guardianship are denied to the government?

Can we put back things as they were two hundred years ago?

Then the Indians were independent of us. It was then that their right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness ought to have been considered.

By our not coming here at all?

But then there was room on the continent for them and for us, just as now there is room upon the reservations for them and for us. Then it was only upon one condition, that they had been taught to become one with us in civilization. Now it is upon the same condition.

Instead of this, we drew the race lines with a sharpness which the savage with that inborn admiration for what is civilized that proves the aspiration in human nature, resented fiercely. It is we, not they, who have built the reservation walls from which they now are in no haste to come out.

We admit the wrongs of the past. In the present and the future we must atone for these. We have driven the Indians within the reservation walls, we have taught them not to hunt and not to fight by the effectual method of leaving them nothing to hunt and nobody to fight that they have the smallest possibility of success over. We have thus broken up many of their old habits.

Yet they do not want to come out among us, or even to have us settle among them.

Why, then, should we not "let them alone"? If we have taken away the food and clothing which they provided for themselves, we have given them food and clothing in return. What inequality in this? We have taken, we have given, or, more justly, we have paid for what we got. If the Indians love their old ways, what moral right have we to disturb them in these, to oblige them to become citizens when they wish to remain Indians? Does not our buying their land and paying for it end the matter? We cannot bring back the past. Will not this be the fairest way to make up for it in the present, considering the Indians solely, and not ourselves? Does not each race maintain its own distinctions, and can we expect better? Have we a right to demand more? If we now "let the Indians alone," are we not "square" with them—as a government?

No, we are not "square" with the Indians yet.

We have taken from them something that we have not yet paid for, and we are under bonds of justice and honor to them until it is paid for.

What is this?

Take a white man, from New England or from the West, it would make no difference where you found him. Let him be a laboring man who makes a comfortable living for his family. Sweep away his business, cut him off from all other, buy his homestead whether he will or not, put him where you like, give him indefinitely food and clothing in quantity and quality that you judge sufficient for himself and his family. Then say that you have made things "square," and that you have neither inclination nor right to interfere further in the matter.

But you have robbed him.

Of property?

Perhaps not.

Of life?

"You take my life when you do take the means whereby I live," says Shylock speaking of his money. But it does not need that grand eulogy of words that Carlyle gives us in Sartor Resartus to tell us that the best of a man's life is his work and that what he gets from it can have no equivalent in mere money value. Indeed, before money came work, for in Eden was the command given to keep the garden in order.

Treatment like this of any white man would raise a storm of indignation over the land. It is this that would be declared the violation of the right to liberty and the pursuit of happiness, this that would, and justly, be asserted the unjustifiable meddling; and there would be no peace until matters had been put back upon the original basis by which the man could earn his living where and how he pleased. Then, and then only, would this man be considered as being "let alone." For otherwise if not his pocket, his manliness would be attacked.

But this has been precisely our treatment of the Indian. And here we shall have no peace until we have put matters back upon the original basis. In the nineteenth century, hunting and fighting are not considered the sole desirable occupations of life. But these were the work of the Indians. We have swept away his work, and we have put nothing in its place. Men cannot commit against manly character a deeper wrong.

And shall we leave things in this way? Shall we let the Indian alone now and here?

Or shall we first give him back his work again?

The old work is not only undesirable but impossible. But when he is an American citizen with the country before him where to choose and with ability to fulfil his duties, then will we let the Indian alone, as we let other citizens alone. For we who have made the old life impossible are depriving him of all the zest of life unless we make the new a certainty.

Until this has been reached the "letting alone" demanded of the government is dooming the Indians to death by stagnation.

In this matter there should be a letting alone, not of the Indians, however, but of those who advocate the present manner of life for the Indians and endeavor to make them persist in it.

For, "if the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into a ditch."

If the American people will it to be so, cannot the future retrieve the past, cannot we give the Indians a better life, individually, than we have taken from them, tribally?

Is it Tennyson alone who counts the "gray barbarian lower than the Christian child"?

FRANCES C. SPARHAWK.

THE SIOUX REPORT AND THE DAWES BILL.

"The following is from a missionary working amongst the people of one of our wildest tribes:

"I have read with much interest the Complete Report of the Sioux Commission published in the December number of THE RED MAN. That report ought to have a wide circulation among our intelligent thinking people. Can published copies of it be obtained from any source? It is very evident to my mind that the measures advocated in that report and set forth in THE RED MAN from time to time ought to be adopted and must be if we would save the Indian from his degradation and lift him to the plane of a real civilization. There never has been any wisdom in the effort to keep Indians and whites separated, or in herding Indians together on a reservation away from the best elements of our civilization. The present management of the Indians is against their civilization, and unless it is radically changed fifty years from now will find them "blanket Indians" still. The solution to the Indian question so far as legislation is concerned is the Dawes Land in Severalty Act. Some legislation for its enforcement should be had however at an early date as possible. As a missionary trying to do missionary work among these Indians, necessity for settling them in permanent homes impresses itself very convincingly upon my mind. Is there no way to bring it about?"

Nine Years Old.

With the December's issue THE RED MAN, a paper published monthly at the Carlisle Indian Training School, has entered its ninth volume. It is beyond doubt the best printed sheet in Cumberland County.—[Carlisle *Daily Herald*

AT THE SCHOOL.

The following items are from the weekly *Indian Helper* printed by our boys, at ten cents a year. Thanks to the cheap postage Uncle Sam has provided for newspapers and the improved appliances for printing, it is possible to send fifty-two copies for a year and print the paper for the small sum named:

Lieut. Brown of the army, who in the first years of our school was Disciplinarian, sends New Year's greeting to his friends at Carlisle, and in the same letter fifty cents for the RED MAN another year.

Dollie Gould is in Clear Water, Idaho. She often thinks of her dear old school—Carlisle, and wishes to be remembered to the Man-on-the-band-stand. She reads the *Indian Helper* and enjoys its news.

Eight Sioux boys and girls have arrived from Pine Ridge Agency. Among them were Frank Conroy, Phillips B. White, and Lucy Day, old pupils.

Dr. Rittenhouse had the honor of preaching the first sermon within the walls of the new chapel, Sunday afternoon, the 30th of December.

Several of our pupils had the pleasure of eating Christmas dinner with friends in the country.

Miss Coats, who taught with us some five years ago, and is now teaching at Warren, this State, ran in for a friendly call between trains as she was passing through town. Her friends both among pupils and teachers were much pleased to see her. Miss Coats thinks she never saw so many changes for the better in any institution as have come about in this school since she was here.

Samuel Townsend was home for the Holidays. He likes his college life thus far at Marietta, Ohio. The boys are kind and President Eaton is like a father to him.

