



MISS MARY BAILEY SEONIA, NOW A TEACHER AT CARLISLE.

The subject of our illustrations this month, after spending one year at Carlisle, went to Philadelphia to live with Dr. and Mrs. D. W. Collins, and went through the public schools of the City of Brotherly Love, graduating in 1896. She was then given a

department in the Academic work of our school, and has ever since successfully managed and taught a class of about 40 pupils of the 4th grade.



MISS SEONIA AS SHE DRESSED WHEN A CHILD IN HER HOME IN NEW MEXICO.

A DISTINGUISHED and valued correspondent has this to say about our article in the last RED MAN on Canada and Her Indians.

"I do not dispute the fact that the English have managed the Indian problem far better than we, but having lived in Canada and having lived among the Canadian Indians for some years during the early 50's, I discovered what in one way seemed a cause for the good treatment. In talking with a British officer—who at the time was connected with the Hudson Bay Company—and contrasting the different conditions in the two countries, he remarked that the main reason for the good treatment of the Indians in Canada was that they actually had no land which the British coveted, and that the management there was entirely unlike that in other countries. Since then I have been, as you know, about the world extensively, and have seen the efforts in the way of civilization, of Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, Africa, and Asia as well. Once at Hobarton, in Tasmania, I asked a man 'if there were any natives there?'

"He said:

"No, the last one was civilized out of existence ten years ago."

"The same efforts were attempted with the Maories in New Zealand, but they proved a formidable foe, and have since been permitted to have reservations, extensive ones, too; to have a member or two in the Colonial parliament, and a member in the ministry."

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"In this connection I beg to be understood strictly as admiring the order which the British Government displays in its work among the Indians in Canada, in paying annuities promptly, and in

"furnishing excellent material therefor in the way of blankets, cloth, etc. This was noticeable in my time, and I understand has been continued."

"Then the Constabulary which exists in the Northwest and in certain other of its provinces—notably in Australia and that region—to my knowledge is composed of serviceable, capable, middle-aged men under strict discipline, who sustain the majesty and dignity of the law."

Our correspondent is one of the most practical business men in the country, and what he says is from a business standpoint. The United States has been largely educated in regard to the Indians of Canada by missionaries, either our own who have casually visited Canada or Canadian missionaries who have visited us.

After all, civilizing the Indians and getting them into a self-supporting condition is a practical business matter, and it is to be hoped that in the future much more significance will be given to business methods.

BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST SHOW.

In keeping with Carlisle's methods of educating her Indian youth, i. e., giving them every available opportunity of seeing and experiencing the best there is in all lines of education, on the 24th of June, we as a school, and as Col. Cody's guests were privileged to witness the best exhibition in existence of some of the ruder manners and customs of the people of the western frontier in the fifties and sixties.

The name, fame and immensity of this great show need no description. We were treated to reserved seats, from which the

spectacle presented by Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show and Congress of Rough Riders of the World was a revelation to all who witnessed it for the first time.

Col. Wm. F. Cody, who, in his scout life on the plains was called "Bill," justly earned the now famous title of "Buffalo Bill," by his daring feats as a buffalo hunter. In one season he is said to have personally killed 4,000 buffaloes to supply meat for the builders of the Kansas Pacific Railroad, and he was chosen the escort for various members of the nobility, on famous buffalo hunts.

His experience with and knowledge of Indian habits and language; the hardships and dangers he has passed through on the plains in Government service; his fame as a hunter and scout; his election as State Senator; his name among men of high rank in the army and in civil life as a trustworthy and honorable gentleman; his extensive travels abroad and reception by royalty, and his medal from the United States Congress for chivalrous service for the Government has made Col. Cody a character in American history.

While we stand firmly upon the ground so frequently taken in these columns that the employment of Indians to exhibit their savagery and worst side before the public is in direct opposition to Carlisle's methods of building up their true and most useful manhood and womanhood, we are yet able to recognize and credit success and good management in whatever direction, and believe that the broadest and most impressive way to learn the truth is through experience and seeing for oneself.

Col. Cody's great courtesy and generos-

ity gave an opportunity for each of our pupils to judge for himself or herself whether we were or were not right in our statements against the principle of exhibiting the barbaric side of the Indian.

Many of our pupils beheld for the first time the Indian as he used to dress; some never before saw a cowboy, nor a buffalo. They have studied in their geography of the lassoing of wild animals, but, on the 24th, the manner of doing this was most skilfully demonstrated. The stage-coach robbery; the feats of horsemanship; the United States artillery drill; the prairie emigrant train surrounded and attacked by Indians, exactly in the manner they used to in the days gone by, and the heroic repulse by Buffalo Bill and the cowboys, exemplifying his own experience; the training to ride the wild bronco caught by a lasso; the pony-post riders showing how letters and messages were sent across the continent before railroads and telegraphs were thought of; the Arabian horsemen; the Cossacks of Russia; the Mexicans in their sombreros and picturesque dress; the color-guard of real Cuban veterans in their peculiar uniform; the royal Irish Lancers and Garde Cuirassiers of Kaiser William II, in brilliant array; the superb Company of United States Cavalry; the Indians' attack on the settler's cabin; the reproduction of the famous Custer massacre, at once produced a startling and realistic exhibition that must have its lessons and could not fail in making historical impressions.

In turn our school gave to the painted and blanketed Indians, when they came out to see us in a body, an exhibition of what education in useful handiwork and books can do. Our shoes and harness; our tinware and wagons; our books and newspapers; our clothing and carpenter work and articles manufactured by their sons and kin seemed as much of a revelation to them and we hope produced a lasting impression in favor of the present and the future possibilities of the Indian.

We are sure that the gentlemanly and womanly bearing of our young men and maidens, and their skill as producers had a salutary effect, for the interpreters said the old chiefs and warriors were well pleased, and greatly gratified that their children were having such advantages.

Col. Cody, said in part to the student body gathered for supper, that the day spent at Carlisle, he would never forget, and that the results he saw before him of the work of our great institution produced a profound impression. He knew the fathers of many of our boys and girls, and some of them have never been East. Some of those now with him had never been East before. He was glad of the opportunity of bringing together friends and relatives. His Indians had been looking forward to this meeting and had been asking him almost daily how many sleeps it would be before they should reach Carlisle. They were enjoying the visit here. They had illustrated to our school the manners and customs of the Indians of the past who were fast fading away, but our pupils were being led on a better trail. His Indians, when they went to their homes, would tell of the progress our pupils were making and of the advantages equal to the white schools, they enjoy in this institution.