Carl Leider arrived on the 13th of Dec. from the Crow Agency, Montana, bringing with him four girls and fifteen boys, as bright and healthy a lot of children as has come from the West lately. Carl says he found things at home away ahead of what he left them five years ago when he entered Carlisle. The Indians are making progress as farmers, and are getting the comforts of life about them. He found his friends with many cattle and horses, and enough to eat. Carl says that the Catholic school there is by far ahead of any other school on the reserve. They are putting up new buildings and they keep their Institution full of pupils.

Rev. Dr. Sheldon Jackson, Alaska's Commissioner of Education, is East again.

Luther Kuhns writes from Pawnee Agency that they had a Christmas tree there at the Mission House, that the Indians came and received presents, such as ear rings, brass pins, candies, handkerchiefs, cuff buttons, etc. They are soon to have a regular preacher.

From his home at Wichita Agency, Indian Territory, Harry Shirley writes:

"I have been so busy repairing my place and trying to improve it. I receive the papers regularly and read them carefully. I suppose you are having some cold weather while I am working without my coat on, stretching barb wire around my field."

THE HOLIDAY SOCIABLE.

"We had a good time, but, oh, so short," thought some of the pupils as they marched to quarters after a most delightful three hours social, on the night of the 27th of December.

Mr. Goodyear and the boys procured a number of evergreen trees from the mountains, fastened them on blocks and placed them in different parts of the gymnasium.

The brilliant light made a charming effect and the promenaders almost thought they were walking in a lovely park by moon-light.

The band was out in its full uniform.

There were games as usual.

Chatting and frolicking, and merry-making had full sway.

Not until all were busy with oranges, apples, candy and nuts did comparative quiet reign.

The Man-on-the-band-stand thinks that sociables are good as long as the girls and boys behave as ladylike and gentlemanly as they did Thursday evening.

Not one thing occurred to mar the pleasure of the evening.

Let us have them often this winter and enjoy them.

Among persons of note who have visited our school during the month were, Will Carleton, the poet; Rev. Dr. Geo. E. Reed, who has since been elected President of Dickinson College; Rev. Dr. Biddle, of Jersey City, and Miss Johnson, M. D. of Hampton Va., Normal Institute.

That we had a most enjoyable Christmas may be gathered from the pupils' letters on 8th page.

"Ancient" was the word to be made into a sentence, and the production read "Ancient times ago says the old man when he used to be a young."

"Samson," said one of the printer boys as he lifted an extremely heavy weight of paper and carried it across the printing office with apparent ease, thus comparing himself with the Bible character recently studied.

The first entertainment in the large assembly room of the new school building was given by the Girls' Literary Society on New Year's night.

The Society deserves great credit for favoring the school with the most artistic exhibition that has ever been produced by class or society in our nine years of school life.

There were essays and recitations, interspersed by singing, marching, living statuary and live portraits, and beautiful postures, all well performed, each in turn eliciting rapturous applause, and the whole affording a most delightful evening.

The tornado of the 9th inst., which swept through Pennsylvania, spreading devastation and death in its track, reached us a few moments before school closed in the afternoon. Had the pupils been on their way from school ten minutes later, many must have been injured.

Slating from the new school building was torn from its roof on both sides and went flying through the air like paper, several pieces dashing through the school-room windows.

The new bakery was completely unroofed. The great roof of the dining-hall was lifted but fell back. The building proves to be badly wrenched, and it will be difficult to restore the roof.

The tin from the west end of the Girls' Quarters was carried over the Hospital and landed at its back door. The roof timbers and walls were also crushed in and a balcony torn away.

The roof of the east half of the Boys' Quarters was completely destroyed, the heavy timbers being dashed to the ground, some of them into a million splinters. Three of the rafters were planted several feet into the hard ground not a rod from the corner of the Printing Office.

The damage all told will not amount to more than $1,800, and we can but be thankful the loss sustained was no greater and that all our lives were spared.

"Sit down, every body," was the command so admirably obeyed Sunday evening before Christmas, while in the midst of chapel service. Our Superintendent was in the act of speaking when screams of children were heard outside. The sound was recognized as the voices of the small girls who had remained in quarters. Like a flash it crossed the mind of every one present that there must be a fire, and instantly dozens were on their feet ready to rush for the doors, when the voice of one to be obeyed sounded forth in the above command.

It was a fire at the Girls' Quarters. Had it been allowed three minutes longer headway serious damage must have been the result. As it was, under the skilful and timely management of Mr. Mason Pratt, who happened to be home, and the boys of Company A who were dismissed quietly from the chapel, the flames were soon extinguished, while the mass of the students were held in chapel and the meeting progressed.

One of the girls must have gone to the closet some time in the evening for an article of clothing, and held the lamp where fire was started without her notice. Closing the door it burned slowly, but did not break out until Chapel service was nearly over.

The same evening a lamp exploded in the dining-hall, which caused great excitement, but little damage.

HOPE FOR THE INDIAN.

Hon. Commissioner Oberly Says that He Changes With the Changing Times.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 13.—The report of Indian Comm issioner John Oberly which has just been submitted to the Secretary of the Interior, treats the Indian question in that interesting and clear-headed way which characterized Mr. Oberly when he was a member of the Civil Service Commission. He favors the extension of the provisions of the Civil Service law to the Indian service, and says that he would advise that this extension be made immediately if he were not fearful that, if taken now, it would be robbed of much of its effectiveness by being attributed to partisan motives. He recommends, however, that applicants for positions be required to establish their fitness by furnishing such evidence as the Commissioner may require, not only from the applicant himself but from three reputable citizens personally acquainted with him. In conclusion the Commissioner says:

The Indian should be taught to work, and the schools that are opened for his children should be schools in which they will be instructed in the use of agricultural implements, the carpenter's saw and plane, the stonemason's trowel, the tailor's needle and the shoemaker's awl. And the Indian should be taught not only how to work but also that it is his duty to work, for the degrading communism of the tribal-reservation system gives to the individual no incentive to labor, but puts a premium upon idleness and makes it fashionable.

The Indian must, therefore, be taught how to labor, and that labor may be made necessary to his well-being he must be taken out of the reservation through the door of the General Allotment Act. And he must be imbued with the exalting egotism of American civilization, so that he will say "I" instead of "We," and "This is mine" instead of "This is ours." But if he will not learn? If he should continue to persist in saying "I am content, let me alone?". Then the guardian must act for the ward, and do for him the good service he protests shall not be done the good service that he denounces as a bad service.

The government must then, in duty to the public, compel the Indian to come out of his isolation into the civilized way that he does not desire to enter—into citizenship, into assimilation with the masses of the Republic, into the path of national duty.—[Dispatch to the Phila. *Record*.

Indian Affairs in Congress.

The Conference Committee on the Bill "For the Relief and Civilization of the Chippewa Indians in the State of Minnesota," met on the 14th of December, and came to an agreement respecting the difference of the two Houses on the bill.

The bill provides for the appointment of a commisson of three members to negotiate with all the different tribes and bands of Chippewa Indians in Minnesota for the cession of all their reservations in that State except the Red Lake and White Earth reservations and so much of them as are required to fill the allotment required by this and existing acts.

The Senate inserted a provision in the bill requiring any agreement made with the Indians to be submitted to Congress for ratification. The conferees agreed to modify this by submitting the agreement to the President of the United States for his approval. If this act should be carried into effect it will add about 3,000,000 acres to the public domain.

The *Republican* has received the December number of THE RED MAN a monthly paper published in the interest of Indian education and civilization at Indian Industrial school at Carlisle, Pennsylvania. It is a neatly printed, well edited, eight-page paper, filled with interesting and instructive reading matter. This issue contains the complete report of the Sioux Commission, an extract from President Cleveland's last message, a portion of Gen. Miles' annual report, a lengthy extract from the report of the Secretary of the Interior, and other interesting matter relating to the condition of the Indians.

The publication of such a paper is very creditable to the management of the Carlisle school. —[Fargo Dakota, (Daily) *Republican*.

SETTLE THE INDIAN QUESTION.

Too much importance cannot be attached to the report of the House committee on Indian affairs, which will be submitted to-day. While, in effect, its immediate application is to the question of opening the Sioux reservation, it contemplates, in reality, a new and most important departure from the traditional method of dealing with the Indian question. At last, by the failure of the liberally just and beneficent bill passed at the last session, the Congress begins to understand the real difficulty in the way of adopting that policy which the wisest men of all parties and the truest friends of the Indian have settled upon as the only feasible or hopeful plan for the future. The logical absurdity of dealing with an Indian tribe as an independent and sovereign power, and acting on the assumption that there is an intelligent public opinion and a freedom of individual action among the members of a tribe, is proved by the practical fact. It was made evident, not only at the agencies visited by the Sioux commission, but at Washington, through consultations held with the visiting delegation, that the fate of congressional legislation depends upon a few ignorant, covetous and bloody chiefs like Sitting Bull, and a few squaw men whose self-interest oppose the breaking up of the tribal relation. These alone determine whether a proffer of the government shall be accepted or rejected. These dictated the refusal to accede to the terms of the act opening the Sioux reservation.

The average Indian desires, as a matter of habit and tradition, the preservation of the tribal system. Every white man who has studied even the elements of the Indian problem knows that this relation and any considerable advance in civilization are utterly incompatible. If an advance is to be made, it must be against the current of Indian conservatism and indolence and contrary to the wishes of the chiefs who have to lose by it. There is now no single reason why the Government should not take the matter into its own hands, as proposed by the bill to be reported, framed on lines laid down by Delegate Gifford. This bill discards the fiction of obtaining Indian consent. It opens to settlement a considerable portion of the reservation, providing carefully for the allotment of land in severalty to every member of the tribes concerned. It allows to them a liberal compensation for every acre so added to the public domain, and sets aside a large sum whose proceeds are to be devoted to the needs of the Indian, and to starting him in the road to independence and self-support. Beyond this we can never get. The continuance of this reservation can result only in encroachments upon it by force or fraud. The renewal of any attempt to open it, with consent of the Indian as a preliminary condition, invites only a consideration of how much the Government is willing to pay to a few influential chiefs in the way of a bribe for a consent which means no more, as an expression of Indian opinion, than a refusal. This Government is great enough to do justice. Public opinion is such now that nothing less than justice, in dealing with the Indian, can find favor in Congress. But we must go forward on the new line marked out by this bill. We must guard jealously the rights of the Indian, and assign to him the full benefit to which he may be entitled, without paying further attention to the singular theory which holds his authority superior to that of the nation, and invests with a fictitious dignity the absolutely meaningless ceremony of obtaining Indian consent to any proposed arrangement. A generation ago we stained our record by a complete disregard in legislation of real Indian rights. Now that the hostiles are no more, the danger lies in the other direction; that of closing the future of the Indian and shutting him out from the benefits of civilization, by yielding to the sentimental view that he is still and must remain forever lord paramount and indefeasible of all the soil granted him by ancient treaty.

This Congress will have earned no slight distinction if it shall cut the knot of difficulty with the sword of common sense, and follow firmly in the new policy that deals justly with both Indian and white.—[*The Pioneer Press*.

GLIMPSES OF ZUNI LIFE

The Priesthood.

The pagan priests are many. The people have great respect for them and look upon them as having great power with the gods.

The chief cacique of the tribe is both king and priest. His name is La-wat-sa-lu-si-wai. To him, assisted, perhaps, by the chief Priest of the Bow, belongs the power of appointing the subordinate officials: but before making appointments the will of the people is generally, if not always consulted. He stands at the head of the priesthood, and may be called high priest.

The priesthood consists of two classes, the common priests and the Priests of the Bow; of the former there are about fifty, including eight priestesses; of the latter, seventeen, the chief of whom is Nai-yu-chi, and next to him is Ki-yes-i. Each class is supposed to have its peculiar functions. There is a time of the year when the common priests are divided into courses which follow one another in serving in close succession. Some of the courses serve eight days and nights; others four days and nights. The period of service begins about the middle of June after the crops are planted and ends about the last of August. The object seems to be to obtain rain to bring forward and manure the crops. There are thirteen courses but one of these is composed of the two chief Priests of the Bow. The first course serves in one of the sacred houses of the priests, the second course in another, the third in another and so on, the number of houses, as it would seem, equalling the number of courses. During the first four days, it is said, the room in which the priests are shut up is darkened: during the last four, light is permitted to enter. The priests must not go out till their time is up, and no person is allowed to enter or speak to them. But a priest's wife or daughter may open the door, shove in food and then close the door again. It is said that the priests sleep but little, smoke almost incessantly, handle charms and sacred things, and pray much to the gods, while engaged in this service.

The a-shi-wan-i, or common priests seem to be both civil and religious officers. The governor, alcadi, and terrientes are not priests, but civil officers, probably introduced while the tribe was under Spanish rule. In the exercise of their office they seem to be subordinate to the priesthood in most things, if not, all. They are appointed by the high priest after consultation with the chief Priest of the Bow. They hold their office for two years; the priests, for life.

In war times the chief priest of the Bow is captain of the army, and the other priests of that class are subordinate priests and officers. To them also belongs the power to try certain crimes and inflict punishment. The two chief priests act as judges and pass sentence upon the condemned, and four of the subordinate priests are appointed each year as executioners. The following remarks on this point are taken from "Children of the Sun."