Although his duties as a scout had made it necessary to lead troops against the Indians he never did it without regret, knowing that the Indian was always in the right. Never was treaty broken by

(Continued on the Eighth Page.)

AN OLD INDIAN PUEBLO.

The following account of the Laguna Indians and the village in which they live, by Ed. H. Gibson, in *Every Other Sunday* was handed to the Pueblo maiden whose portrait is given on the first page, and she was asked to state her opinion as to the truth of the assertions contained in the article.

Miss Seonia claims that it is an excellent description of her people.

We have been to Laguna and remained days at a time, so can also vouch for the leading facts; hence it gives us pleasure to reproduce the article as interesting information and description in connection with the picture of the Pueblo teacher with us—Miss Seonia.

The Article.

As the train left me standing alone on the station platform, I gazed with much interest at the queer old pueblo of Laguna. In the amber sunrise, just lighting the mesas and sand-fields around it, the village seemed isolated and to have no part in the busy domain of "Uncle Sam."

Laguna is about one hundred and forty-two miles from Santa Fé. It is situated on a rocky ridge overlooking the Rio San José, and is one of the oldest of the Indian pueblos in New Mexico. In about 1540 the village was subdued by the Spanish; and the Indians were made to accept, as far as possible, the Catholic religion. It was a mere outward acceptance, however; for secretly they had small regard for either the customs or the religion of their conquerors. And, when in 1680 there was a general uprising of all the New Mexico Indians against the Spanish intruders, the Lagunas were quick to enter into the fight.

Spanish oppression was the cause of this uprising. A strong distaste for the methods of the Spaniards had long been growing up in the breast of the Pueblos. Whole villages of their people had been carried away to work in the mines, from which their haughty oppressors hoped to obtain much golden treasure. Even the women and children were obliged to work hard in those mines. Bad treatment, poor food, and insufficient clothing caused hundreds of them to sicken and die.

Burning with indignation, the Indians insisted that their land should be secured to them, and that their people should no longer be forced to work in the mines. The Spaniards, however, paid no heed to these demands of a subdued race. So the war came upon them suddenly, and many a proud Spaniard went down before the rude implements of warfare then used by the Pueblos.

The Lagunas continued the war until the Spaniards were brought to make a treaty, by which the Indians were granted their demands. This treaty, however, was not kept inviolate; and it is the belief of many intelligent persons of to-day that, had not the Americans come to New Mexico just when they did, not a pueblo would now be standing.

The Lagunas of to day are among the most civilized and intelligent Indians in the Southwest. They number about 1,300, and live in eight villages,—Santana, Casa Blanco, Paraji, Seami, Encinel, Pagati, Me Citi-Megi, and Laguna, the last-named being the capital. The form of Pueblo government under which they live is somewhat peculiar. The chief executive is called governor, and he is elected every two years by the people on the last day of the year. The voting is by word of mouth, the people coming from all the different pueblos to the capital to name their choice for that office. The other officers are two lieutenant governors, one captain of war and two lieutenants, with three minor officials. The courts are held monthly; and these nine officials constitute the court, the governor acting as supreme judge, and the others as associate justices.

Laguna derives its name from the large artificial lake which the Indians once had near their pueblo. But the dam was destroyed, and has never been rebuilt. The houses are composed of stone adobe, some of them being too old for longer occupancy. They are flat-roofed; and many of them have ladders against the outside walls,

which one may ascend to the roof on which other low apartments have been made. Some of the more modern houses have only one story, and the doors are on level with the ground floor.

The interiors of many of these Laguna homes are whitewashed and cleanly; and always one sees blankets, from plainest striped to the gaudiest Navajos, on walls, on couches, or as rugs on the hard earth floor. Often these same blankets furnish a gala attire for the Indian. However, the dress of the average Lagunan is somewhat in advance of his knowledge of English.

Then every household has its stock of pottery, in the making of which the Pueblos are famous. These vessels of pottery are neatly painted in native designs on the outside, and are of various size from a small cup to a large jar, the very largest having a capacity to hold several gallons of water.

Laguna has a great many pottery vendors, all of whom show a remarkable familiarity with the time at which the different trains passing through the village are due. Long before the shrill whistle of the approaching locomotive resounds through the valley of the San José, a swarm of dusky-faced girls of varying ages, in gay-colored shawls, lines the railroad track and the station platform. As soon as the train slows up the passengers are besieged; and, if they go not away laden with pottery, the fault is not that of the pretty, dark-eyed Laguna maidens.

The streets of the town are narrow and crooked; and the curious ovens, where the family baking is done, frequently encroach upon the visitor's path. In the middle of the town is a wide square with a rocky floor, but not wholly smooth. Here the Lagunas annually hold their feasts and kakat (Indian for dances). These take place about Christmas and New Year's, and are more or less of a religious nature. No Mexicans or priests, and seldom any Americans, are allowed within the town during the progress of these feasts and dances.

The Lagunas are self-supporting, and are industrious and simple in their habits. Stock-raising and agriculture are the chief occupations. By irrigating some good fruit is cultivated. They are kind and hospitable to strangers, and are keen readers of human nature. They have a Pueblo school which the United States government has provided for them. Then many of the children are sent away to other schools, despite the opposition of some of the old Indians to English education. A number of the boys and girls of Laguna have attended the famous Carlisle Indian School, and come home with a fairly good command of the English language and well trained in some manual art.

It is a sad fact that the young folks who bring home this English learning and skill in useful industries do not receive from their elders that cordial encouragement which they should. Overawed by this opposition and want of appreciation, is it strange that many of them do go back into the old ways?

IN THE MIDST OF CIVILIZATION AND NO IMPROVEMENT.