"The Priesthood of the Bow has supreme authority in the tribe, civil as well as religious and is the court of final appeal before which are tried all crimes that stand above the jurisdiction of the governor, who is a sort of police magistrate. There are only two crimes punishable by death—sorcery and cowardice in battle—but he who commits a murder or even threatens it, is regarded as a wizard; and should crops fail, or any misfortune come upon the tribe after the threat, or should the threatened man die, even from natural causes he who made the assault or uttered the threat, is dragged at night before the secret council of the A-pi-thla-she-wa-na, or Priesthood of the Bow, where a form of trail is gone through with and the accused tortured into a confession or put to death. In case the latter sentence is pronounced against him he is secretly executed and secretly buried, none but the priesthood knowing the manner of his death or his place of burial.

On the evening of the 28th of June, 1888, when I came home from school I was informed that the priests were torturing a woman in the plaza to extort from her a confession that she was a witch. I started immediately for the scene of torture, met the chief cacique by the way, told him the Government at Washington would be displeased, that the priests ought not to torture the poor creature. He said he had not seen her, and refused to interfere.

I went by the store of Mr. Graham, the trader, and took him along. We found the woman in a pitiable condition. Her wrists had been tied behind her back with a small rope; then the rope had been thrown over a log, and her arms drawn up until only her toes touched the ground. Her shoulders were thrown forward, her head hung down until her chin touched her breast, and her face was hidden from view by her long, disheveled hair. She had been several hours in that position.

Eight priests of the bow were standing around her, endeavoring to extort from her a confession; crowds of Indian men and women and children were standing at a distance, looking on. We paused a moment to take in the situation. Nai-yu-chi savagely clinched her hair, raised her head and shook it roughly.

"Why don't you tell? Why don't you speak the truth?" he said; and in like manner spoke the other priests.

"I do speak the truth," she replied; "I talk straight."

She made other replies, but they were not satisfactory. Nai-yu-chi continued to shake her head, and occasionally struck his fist against her ribs, calling upon her to confess. I took him by the arm and led him one side. We expostulated with him, warned him that the rulers at Washington would be enraged if he killed her, should they hear of it, and urged him to desist and cut her down. He refused—said she belonged to him, not to Washington.

I stepped forward and commenced loosening the rope. The priests pushed me back, saying, "Wait a little." Nai-yu-chi advised us to go home and leave them alone. I said to Mr. Graham:

"I will see her down before I leave."

I advanced and put my hand under her forehead, that I might raise her head and see her face, if perchance I might recognize it. She shook her head and drew it away, as if expecting torture. One of the priests told her who it was that had touched her forehead, and then she looked up at me piteously. Recognizing her, I said:

"Are you a witch?"

"Yes, I am a witch," she answered.

I was seeking a pretext to loose her, but this reply set me back.

The priests asked for a little more time, and after a little while received from her such statements and promises as seemed to satisfy them. Then they loosened the rope and let her down.

After the rope was taken from her wrists and her hands hung down, what excruciating pains she suffered, and in her agony, what piteous moans she uttered!

Her wrists were terribly lacerated—cut to the bone—and her shoulder joints were in a deplorable condition. As soon as able, she was allowed to go home. It seems she had promised to cease her witcheries and do what she could to avert the threatened evils.

What had the poor woman done? The crops were in danger from drought and grasshoppers. The priests had been doing all they could to get rain, and yet the rains did not come. They had been imploring the gods by day and night to give them good crops, and yet the grasshoppers were about to destroy the wheat. Surely the witches were at work.

It was claimed that this woman had been seen by a neigboring woman practicing her arts of witchery and making grasshoppers, and she was charged also with keeping away the rains. Instead of denying these charges, she threatened. Therefore she was brought before the council of priests, and dealt with in the manner just described.—JAMES H. WILLSON, *in Home Mission Monthly.*

A teacher at Hampton, Va., recently asked one of the Indian pupils what lbs, stood for. "Elbows, I guess," was the unexpected reply.

CANADIAN INDIAN MISSIONARY.

Rev. R. R. Young, a Methodist minister who has spent twenty years among the Crees and Saulteaux Indians in the far Northwest, in an address before a Brooklyn audience recently, gave among other interesting experience the following:

Twenty years ago, with my young wife I went from Hamilton, Canada, to take charge of the Indian mission north of Winnepeg about 1,200 miles north of St. Paul. I was first among the Cree Indians.

We were 400 miles from the nearest doctor or post-office. There were no daily papers there, nor grocery stores. We were altogether dependent on the supplies of the country and could get provisions from civilization only once a year, and little then.

In those days everything was sent out from England and each parcel had to be taken out and put in the boat seventy times before it reached its destination. This was caused by the number of rapids and shallow streams that were met with.

Flour cost them $40 a barrel: soap $3.50 a bar and butter $1,50 a pound. Of course we could not afford much of such luxuries and had to live just as the Indians did, on fish, or what was obtained by hunting.

There were lots of Indians who never saw bread. Hunter's luck was our dependence.

The Indians there are kind and affectionate. We never locked a door or fastened a window. They looked to us for sympathy and help.

The missionary had to be lawyer, doctor, judge, to settle disputes, to survey property, make matches and adjust family jars.

In order to help them improve their condition I used to get in seeds and try to make them cultivate the land. When I went out I took with me four potatoes, and did not get there until the 6th of August. You know that is late to plant potatoes here. However I planted them and got a lot of little fellows from them as large as acorns. These we planted again and raised a pailful.

The next year we raised 6 bushels, the year after 125 bushels. Then the Indians began raising them and were soon getting thousands of bushels from these four potatoes.

The English Government gave me a plow and we took it out 400 miles and with it 2½ bushels of wheat. I harnessed eight St. Bernard dogs to the plow and made a harrow. We raised thirty bushels of wheat, and, as we had no mills, used our coffee mill to grind the wheat into flour.

The next year we took a cow out, and, to our great gratification had the luxury of porridge for breakfast.

It is not an uncommon thing for a dying Indian to call his son to his bedside and instruct him to follow up his unfinished quarrel, and die threatening to haunt him if he does not obey the last commands.

Years ago there was an old warrior who was called "Crooked Arm" because his arm was broken in a hand fight with his enemies the Black Feet Indians. The arm became crooked in healing and hence his name.

He received the missionaries very kindly but refused to be converted saying: "As my fathers lived and died so will I. You may talk to my people if you will but you need not bother with me."

One day the missionary read to a number of the Indians, among whom was Crooked Arm, the chapter of the Bible pescribing the crucifixion and relating how Jesus prayed to God to forgive them who tortured him because they knew not what they did. The old chief listened intently but said nothing.

It so happened that he had sent his son a few months before across the Rocky Mountains to get ponies from a place where he knew they herded.

A stalwart Indian accompanied the chief's son. While returning with the ponies, this Indian threw the boy down a precipice and sold the ponies to a Montana rancher. He hid the money thus received, and, returning to the camp, told the old chief that his son had accidentally fallen and been killed.

A few wandering Indians, however, saw the murder from distant hills, and in the course of time the old chieftain learned the truth concerning his son's death, The murderer, however, had gone off on an expedition with other Indians.