It is a conceded fact that the great advance in civilization made by the Five Civilized Tribes is largely due to the mixing of the whites with the Indians, but there is a small tribe—Sac and Fox, of Iowa, located in the midst of civilization who regard with special pride the fact that their tribe is untainted with the blood of foreign tribes or of the white race. Agent Horace M. Rebok in his Annual Report to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs has this to say of the present customs and habits of the tribe:

"The houses, dress, religion, domestic customs and habits of these people are essentially the same as were those of the Indians of one hundred years ago. In describing their homes, as he found them in 1829, Caleb Atwater writes:

"The wigwam we visited was a fair sample of all we saw afterwards in the Indian country. It was covered with

white-elm bark, fastened on the outside of upright posts fixed in the ground by ropes, made of barks, passed through the covering and tied on the inside around the posts. I should suppose this dwelling was 40 feet long and 20 feet wide; that 6 feet on each of the sides, within the doors, was occupied by a place where the family slept. Their beds consisted of a platform raised 4 feet from the earth, resting on poles tied at that height to posts standing upright in the ground opposite each other and touching the roof. On these poles were laid blankets and the skins of deer, bear, bison, etc. These were the beds. Between these beds was an open space, perhaps 6 to 8 feet in width, running the entire length of the wigwam. In this space fires were kindled in cold and wet weather, and here, at such times, the cooking was carried on and the family warmed themselves, ate their food, etc. There was no chimney, and the smoke either passed out through the roof or out at the doors at the end of the wigwam. On all the waters of the Upper Mississippi no better dwelling is to be found among the Indians."

"The above description by Mr. Atwater is an accurate description of the present summer wigwam of the Musquakie as he now lives in Tama County, except that for the skins of deer, bear, bison, etc., must be substituted mats of their own weaving and blankets, and in some instances boards for poles and bark.

But the Musquakie is something of an aristocrat. He maintains both summer and winter quarters. The above is the description of the summer quarters. His winter quarters is the historic wickiup of the Sac and Fox. It is oval in form, from 10 to 20 feet long and 8 to 10 feet high in the center, and is covered with matting woven by women from rushes gathered along the banks of the rivers. These houses being small, there is no room for platforms, and the Indian eats, sleeps and lives on the ground. When the trunks, hunting sacks, guns, bedding, eatables, cooking utensils, and other articles of domestic life are placed about the sides of the wickiup, the medicine bag and the dance gourds tied to the poles in the roof and mats spread upon the ground, the curtain dropped at the entrance, and a cheerful fire blazing in the center, the woman, whose labor has erected the winter residence, feels that her lord is carefully protected from the winter blasts.

"Force of circumstances has compelled the Iowa Indian to undergo some changes in the manner of his dress, but in the majority of cases a description of the personal habit of one of the warriors who besieged Fort Detroit would be an accurate description of the Indian who still cherishes the customs of his fathers, although so far removed from them. Of course cloth has superseded the skins of deer, bear and other animals that formerly roamed the plain. But the Tama County Indian is a blanket Indian. Nearly all of the elderly men of the tribe are attired in moccasins, leggings, breechcloth, loose-flowing shirt, and blanket, with a carefully arranged scarf about the head, from which frequently stand feathers of variegated colors. By force of necessity and for convenience many of the young men are now adopting, to a greater or less degree, essential articles of dress characteristic of the whites, but there are a few of these Indians who do not at some season of the year appear in the blanket and genuine Indian costume. While these Indians are always attired in such fashion they would not be easily mistaken for a member of the 'Four Hundred,' it is during the summer season, and especially when dances are on hand, that they copy most nearly the hero of former years. Their manner of dress at this time is strikingly characteristic for its scantiness, the elder Indians wearing nothing but moccasins, breechcloth and loose flowing blanket, and many of the Indian children wear no article except a loose-flowing shirt; in fact it is not uncommon for the Indian children to appear during the summer months without any article of clothing.

"The women have made more progress in dress than the men. This has been

largely due to the influence of a Presbyterian mission, which has been maintained among these people during the past twelve years. The women are rapidly adopting the style of dress of the white woman, and many of them are learning to wear undergarments and hosiery. All cling to the blanket, moccasins, beads and bracelets, and a Musquakie beauty is as proud of the jewelry about her neck and arms as the fashionable ladies of modern society are of their own more costly evidences of ancestral barbarism. In this particular it would be quite a task to undertake to show a Musquakie woman wherein the jewels of the Duchess of Marlborough are the rewards of any higher civilization than that which gives her the privilege to wear those wrought by native hands from German silver.

"Our Indians have adopted to a considerable extent the cooking utensils of the whites, but there are only five cook stoves in the tribe. Their changed condition of life from that of their fathers, and the introduction of more of the articles of food of the whites, has worked considerable change in their physique. They are not an active, athletic people, and many of their men and women are fat and clumsy. The eating of greasy food, hot dishes, and the lack of exercise has done much to make them lazy, indolent and careless. Nearly everything they eat is cooked in lard, and they are perfectly content if they have hot fried cakes, pork and coffee. They cook and eat about the open fire on the ground without the use of any table, and only a few households in the tribe trouble themselves to spread a cloth for their meal. The only way I see open to improve their domestic economy is by the appointment of some good, faithful woman as field matron, who shall go among the women of the tribe and teach them."

INDIAN TRAINED NURSES.

Graduates of the Carlisle School Show Great Capability, Gain Skill and Possess Endurance.

"I never feel the least bit uneasy when I leave my case in the hands of one of these Indian nurses," was the tribute just paid by a leading physician of Philadelphia to the young Indian women who have entered the field of trained nursing.

While the public, as a general rule, would hardly stop to consider that the profession of trained nursing, requiring all the delicate attributes of womanhood, would be adapted to the daughters of wild and savage ancestry, the fact remains that Oneida, Ottawa, Wyandotte, Pawnee and Sioux girls, educated and trained, are showing most remarkable aptitude for the profession.

Captain R. H. Pratt, the superintendent of the Indian Industrial School, at Carlisle, Penna., declares that when Indian girls time is not far distant when the Indian girl will be regarded by the medical profession as large as the most successful first introduced nurses in the country. Their introduction into the hospital training after they had passed through a course of instruction at Carlisle, is due to the efforts of Captain Pratt, who believes the Indians have a future, and is firmly of the opinion that, as a class, they are quite capable of entering the occupations of the white man or woman, and that their dwelling should no longer be in the woods or on the prairie exclusively, but also in the hives of industry of the whites, the cities, the offices, the mills, the hospitals and on the farms.

All the training at the Carlisle school is carried on with such an ultimate object in view, and with great success. The first instruction which the Indian girls who have since graduated as trained nurses received in their profession was in the Indian School Hospital, where, during this preliminary training, they showed such marked ability that they were sent to complete their training in the hospitals of Philadelphia.

At present Miss Nancy Seneca, a young Indian maiden, is studying at the Medico-Chirurgical Hospital, in that city.

Miss Kate Grinrod, a Wyandotte Indian, who was educated at Carlisle, is one

of the most successful professional nurses. During the epidemic at Carlisle, in 1890 and 1891, she volunteered her services as a nurse, and succeeded so well that, acting upon the advice of physicians, she entered the Woman's Hospital, at Philadelphia. Her services are eagerly sought by many of the leading families of that city.

Including Miss Nancy Seneca, who will soon complete her course, eight Indian girls, who first graduated at Carlisle school, have, during the last few years, become trained nurses, and are now profitably employed in independent practice.

The first Indian woman in the world to complete a course in trained nursing was Miss Nancy Cornelius, an Oneida. She arrived at the Carlisle school from the reservation in 1885, and entered the second grade. Being of a delicate constitution, she was obliged to pass much of her time in the school hospital for treatment, and, desiring some occupation, she soon became a competent assistant to the nurse in charge. In October, 1888, Miss Cornelius left Carlisle, and went to the training school for nurses at Hartford, Conn., where she graduated two years later. Since then she has lived in Hartford.

Commenting on Indian women as trained nurses, a physician who had had much experience with them in his practice, said: "Indian girls seem to possess every requisite to make an ideal trained nurse. They are remarkably intelligent, and have nerve and great courage; they never become flurried or excited, but keep their heads perfectly at the most trying and critical moments. They also, as a rule, possess considerable physical strength and great endurance; withal they are kind and attentive, and follow out the doctor's directions to the letter." —[N. Y. Tribune.

THE WHITE PEOPLE ON THE OSAGE RESERVATION ARE GETTING IN EARNEST.

The Osage Journal says that the largest gathering of people ever seen on the reservation occurred at Pawhuska, on the 30th of April, the occasion being the meeting of the tax payers of the reservation to protest against paying taxes into the treasury of Pawnee County.

The following resolutions adopted, explain fully the nature of the gathering:

Whereas, the white people residing on the Osage Reservation are required to pay taxes into the treasury of Pawnee county, to which the reservation is attached for judicial purposes only, for the support of the county court, salary of county officers, roads and bridges, contingent funds, and the poor and insane and

Whereas, they neither receive nor is it possible to receive, any benefits whatever from the payment of said taxes, and

Whereas, the enforcement of the payment of the same is unjust and burdensome and without foundation in good morals and is incompatible with a feeling of friendliness toward the people of this reservation and can only be accounted for by a desire to take from them every dollar possible, no matter the means.

Now, therefore be it resolved by the white people residing on the Osage reservation, in mass convention assembled at Pawhuska, on the 30th day of April, 1898, that we denounce said taxation as unjust, iniquitous and a system of robbery, indicating on the part of Oklahoma a desire to take from us, that to which she has no right, which we need for the support of our families, and for which we can receive no benefits or value, and

Be it further resolved, that, for the reasons above set forth and as the quickest and best means of relief, we favor the immediate detachment of the Osage reservation from and the placing of it under the Indian Territory jurisdiction.

MAKING MEN OF US.

Life is made very real to our thought when we remember that in all the experiences of joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain, success and failure, health and sickness, quiet or struggle, God is making men of us.

AN INDIAN MOTHER.

THE STORY OF A LONE WOMAN ON A DESERTED ISLAND.

Jumped Into the Ocean and Swam Ashore to Find Her Babe—Failing to Recover the Child, She Lived Alone on the Island For Eighteen Years

The following probable story was taken from Youth's Companion:

Off the coast of southern California lie the Santa Barbara Islands. They look very near the mainland on the map, as if it would only be a pleasant afternoon's work to explore them in a rowboat, but in fact they are far enough away from the homes and haunts of men to have been the scene of a history stranger, lonelier and more pitiful than the one De Foe "made up" about Robinson Crusoe.

These islands have been long uninhabited, visited only by grazers who keep sheep on some and by trappers after otter and seal. But Indians used to make their home on the larger islands, and it was when the last of the tribe were being removed to the mainland that an accident occurred which caused a woman to spend on San Nicholas 18 years utterly alone.

In 1835 Spanish missionaries were busy in southern California civilizing, teaching and converting the Indians—not such degraded beings as are now to be seen on the western coast, but a skilful people who learned well how to build and farm. The fathers had done much with the coast Indians and now turned their eyes to the little tribes on the rocky islands out at sea. They made arrangements to bring them one after another to the mainland. The Indians seem to have come willingly, but in one case the embarkation was effected with much difficulty on account of a storm.

A schooner under the command of a Captain Williams had gone to San Nicholas—San Nicholas lies 70 miles out at sea—to bring away the Indians, about 20 of them, who lived there. A tempest fell upon the island as the schooner drew near, and to land was very difficult. All was wild hurry and confusion. The vessel was in danger, and the Indians were making a "flitting" for life. So it was not remarkable that as they were putting out to sea one young mother should find her child had been left behind. She thought it had been brought aboard by a sailor.

When she discovered the truth, she was frantic. She prayed the captain to turn back, but he said the storm was too dangerous; they might all be ship-wrecked and drowned. The poor girl grew desperate, and she did what many a mother would be driven to do in like case—jumped overboard.

She could swim, and the last that was seen of her she was striking out bravely, making her way back to her deserted home and her baby. But only a moment was she visible.

No attempt was made to rescue her. The schooner landed its exiles at San Pedro. At that time vessels were very few on the coast, and the schooner was engaged for two trips, which, it was considered, must be made before she could return to look up the lost woman. On the latter of these trips she was wrecked, and there was nothing bigger than canoes and fishing boats left on all the lower coast. Seventy miles in an open boat no man cared to undertake.