On the day following the sermon the old chief and some chosen warriors went to meet these Indians returning. One of the warriors said to the missionary: "You are a man of peace and must not go with us. As soon as Crooked Arm sees the man who killed his son he will bury his tomahawk in his head, and you must not see that."

The missionary determined to go with them, however. As soon as Crooked Arm saw the murderer of his son he rode up to him, face to face, and said: "You murdered my son. You ought to die, and I would kill you but for what I heard from the missionary yesterday. If the Son of the Great Spirit could forgive those who killed him, I must forgive you: but I will banish you. Go out from the tribe and never let me see your face again."

Crooked Arm bowed his head over the pommel of his saddle and wept like a child. He became converted and, giving up his old life, settled down to the cultivation of the land. His after life was a noble one.

THE WINNEBAGOES' AND OMAHAS' FIRST VOTING EXPERIENCE.

WINNEBAGO AGENCY, NEBRASKA,
November, 1888.

EDITOR OF THE RED MAN: At the general election, held November, 6th, the Winnebago Indians and twenty-nine Omahas exercised their rights as American citizens at this Agency by casting the first ballots ever voted on the Winnebago reservation.

The election board was composed entirely of Indians and mixed bloods and when the votes were sent to Dakota City the county officials openly expressed their opinion that they were the best and most complete set of returns received from any precinct in the country.

The board was composed of the following men: Judges of election, Alexander Payer, Hugh Hunter and Peter Waggoner. Clerks, David St. Cyr and Frank Waggoner.

There were two hundred and fifty ballots cast, of which the Democrats received one hundred and sixty-four and the Republicans eighty-six, and be it said to the credit and honor of the Indians as well as the employees of the Agency that it was one of the most quiet and orderly and honest election ever held in Dakota County.

The Agent, Col. J. F. Warner had warned the politicians several weeks before the election that every person detected with intoxicating liquors in his possession or found under the influence of the same on the reservation, would be immediately arrested and locked up.

The Police force was thoroughly instructed in regard to the above order, and reported early on the day of the election for duty. The political "whiskey peddlers" took in the situation and saw at once that law and order must prevail, and when the polls closed that day at Winnebago Agency the "red children of the forest" had set a lasting example worthy of imitation by their paler brothers.

Not a drop of whisky was to be seen throughout the entire day and everything passed off in a very quiet and orderly manner, notwithstanding the numerous predictions before hand that "the drunken Indians would be led up and voted like beasts."

The Indians will now be under the control of "local government" with John D. Atkins as assessor; Frederick Merrick, constable; Louis Neil, James Alexander, Justices of the Peace; Clerks of election, David St. Cyr and Hugh Hunter; Judges, Alexander Payer, John Pilcher and James Alexander.

M. M. WARNER.

THE BOTOCUDOS.

The Botocudos of Brazil, are famous as one of the most savage tribes on the American Continent.

Mr. W. J. Steains, who met a number of them during his exploration of the Rio Doce, describes them as hardly prepossessing in appearance, five feet four inches in average height, having broad chests—which accounts for the facility with which they can bend their bows—small rather than delicate feet and hands, lean but muscular legs and arms, and features bearing "a wonderful resemblance to the Chinese," with skin of all shades of color.

The custom of wearing large lip and ear ornaments of wood is fast dying out. A regular process has to be gone through before a Botocudo can boast of wearing a lip-ornament, say three inches in diameter, and what is more, it is a life-long process.

When the Indian is about three or four years old its parents pierce a small hole in the center of its under lip and also in the lobes of its ears. Into this hole a small plug of wood is inserted about the size round of a pencil. In the course of a few weeks a larger piece of wood is made to take the place of the first insertion, and so on until the lip (having been thus stretched gradually) is capable of receiving a *botoque* (plug) of the dimensions mentioned above, viz, three inches in diameter.

It generally happens that in course of time the lip, which stretches around the botoque just like an elastic band, splits. This action on the part of the lip, however, does not prevent the further wearing of the botoque. The Indian simply ties the two ends of his broken lip together by means of small pieces of imbira a stringy bark, and thus mends the breakage in a way that is decidedly "more useful than ornamental."

The Botocudos live upon the nuts of two or three varieties of palm-trees, which, as they are hard, are chewed for the old people and children by the women; and they usually live to a good old age.

The men spend their days in hunting, fishing, and seeing to their bows and arrows, while the women look after the children, gather nuts and fruits, and do the hard work.

Clothing is entirely unknown among them.

Plurality of wives is allowed but not usually indulged in.

The people have no form of government except that of a chief who has no real authority.

They believe in the Great Spirit who has made the world, but offer no prayers or sacrifices.

They think he is angry and are much frightened when there is a thunder-storm, and throw fire brands in the air to appease his wrath.

When a man dies his ghost wanders about upon the earth, in pursuit of what he may catch, but benefiting those who have done him kindness while he was on the earth.

They have a hazy idea of the evil one, and believe he resides in the body of a certain screeching night-bird.

One old woman of the tribe when asked by the interpreter to tell plainly whether she had ever eaten white man replied indignantly: "No!" and then as if to clear her conscience a little, she added: "I have tasted soup made from him."

The government may have chosen the treaty system as the choice of several evils. That does not lighten the obligation to honor it in the spirit as in the letter. No matter what purpose this savage people want their lands for, whether it is to raise buffalo or potatoes, whether they live off grasshoppers or grain, whether they eat mince pie or plain dog soup, wear bustles and bloom of youth or simple brass ornaments and grease. They are not our people; we won't have them; we don't want them to be of us and yet it seems we are mad if they want to live according to their own notions of genteel society.—[Minneapolis *Tribune*.

INDIANS IN NEW YORK STATE.

Sometime in January the special committee of the Assembly will present a most valuable report upon the condition of the Indians upon the several State reservations. The report will contain a brief historical outline of the Six Nations; a statement of the source of the title of the several reservations, sales, changes and present legal status of the Indians, showing the various treaties with the General Government; all of the treaties and relations between the Indians and the State of New York, including a reference to all the statutes of the State which affect the Indians in any manner, and a statement of the several reservations in detail. That portion of the report which is made up from the testimony taken upon the several reservations is of the greatest popular interest. On the Tuscarora reservation the Indians own their lands, and they are more advanced in civilization than any other except the Oneidas. Their chiefs are elected by the women. The Tonawanda Indians are not as intelligent as the Tuscaroras. The Christians among them are in favor of citizenship, as indeed the Christians are upon all reservations. But they do not like to be taxed.