Some said both woman and child must by this time be dead, some that the mother never could have reached shore. Father Gonzales, however, was one person who was not satisfied, but 15 years passed before he could get anything done.

The details of the searches made cannot be given here, but Thomas Jeffries, a man who for \$200 made the first effort, did not find her. But he found so many seals and otters that other schooners made several trips there in the next few years, carrying hunters and bringing home spoils. At last on one of these expeditions a Captain Nidiver found the print of naked human foot in the sand.

"There," he said "has passed the lost woman." And he vowed he would not leave until he found her. He and his

men now raked the island as with a comb.

Soon they came on an unfinished dress of birds' breasts, a beautiful thing of workmanship. It was in a basket of rushes hanging in a tree. Near a spring dried fish and blubber were hidden in the rocks. At last Nidiver himself saw the woman, wearing a dress, low necked and sleeveless, like the one in the basket. When she saw him, she first started to run, then stopped and met him with friendliness.

No one could talk to her, but with the most touching hospitality she set about getting a meal for him and his men. She had various little neat pens and shelters in different places.

The saddest thing is yet to be told. When they took her to the main land, many Indians were brought to her, and she scanned each face eagerly, but no one who could even talk to her was ever found. Her little tribe was scattered and absorbed among other "mission Indians" as rain-drops are lost in the sea.

She was treated with all tenderness by Captain Nidiver's Spanish wife, who kept her and would not allow her to be made a show of, but when no human soul could be found who knew even her tongue she began to droop.

She loved Mrs. Nidiver's children devotedly and would tell over and over by signs how she had looked and looked for her baby and never found it.

The lady came to love her much, and when she grew weak she sent for seal's meat to try to tempt her appetite with the food she was used to. The sick woman patted her hands for "Thank you," but she would not eat. Soon she died.

Her beautiful feather gowns were sent to the pope. The Nidiver family still keep some of her water tight baskets, several of her bone needles are treasured by a lady in San Francisco, and the grave of this pathetic, wonderful heroine is still pointed out by the priests in Santa Barbara.

INDIANS OF INVENTIVE MIND.

"The general conception of the Indian is that of an individual totally, or largely, devoid of invention," said one of the curators of the National Museum, Washington, D. C., to a Post correspondent. "There can scarcely be a more erroneous impression. In place of lacking capacities for invention, the Indian, on the contrary, is a person of great inventive genius, and his crude surroundings and the infrequent need of exercising his talents prevent his genius from being developed. In other generations and under other conditions the inventive genius of the Indian was developed to an extent far beyond the modern conception. The mound builders and the cliff dwellers have left monuments which display a genius equal to, if not surpassing, the originality of the modern inventor.

Many of the amulets, buttons and other decorations to be found in the possession of the Indian are of surpassing finish and workmanship. In silver especially are they skilled, and the delicate tracing and outline of the silver decorations are often a source of wonder, even to those most familiar with the red men."

Among the group of figures which have recently been placed on exhibition in the west hall of the museum is one representing the methods employed in working silver into decorations and useful articles.

Among other erroneous impressions concerning the Indian is one that no forge is used in melting metals, but that the slow and rather unsatisfactory method used is simply placing the melting-pot in a bed of glowing coals. The exhibit entirely dispels this impression. The first thing to attract attention is a forge, in a crude state, it is true, but entirely adequate to meet all the demands of the native silversmith. The bed of the forge is of clay, on a framework of wood, and is raised a little over two feet from the ground. There are two pairs of bellows, circular in form and fashioned from buffalo hide. A handle is attached to each pair, and they are worked alternately, in much the same manner as hand

tricycles are propelled. A steady flow of wind is thus insured.

The Indian seldom smelts the quartz. In preference the Mexican dollar is melted and run into moulds shaped to his use. At times the coin is hammered to a thin sheet and then pounded into moulds or impressions which have been hollowed out in the stone. In this way are the buttons made, the rough edges being smoothed off by continued friction on the hard sandstones.

The use of the blowpipe is also familiar art, and the eyes of the buttons are attached to the oval button by this means. The lamp is probably the crudest part of the whole exhibit. It is simply a rag covered with a mass of buffalo tallow and placed in an open dish of metal, or on a stone which has been hollowed out for some such purpose. Three of the figures are represented as working, while the fourth, that of a little child, is closely watching the labors of his elders and anticipating the appearance of the new ornaments on his already gorgeous dress. The figures themselves are robed in a painstaking way, after the manner of the bona fide Indian, and are covered with the best examples of the proficiency of the race in metal work."

BUFFALOTAIL'S PHILOSOPHY.

Buffalotail is an Indian of the Ogallala branch of the Dakotas. He has had a little schooling and can read his Dakota bible. He has been thinking. And these are his conclusions.

I read in the holy book the story of the beginnings of things; and I went out and looked up, and I looked all around on every hand. And I said, In the olden times we did not understand, we did not know.

I called the old men to my house and when we sat together I said to them, I will ask something.

When you used to worship The Great Mysterious One, what did you pray for? And they answered me.

We prayed that He would have mercy on us: and take us safely to the enemy's country, where we might kill one or more of the enemy and capture many horses.

Then I asked again: And why did you wish to bring back the scalps of the enemy and many horses?

And they answered, That we might make a show of them, and have the honor of wearing the eagle feather on our heads for every enemy we had killed.

Then I spoke to them and said:

The former things are passed away. You cannot any more take the scalps of the enemy nor steal his horses. But that which you sought then on the war path, you will now find here, in this holy house that has been built near by, where the ringing metal hangs and rings. You wished for glory and an eagle feather; here you will learn how to gain a sparkling crown that the Great God promises.

And they all said, Yes, that is good.

Buffalotail's religious philosophy, though original with him, is yet as old as the centuries. It shows how easy it has been to slip over from paganism to Christianity when Christianity is nothing but baptized paganism. It illustrates also the difficulty of presenting the gospel of the kingdom so that it shall not be misapprehended. It is so easy for men to carry over into it their passions, fanaticisms, and worldly ambitions. There are plenty of men who will patronize the "little church around the corner," or the cathedral on the hill, if it will take them as they are and gratify their pagan desires under another name.