The Cattaraugus Indians have a republican form of government adopted in 1847, and they would not return to the system of chiefs if they could. The Shinnecocks are a miserable mixture of Indians and negroes who are apparently independent of all other Indians in the State, and they are in a deplorable condition. The St. Regis Indians are badly mixed with the French, and they are mostly in the care of the Roman Catholic Church. Nearly all of the better class of them desire citizenship. On the Alleghany reservation the situation is similar to that upon the Cattaraugus. There are numerous schools, many of them conducted by the Quakers. The Onondagas were found to be in a bad state. The pagan rites are still observed and there is, apparently, a very hostile feeling against making any change whatever. The Oneidas were found to lead all the rest in civilization, owing to the large number of schools in their midst, and the great area of land under cultivation. Signs of prosperity were everywhere abundant. Although no bills have been prepared as yet, still it is certain that when they are introduced they will be in the line of the best thought upon the Indian problem, and that they will, to some extent, follow the policy of the National Government upon this subject. The bills will provide for the occupation of the lands in severalty, and also for the citizenship of the Indians either at once or before very long. It is expected that there will be a great opposition from the pagan Indians and from the Quakers.—[Boston *Transcript*.

Indian Dress.

As a rule the Indian makes his dress for comfort, and not for display. It is generally very simple. The fashions do not change every season or depend upon the caprice of a professional dressmaker living in another part of the world.

Many of their dresses are ornamental as well as useful. A deer skin can be cut in narrow strips so as to resemble fringes. It can be sewed together as readily as heavy cloth. It is easy to attach feathers, fur, or porcupine quills to it. Parts of it can be colored with various pigments.

Absurdity in dress has been carried to a greater extreme by the whites than the Indians. The Indian woman sometimes places a few feathers in her hair or on her head-covering, but the white woman places an entire bird on her bonnet. Both paint their faces and both hang rings on their ears.

The dress of an Indian is always comfortable and does not interfere with locomotion. The same cannot be said of the dress of the highly civilized whites. The clothing of the Indian is, in the language of modern dress-reformers, a "rational" costume and promotive of health and comfort.

After the explanation of the word difficult had been given to the class, the question was asked, What is difficult for you? "The English language," was the reply.

WHAT DRINK DOES FOR PUBLIC MEN.

A newspaper correspondent tells some of the scenes which he saw in the Washington almshouse. One of the first men he met there had been at one time Attorney-General of Virginia. In his office a number of now distinguished lawyers were students, and they owe much to his advice. His father had been Attorney-General of the United States, and left his son wealth. But he drank, and sacrificed distinction, fortune, and everything to his love of intoxicating liquor.

Another pauper was an ex-Judge of the Supreme Court of California, and had been esteemed one of the most eloquent men of his time. He came to Washington to get an office, was disappointed, took to drink, and drank himself out of pocket, mind, and friends, and into the poorhouse.

In his company was once a wealthy newspaper editor and proprietor, of New York, a man of great political influence. This man has been for three years in the poorhouse. Some times his friends take him out, but he drinks so much that he lies about the street, and is returned by the police.

In another branch of the institution was an ex-Attorney-General of North Carolina. The principal reason for his being put here is that he stole a friend's vest and sold it for whiskey. To such depths of degradation will whiskey bring the strongest and ablest of us.

A man who was Stephen A. Douglass' intimate friend, and who used to speak from the same platforms with him, is a Washington pauper. When fortune smiled upon him, he used liquor as a relish, and when her smiles turned to frowns he took it as an antidote for sorrow. It brought him temporary relief, but permanent ruin.

Coming into the almshouse as the correspondent left it, was an old, white-haired man, who was at one time one of the leading men of the Michigan bar. He is the man who backed Zachariah Chandler, and made him, politically speaking, what he was. And this man of great legal ability and political influence sufficient to make and unmake men, and of much wealth, is now a pauper. Why? Because he drank alcoholic liquor. How foolish is any one, high or low, who will take this poison and hope to escape its effects.

Indian Names.

To show the misconception we have as to Indian names, Mr. Haines in his work on the Indians says:

"The word Calumet will serve as an illustration. This is the name of a river putting in at the southern extremity of Lake Michigan. In early times frequent inquiry was made as to why this river was so called. The answer in general was that it was an Indian word signifying pipe of peace, which the Indians smoked at their councils, and that in the vicinity of this river was a place for holding councils. This is correct with three exceptions: First, the word Calumet is not an Indian word; second, it does not of itself signify pipe of peace; third, Indian councils were never held in the vicinity of this river. The word Calumet, says Charlevoix in his book of travels in North America, is a Norman word, which signifies a reed forming a natural tape with which Norman smoking implements were constructed. The word Calumet originally referred only to the tape, afterward used to designate the whole implement. The same thing as in our language we call a pipe. The Indian name of this river was Conamic, and signified snow beaver, which it would seem our English speaking people mistook for Calumet, which is not an appropriate signification applicable to this river as intended."

Said a young Indian girl, "When I am big I am going to be a Democrat."

Then was asked, "What are you now, a Republican?"

"No, I'm not."

Then what are you?"

"I am an Indian," she replied.—[*Pipe of Peace*.

THE CHEYENNES.

Their Future Prospects as seen by a Returned Pupil.

Doty Seward returned to his home before half finishing his education, and the following interesting letter to his brother now at Carlisle, speaks for itself:

CHEYENNE AGENCY, IND. TER.
Dec. 4, 1888.

BIRD SEWARD, DEAR BROTHER:

I received your most welcome and good letter for a few days ago, and I was a great deal of pleasure in receiving your kind letter your mother and father are very glad that you are trying to do what is right always, and your father said that you must keep on try to do what is right and learn your lessons all you can, try to be a good man, just keep on trying to pleasing your school father, Capt. Pratt.

I hope you would like to know this reservation and I will tell you about it. The railroad is through right down below here, of about 35 miles from this agency that is the place where we go to load the agents freight we always come back with flour every three days.

Well the Cheyennes are doing like the white people and a few of them are too lazy to do farming and most of them are working every day and some of them are working for the government, and some of them are herding the Indian beef, and some of them are still doing a scouting.

They drive out the white people if they come in this our reservation, you remember when you was here I used to head men, when I was with scouts I used to get pay $30 every month and just as soon as you was left your home to school, I was stop scouting and help our old man for farm since.

Well, Bird, your father wishes you to come visit your friends in about vacation, and you many go back after you see your friends. Perhaps you might get some children to go back with them to Carlisle. What would you said for let me know if you please if you going come visit or not. I will tell you another thing about the ration what Cheyenne draw every week, flour, coffee, baker powder, soap, salt, and 44 persons have one beef every week and bacon every two weeks and goods every one year.

That is all they draw it for their ration. Well Bird I am nearly close up my write, for I am going to the railroad at Oklahoma station right early in morning before sun up and I be back home in three or four days. Well, Bird we are staying same place where you start from to Carlisle. But we done and living in Indian Camp no more we got a house now, that agent put up for us last winter.

Well, Bird you may look for the moccasins after you get this letter, I am sending them to you now. Julia Seward is best girl of all the Cheyenne children, I think she is four reader now, and Pat Seward is in third reader and Phil Seward is in second reader.