It must be admitted that a good deal of the Christianity among the Indians is of the Buffalotail stripe. The old scalp dance and eaglefeathers are by beautiful dissolving views merged in crowns and palms and high old times in the New Jerusalem. Yet while we are about it we may as well admit that the same is true everywhere. Christianity as Christ himself taught it was not popular in his day. It is not the most popular thing now. The Pharisees, and even His Satanic Majesty thought they could give him a few pointers on how to conduct the Gospel Campaign. It is so still. Worldly glory and the gratification of human ambition are carried over the kingdom of Christ. This is Buffalotail's philosophy.—[The Word Carrier.

THE MAIDEN'S LOVE.

The monthly edition of the Dickinsonian, published by the Belles Lettres and Union Philosophical Societies of Dickinson College, contains an Indian story with the above title, by Thomas Marshall, one of our young men, now in the Junior class of Dickinson. It reads thus:

They were two friends.

How they became friends is not known. They were both possessed, more or less, of the attributes ascribed to warriors by Cooper.

In addition one was named Pehinshimishmi, because of his scanty hair, the other, Pehinhauska, because of his thick long hair.

One day when it was rumored in the village that there was to be a war party made up against a tribe that had stolen some ponies from the village the year before, Pehinshimishmi proposed that the two friends should join the party.

"Let us go and make our names famous," he said. "When our warriors are being routed let us stay behind and protect the retreat. If we die the women will sing of the two friends who died like true braves. If we live we shall enjoy the honors of our bravery."

Pehinhauska, who was of an undemonstrative nature, assented by a nod of his head.

As soon as their intention became known the mothers of these embryo warriors set themselves to compounding wasna (a favorite article of food, dried choke-cherry ground and mixed with fat of buffalo) and manufacturing moccasins, while the fathers busied themselves filling the quivers and spinning bow-strings. It so happened that at this time Pehinshimishmi was enamored of a dark-eyed lassie, the only daughter of a warrior chief.

A few days before the expedition started he invited Pehinhauska to accompany him to see this maiden.

"You wait for me a little distance off while I talk to her," he said. "When I finish you go and speak a good word for me."

Accordingly when the proper time came Pehinhauska urged his friend's suit.

She listened very quietly, but apparently in great interest.

When the friends left her she said to herself, "Before I decide, I must see."

So, unobserved, and at some distance, she followed them and saw where Pehinshimishmi entered a tepee, then followed Pehinhauska till he also entered a tepee. Quietly stepping up she peeped through a hole and observed what was taking place inside.

The father was busily engaged in making arrows, the sister was working on a pair of moccasins while the younger brother was keeping up the fire.

The mother had placed some wasna before Pehinhauska, and while he was eating she dressed his hair.

The maiden outside turned away and went to the tepee of the other friend.

Again peeping through a hole she saw Pehinshimishmi attempting to mend his own moccasins, the mother scolding her children and the father sitting reclined smoking the inevitable pipe.

Thus satisfying herself the maiden retraced her steps home.

That night she declared she was going to accompany the war party, and, although, her parents very strongly objected, she immediately began to make herself wasna and moccasins.

There was one moccasin especially which she took great pains to beautify with variegated porcupine quills. This moccasin was, however, a man's moccasin.

When the day came for the expedition to start there was much weeping and howling.

The mothers clasped the hands of the sons' once more, urging them to prove themselves brave and valiant.

The two friends, each accompanied by his brother carrying a pack of moccasins and wallets of wasna, were also ready.

As the party was moving out the maiden went on the top of the hill where they

were passing and began to sing the death song.

Of course Pehinshimishmi naturally thought she must be singing for him.

As the two friends came nearer, however, what was their astonishment, when the name of Pehinhauska was distinguishable several times. They did not say a word, but there was a significant look that passed between them. At the first halt that day the maiden did not come into camp, but remained on a hill overlooking the camp, still singing the death song.

Her friends who were in the party sent her things to eat, but she refused everything.

At last Pehinshimishmi sent his brother up with a rib of venison roasted brown. This appetizing article she also refused.

Then Pehinhauska sent his brother up with a wallet of wasna. When the maiden recognized the messenger she smiled, took the wallet and began eating.

The two friends thereafter exchanged glances but not a word. In several days, the party reached the vicinity of the enemy's camp.

Scouting parties were sent ahead, while the women and the helpless old men were stationed on a hill well to the rear.

The scout soon brought on a general engagement, and a fierce fight raged for several hours.

The combatants were almost evenly numbered, so that it was a question of who was the best fighter.

At first the attacking party seemed to have things pretty generally in their own way, but soon the tables were turned.

They began to give way here and there, nevertheless they kept up a stubborn resistance.

Towards evening the enemy made a last concentrated assault and swept all before them.

When Pehinhauska, who was fighting side by side with Pehinshimishmi, saw that his people were being routed, he dismounted from his war pony and firmly planted his spear on the ground, signifying by this that he would defend the spear to the death.

Then he turned around to remind his friend of their agreement, but before he knew what had happened a knife blade flashed in the air, his bowstring was cut in two, and his friend, with an exulting cry, left him amidst enemies and followed the flying warriors. That night it was told in camp how valiantly the two friends, had fought in battle, how bravely they had covered the retreat and how still fighting Pehinhauska sank by his broken spear, pierced by a dozen arrows.

The women sang the praises of Pehinhauska, but the idol of the party was the other friend, who bravely fought side by side with his comrade until the comrade fell, and then escaped the arrows of the enemy, carrying with him five scalps on his belt. The next day the maiden bade Pehinhauska's brother go home and relate the story of his fallen brother.

"Go!" she said. "Go tell your father that your brother died a hero's death. Tell them that his eyes shall be gently closed in death and his feet shall be adorned with a victor's moccasin. Tell them that a chieftain's daughter follows him to the happy hunting grounds, there to serve him as she loves best to do."

Then she turned her steps towards the battlefield and was never heard of any more.

Pehinshimishmi's cup of revenge was not altogether sweet.

WHY THE CHANGE?

The relief that the full-bloods are experiencing just now at not having the Dawes commission any longer to contend with, should not be the occasion of such a continued lethargic feeling. We are forcibly reminded that one year ago, all was strife and contention and meetings were being held in all sections of the Cherokee Nation to protest against our commission making any treaty whatever with the commission on the part of the United States. Possibly they see the error of their ways and are penitent, probably not.—[The Indian Sentinel.

MISS REEL'S APPOINTMENT.

President McKinley Has Made Her Superintendent of Indian Schools.

Progressive women throughout the country rejoice that President McKinley has this week appointed Miss Estelle Reel, of Wyoming, as Superintendent of Indian Schools. Miss Reel is a young woman who has already achieved the distinction of being the first woman in the country elected to a State office. She is at present State Superintendent of Public Instruction for Wyoming, and now she has arrived at the honor of being the first woman appointed to an office of such importance by the President of the United States. Miss Reel bears her new honors modestly, although her rooms at the Arlington are beautiful with the flowers sent by loving friends and constituents, and her desk is loaded down with congratulatory letters and telegrams from all over the country.

The fight that Miss Reel has made for the place has been long and hard, and only a woman of indomitable pluck, perseverance and energy could have continued in it until victory was won. There have been many applicants for the post, as it is considered a most desirable one—men who had the strongest backing from the educational people of the country, and politically as well, but out of it all has come the appointment of Miss Reel, the only woman candidate. Her claims in the way of ability to fill the place and influence from every source exceeded those of any other applicant. The one great objection lay in her sex, and on that ground the President, the Secretary of the Interior, under whose Department the office comes, and the Senators from the East all hesitated and pondered well. The Western Senators are used to women in public affairs, and thought merely of her ability. Miss Reel says she could not help but persevere in her quest, when her friends stood by her and did all they could. She looks back with pleasure on the support received from women, and especially the women of New York, who earnestly urged her appointment. Their aid, and that of the press which gave expression to their desires, was no small factor in her final success. When Miss Reel visited New York in March The Tribune gave an account of her. —[N. Y. Tribune, June 13.

HOW PUPILS, EMPLOYEES AND OFFICERS OF THE INDIAN SCHOOL ENJOYED A DAY AT PINE GROVE.

The pupils, employees and officers of the Indian school enjoyed a very pleasant outing at Pine Grove, Friday. Leaving on a special car at eight o'clock and arriving at the park at nine, the wood nymphs were soon put to flight by the sturdy, rollicking youngsters, who were determined to make the most of their holiday. Nor were their grave and reverend seniors disposed to let such an opportunity pass unimproved. What with croquet and tennis, and an amateur game of base ball, the day was one of thrilling incident, the unique feature of this same match-game being that the rival teams were made up entirely of ladies. Novices as they were, these were not averse to being initiated into the mysteries of the game, or, in professional parlance, "coached." Of coaches there was a superabundance. The lively contest waxed warm up to the noon hour, and when the cloud of combat cleared away the score stood seven to five.

This brisk exercise gave sharp relish to the mid-day repast, after which the band enlivened things, and catching the spirit of the music, the pupils had a jolly romp, in which the teachers joined. In the afternoon the steam cars made three separate trips up the mountainside, a feature hugely enjoyed by all.

So much for action on land. Was the swimming fine? Ask that ruddy-faced small boy, who is not afraid of water; or the larger disciple of Neptune, of longer limb and stronger sweep. He strikes

out across the deep lake, half hidden in the waste of woods, and as the last car comes dashing by, he is sighted. Will he make it to the other side? All at once up goes an arm, giving the sign of distress? Not he. Just waving good-will to the party on board. There swings that good right arm again, and as the car whirls onward and upward, the arm still waves.

We need not recount the delights of the jaunt up the mountain. Of those last implacable baseball foes, the Amazons, both of the erstwhile contending forces scale the heights, and both alike literally carry off the laurel(s). The ruthless botanic vandal likewise plucks every wild rose in sight.

Returning to the valley again, supper is served to the pupils, and with lunch and hammock and book members of the party spend the closing hour of the day at the grove. Then soon the outing party, not less happy than fatigued turn their faces homeward.—[C. M. STURM, in the Carlisle Evening Sentinel, June 13.

AN APACHE WORKER.

Ramona Chihuahua was one of the children of the Apache prisoners of war, and came to us from the place of their imprisonment in Alabama. She came knowing no English and with no knowledge of civilized life. During her school life at Carlisle, the Apache prisoners were removed to Ft. Sill, Oklahoma, and at the expiration of her school years, she went there. A letter to her "Country mother," speaks volumes in her favor and shows that she is doing as well as she can to keep up in good ways.

The Letter.

MY DEAR MOTHER: I really do not know why you did not write to me for a long time. I am very sure I wrote to you last time, and it is your turn now to write. What is the news with you? Here I am still the same old girl yet, still working at the school. I hope that you are all well and happy. How nice it is to have a friend so far away. Yet at the same time we can feel that they are near to us when we do hear from them. I know that I feel that way when I get a letter from Dorothy. But it has been a long time since I heard from my friends in the East. I hope they have not forgot their friend who is so anxious to know where they are and how are all feeling. I sometimes wish that I was back again, then too I want to stick to what I am trying to do among my people.

I am very glad to say that my parents and children are all well. The Apache Indians are all busy trying to learn how to live without help from anybody now. I often think that if they only make up their minds to live right, they will be all right for the future.

I am now head laundress of this school. I like it very much. I think Superintendent Cox is very good and kind to me since I came back here. I try to save my money. I have a bicycle. I got it last summer. I tell you that it takes me only a few minutes to get home. My parents think it something wonderful. Emily and Osola are at the school this winter. Sister thinks it is not a nice place to go to school. This is her first winter to go to school. I have another dear sister at home now. She is only two months and a few days old. Her name is Esther. Eugene is growing since I came home. Is very tall; is working for officers at the Fort. Now I hope you have something to tell me. Please excuse me using lead pencil. Good-bye.

Your loving daughter and friend; lots of kisses for the dear children.

RAMONA CHIHUAHUA.

Write soon if possible.

INDIAN PATRIOTISM.

If the present war should reach great proportions, says the Indian Journal, and the Government should require a large body of volunteer troops from the Territory, at least one good regiment could be raised in the Creek nation.

SUCH CONDITIONS THE FAULT OF THE TEACHERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE RED MAN:

Your last issue contains an article taken from the School Journal which stirs in me a desire to say some things about that very subject,—the conditions which surround teachers in Indian Schools.