Hoping to hear from you soon again from your most humble and thankful brother. DOTY SEWARD.

The Chickasaws alone, of all the five civilized tribes have denied the right of citizenship to freedmen living in their country. Recently the question has been raised whether under the Constitution of the United States the negroes could be deprived of rights guaranteed by that instrument and there is a probability of a bill being passed by the Legislature conferring suffrage upon them. Many Chickasaws favor colonizing negroes in Oklahoma paying them for their property and other rights acquired as adopted citizens of the Chickasaw Nation. The negroes outnumber the Chickasaws and the latter fear that giving them the right to vote will be attended with dangerous consequences.

It's strange but true that there are almost as many real Indians in New York State as in Minnesota. In all there are just about five thousand red men in the Empire State.

LETTERS WRITTEN BY OUR PUPILS TO PARENTS AND FRIENDS AT HOME.

As a school exercise each pupil is required to write home once a month. He is at liberty to write as often as desired between times. From the school letters last written the following extracts are taken:

A SIOUX BOY'S OPINION OF THE SIOUX BILL.

"I have read about the action of Congress for the divisions and settlement of our reservations and I was very much in favor of its passage which would mean compulsory civilization of the Sioux, but when I read the speeches of the delegates and the causes thereof and the truths contrary to what is proposed to them I can not blame them. The fact is, if the Government had kept its word for the settlement of Dakota it would have been done without delay and the death of General Custer would not have occurred. The distrust of these people towards their ruler is the result of what has been done and neglected by the Government, but for my part I am willing to give my land and what I can as long as he has given me education."

"WE HAVE MET THE ENEMY AND THEY ARE OURS."

"I will ask you a question, Were you ever so happy and blessed that you got sick over it? Why, "No" you would say. But on Christmas we had such a good time and such a "big eat" that we all felt like getting sick.

On Tuesday the tables for dinner and supper were heaping but at each time when the veterans had been there you would find only the bones of the opposing "Turks" an enemy which had been surprised one after another and more successfully than did Washington surprise the Hessians at the battle of Trenton on Christmas night."

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.

"We have a society in our Sunday School, 'The King's Daughter's Society.' I am very glad to tell you that the King's Daughters have been very busy to get some things ready for the poor people for Christmas. We sent a very nice box to a blind woman in Philadelphia and also we got some things for our Hospital here. In the Christmas morning the King's Daughters took the things over to the Hospital. One of the girls carried the bag on her back, it was funny to see her. When we got in the Hospital the sick chiidren were very much pleased with the things."

"We are commencing on the New Year work with a new school-house. I wish you could see our new school house. Just think many institutions are not using such a nice building as we have to-day."

CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

"In the morning every girl got up to see if they could beat each other in saying "Merry Christmas."

"On Christmas eve all the girls hung their stockings up by their bed and went to bed. About mid-night Santa Claus came to every room to fill our stockings with candy and nuts. Of course we are not used to it, he woke us up. After he went to the chimney we began to eat, just like many squirrels cracking nuts, it sounded so funny to hear in dark cracking nuts."

"Our most fun we have was when Santa Claus came into our room. We would not know that he had come in but the light was before our faces. We opened our eyes to see and almost burst out laughter. When he had gone home a dozen or perhaps more of us girls were up standing in the hall, wondering was almost day and shouting "Merry Christmas." All at once we heard the whistle blown for us by our school-mother and listened saying it was not twelve o'clock yet. How we did laugh and go into our bedroom and try not to disturbed any more and had a good night's rest until morning."

OPINIONS ON THE NEW SCHOOL-BUILDING.

"I do wish you could see what a nice school-house this is? The new chapel is so much larger than the old one, it is decorated with greens and that makes it so much prettier. Our School-rooms are also much larger and nicer in every way. We have slate black-boards and single desks. It seems so nice to be in a nice new school-house as this is."

"Well I am going to tell you about the first time we rode in the cars. They went so fast and whistled so often, and we crossed so many big rivers, long bridges, and heard strange noises. I saw many towns, cities, and so many white people, big houses, tall chimneys, than I ever thought of. It was very peculiar to see so many things that I never saw before."

"I have been always well since I came into the Yankee country."

GETTING READY FOR SANTA CLAU.

"My two room-mates and I had a great deal of fun on Christmas Eve. We were told that we should hang our stockings that night, but I did not take it in earnest and said I'd hang mine on the floor, so one of the girls came in and hung mine on the door-knob for me. One of the girls then placed a chair in the door-way and put her shoe on it. Her object in doing that was when Santa Claus came in, he would stumble over it and wake her so she could see him. The other went and placed a broom on top of that chair and her shoe on the broom-stick. About mid-night we got awake by the rattling of paper. We did see him but we had to keep our laugh in until the next morning. Every body was up earlier than usual and nothing else could be heard but the greeting 'Merry Christmas' and we all did have a Merry Christmas."

"I thought I could not eat any more but when I saw the ice-cream and other things my appetite came back again."

"Just before Christmas as I was talking to my girl friend about having a good time, she said she did not care about the good time, she only cares for the big dinner that we are to have. When it did come she did not eat half as much as I did."

New Arrivals.

"We have got another little baby at the Hospital. Some new children came from Montana the same night when this little baby came and when Dr. Given's little son heard that there was a little baby at the Hospital he went and told his mother that little Richard has got a little brother and the Crows brought him."

"One can't help to think how much this school is improving every year; this school is well worth visiting."

SANTA CLAUS SENT WORD HE WAS COMING.

"Well on Christmas eve we small boys had letters from dear Santa Claus and he tell us that he will bring for us some candies and nuts. Of course every room don't have chimney to come in so he told us to put out our caps and put them over the doors so he could fill them with candies. Well, about three o'clock in the morning we got up and there we found candies and nuts."

SANTA CLAUS' TRICK.

"Christmas night while I was in bed asleep some one filled my stockings with, —two ink bottles, brush, comb, pen and knife. I guess it was a trick of Santa Claus.

APPLIED ARITHMETIC.

I remember I used to help you to shear sheep. When first I shear sheep, I shear ten sheep in one day. I study Arithmetic I could know how many sheep I can shear in three days if I shear ten sheep in one day."

The other morning before the command of "Attention" was given, a youth called out to another who was sauntering along towards his place in ranks, "Henry Phillips, come hurry *fill up* your place."

LEARNING BY OBSERVATION.

"Last Saturday I went to paper mills where they make papers. It is wonderful how the people could make paper out of the dirty rags that have been thrown away.

In the beginning where they start there are about fifty young girls working, cutting up the rags into little pieces. Then they fill up a big boiler. They say that the boiler holds two tons of rags, then they boil them and they pour through the pipes in the other room, there they wash them with the clean water and then the rags turn into white as snow you might say. And then in another room it comes out like milk and goes little ways off and comes out nice white paper. Then they cut it small or as big as they want to. Then we went up stairs, there we saw drying the papers. We went down stairs again there they smooth the papers, that was the last room there they finished them and pack and send them away."

RESOLUTIONS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

"I hope we are all looking ahead and not backward to the New Year that is coming. I hear, here and there in the Girls' Quarters, 'I am going to try my best in school this year better than I did last year.'"

"We will all try and commence the right way."

"We feel sorry to have the old year pass away and we hope that we will try to do our very best this coming New Year, 1889 and try to start everything new and do well cheerfully."

"On our way to the new school-house, one of the girls and I said that we will try our best and be on the Roll of Honor every month. I know we are not the only ones that said that. I think this is the best time to begin over in our new school and to-morrow is the New Year."

A NEW NAME FOR IT.

"We had a "Socerobie" in the Gymnasium and we had an excellent time tha' night, every body with girls walk a round.'

"The girls did not go away anywhere, but we all tried our very best to make the day a Happy Christmas to each other."

A SWEET SOUND.

"I did not enjoy Christmas very well this year, in fact it did not seem like Christmas at all it was just like a September day. I didn't hear any sleigh bells jingling or see any sleighs or cutters flying around. Yes, I did hear one bell, and it sounded very nice, that was the dinner-bell."

"I do wish sometimes that our Congressmen would pass a measure saying, 'That all Indian education shall be compulsory.' Would not that be a glorious measure? It will be one of the greatest works Congress ever did for the red man. We must have educated men among the Omahas. The President of the United States is not going to give you an Agent any more, for the Omahas claim to be citizens. Government is not going to keep you. You have got to trade with some of the meanest white men in the United States and if you have an education you will overcome them, but if you refuse to send your children to school, they will every time cheat you."

"In the afternoon my friend (Pueblo boy) and I took a walk on the railroad. We took a rest once in awhile and we talked about whatever came in our minds. I think he and I have about the same kind of mind because we always agree with each other on whatever we talk about. Well, one of the things we talked about was, How can the astronomers measure how big around the sun is when they have never been there and will not be likely ever to get there? Well we were not very sure whether we knew anything about it at all or not but we intend to find it out, but we have not succeeded yet."

THE BETTER NOW-A-DAYS.

MY DEAR FATHER:—There was a time when I think of nothing else but to go home and be among the Indians. How very little do I know then. How things necessary to know were hard to understand. Rules of the school were a burden. Oft times I felt like "giving up the ship," and skipping to the unknown parts. Days were really "dark and dreary." I believe the world is growing better, and the Indian race is growing better as civilization advances through it.

I enjoy the now-a-days better, taking more interest in all the religious and society meetings and in studies and duties outside of the school.

Three trips, made to three places, add to the record of my pleasures this year. Indeed I shall never forget them and the day or days I spent there, for what I saw there adds very much to my knowledge of things, whereas I would not have known or seen, were I with you out there.

The first trip was to Allentown in this State, where I saw and associated with young men from all parts of the State. It was not a political but a Christian gathering. It was a Y. M. C. A. Convention. Two of us went as delegates to the Convention.

The second, was New England, to Amherst, Massachusetts. Two of us went to attend an Indian meeting held there. I shall never forget the hospitality shown to us by the students of the College and the people of Amherst.

On the way through the State of New Jersey, New York, Connecticut and part of Massachusetts many things I saw worthy to see and remember. I hope some day I will be able to give you a full account of the trip.

I made my third, to Gettysburg, the place where the famous battle of the late war occurred. I have heard of it many times and I am satisfied that I have tread on the battle field. We spent the day there and came home with a few relics we found.

How Indians Count.

They count by the hand and its four fingers. Thus, when they reach five, instead of saying so, they call it a hand, six is therefore a "hand and first finger," seven, a "hand and second finger," ten is "two hands" but twenty, instead of being "four hands," is a "man." Forty is "two men," and thus they go on by twenties. Forty-six is expressed as "two men, a hand and first finger."

AN INDIAN BOY'S MEMORY JOURNEY THROUGH EUROPE.

From the Third Grade.

Suppose I endeavor to travel through Europe, how I can get there? I have been studying about it more than one year so I will attempt a journey through Europe.

I have heard about how wonderful are the people in that country but I would not know which way to get there. I suppose I start from New York but wonder how can I get there if there is no rail-road to go with but I suppose I journey with a ship.

There are many dangers in traveling by ship. I couldn't see any land since I took Atlantic Ocean ship, there is nothing but water since I started, it seems to me I am in the wrong direction to sail towards Europe, but there is a wise man who is intelligent and knows how to sail a ship over the ocean who took me down to show me the way to get over to Europe.

But as you know I have not been traveling with ships before in my life, but I had been studying through Europe and it told of the wonderful nations of the world so I made up my mind to sail to see how wonderful is the country.

There are many wonderful countries in America, but I want still to go to Europe to get where St. Petersburg is but I don't see which way I can go so I jump into a ship to sail towards the north and found the Mediterranean Sea, but it is not the place where I want to get, so I still keep going towards the Atlantic Ocean and North Sea, then I cross between Sweden and Denmark and I get into the Baltic Sea and along the coast of Sweden and stop at Gulf of Finland just where is the capital of Russia.

There are many manufacturing countries in that part of the world, but one of the greatest manufacturing countries in Europe is Belgium, but I can hardly see how nice a country it is. It is strange that we can't see any land nothing except the ocean, it makes every body have the headache if they was not there before. I say how wonderful are the countries in that part of the world.

It is related of Colonel Stark, a famous officer of the Revolution, that when he was a young man, he was captured by the Indians, while out hunting on a stream called Baker's River one of the branches of the Merrimac.

He was taken to Canada. When he arrived there the Indians told him that he must run the gauntlet, and they formed themselves into two lines, with clubs in their hands to give him a blow as he passed.

His fellow-prisoner, named William Stinson, ran first and was terribly beaten.

Stark had no intention of suffering that way, and when it came his turn to run, he wrenched the club from the hands of the first Indian, then swinging it with all his might, knocked the Indians right and left, tumbling them one upon the other, and going through without receiving a blow, but leaving many aching heads behind him.

Instead of punishing him for what he had done, the Indians patted him on the back and called him a "brave" and wanted him to be their chief.

Chief Colorow, who for a number of years past has been the terror of Colorado settlers, died on the 12th of December at his camp near the mouth of the White River, a few miles above Ouray Indian Agency. Colorow has been under the military surveillance of this post since the conference of Gen. Crook with Governor Adams at Meeker, in September, 1887. Since that time the whereabouts of the old man has been known at all times to the commander of this post. Since the attack upon his camp, near Meeker, by Sheriff Kendall he has never passed east of the reservation line, and has always accused the settlers of the White River of hypocrisy and betrayal. He had a passionate regard for White River, and when driven to the reservation placed his people on that stream only a few miles above the Agency.