An extended acquaintance with both reservation and non-reservation schools will perhaps give me an excuse for speaking as well as add weight to what I may say.

It is true that life in a reservation boarding school does grow monotonous, and the teachers drag through a routine wearisome to them and to some extent profitless to the pupils because it lacks enthusiasm.

Now by virtue of actual experience I venture to assert that such conditions are almost wholly the fault of the teachers themselves. Our surroundings will mold us unless we take our surroundings in hand.

Very few, if any, schools are now so far out of civilization that they do not get mail at least twice a week, and most of them have a daily mail.

There are from ten to twenty employees in every school, often more than that number. It is possible for two of these employees who love reading and are interested in the outside world, to bring newspapers, magazines and books into the school and awaken a genuine interest in other things than the sayings of the children. It is possible for these two, or even for one, to bring a wide awake spirit into the whole school.

People get into ruts not because they love the ruts but because they do not realize they are in the ruts.

I know the excuse that there is no time when all are at liberty to meet and discuss the books recommended for the reading circle, but I have always found that there is a time when all are at liberty to meet and discuss an ice-cream with the kindly disposed dweller in the "one cottage," and that lemonade and cake, or an informal gathering for a pleasant time can always find a convenient season.

"Where there's a will there's a way" is no truer elsewhere than right here, and it is because some are afraid the reading circle will be stupid, or that their limited reading may be exposed, that the reading circle languishes.

There are always some who would not be really interested in all the subjects taken up by the formal reading circle because those subjects are out of their line of thought and training, but with a little fact all may be interested, for it is not the slavish following of a line marked out, that is desirable, but rather a general wakening of the brain power that no one uses to its fullest extent, and a consequent lifting above the petty details of every day.

It is the lack of life in some one who might be a leader that makes the Indian school the home of the drudgery, discontent and malicious gossip, where it could be a cheerful up-to-date circle of co-workers, whose influence for good among the children would be increased a hundred fold, and whose own lives would be made far better "worth living." X.

A CHEERFUL VIEW.

The cotton crops of the Canadian bottoms have been nearly all destroyed by the flood but there is yet plenty of time to raise corn. In time of war corn always commands a good price while the reverse is true of cotton. So after all the farmers may yet prosper on account of the high price this year's corn crop will bring.—[The Indian Journal.]

INDIAN ANNIVERSARY.

On the 14th of June, at White Earth, Minnesota the anniversary of the removal of the Indians to that reservation was celebrated. The day was spent at base ball, horse racing, Indian games and old time Indian dances.

HOW IS IT ALL DONE?

Some visitors were going through the small boys' quarters, not long since, with the writer as escort.

"Everything is in such excellent order," said one. "They must be going to pass through a military inspection, are they not?"

"No," replied the writer. "Inspection comes but once a week. I go through here quite frequently and rarely ever see these quarters out of order, except it be when in the act of house-cleaning. At weekly inspection each boy stands at the foot of his bed to be inspected as to his clothing and general bearing, and the rooms look no better then than now."

"I am interested to know how it is all accomplished," said the visitor.

"It is done by system and good management," responded the writer. "The woman at the head of this department is a mother and understands the needs and demands of child-life and how to get from her boys their very best."

"How many boys occupy this building?" asked the visitor.

"About a hundred during the months when school is in session."

"And are they all such small boys as those," she inquired pointing to a group of happy little fellows playing in the end of the hall.

"No, they come into these quarters when small, but some who enter at 14 often reach the ages of 16 or 18 before leaving to go to the large boys' quarters; the majority of the occupants, however, are under fifteen."

"Then you have to hire a large part of the cleaning done?"

"Not at all."

"You don't mean that small boys keep this house in order?"

"They do all the work under the supervision of the matron in charge."

"I should think they would carry in more dirt than they could clean out, if they are like other boys. They must be kept scrubbing and putting things to rights nearly all the time," said the visitor looking as though she pitied the little martyrs from the bottom of her heart.

"Oh, no. The work is not hard for them. Many hands make light duty of seemingly difficult tasks. Each boy makes his own bed and has a share in his room work. You observe by the beds that there are but three in a room. The room work divided among the three takes only a few moments each day."

"But the floors look as though they were scrubbed every day."

"They are not. Once a week keeps them in good condition. A special detail does this work. And sometimes scrubbing is used as a means of punishment for tardiness or for some other little misdemeanor."

"But I would have you look at the bed-spreads," said the chief speaker to another of the company. "They were put on clean of course, this morning."

"No," replied the writer. "I happened to ask the matron that very question myself this morning, and she said they had not been changed for two weeks."

"You don't say so! Why the folds in them are as fresh as if they had just come from under the iron," observed the visitor.

"That, too, is easily explained. Each boy is required to remove his spread at night, and to fold it exactly in the same folds in which it was ironed, and then to hang it smoothly over the foot-rail of his bed."

"I'd like to see my boy do that," laughed the visitor. "I think it is wonderful."

"Not so wonderful as it perhaps seems to you. There is much in habit. After a little training the boys get the habit of being neat and in order, and it is no hardship to them."

"But pillow fights! Don't you have the proverbial pillow fighting to contend with?"

"Not often! Their fun is of a different character. They 'work when they work,' play ball pretty hard and enter into other out-door sports vigorously, so are quite ready for bed when the hour comes for

them to retire. They are very good sleepers."

"Now, in preparation for bed, I suppose like most boys they tumble in almost any way, with half their clothing on."

"They are obliged to remove everything worn in the day time and to put on their night-shirts," replied the writer.

"But how does the matron know that every one of her boys follows the rule?"

"She has officers to assist her in those matters. The small boys are divided into companies each with its complement of officers, and each officer has his set duties. If a boy goes to bed in his day clothing he is awakened and made to dress himself as he should."

"It must take a long time to go the rounds to see that all are in bed just right."

"I will describe the system and you will see how the time one would naturally suppose it would take, is shortened."

"I certainly should be very glad to learn how it is done, for to go to the bed-side of each pupil after he is asleep, turn down the covers, unbutton his neck-band to find whether or not he has on his undershirt must be an interminable task."

"The work is not done in that way. You observe at the foot of each bed stands a chair. As each boy undresses, he places his coat on the back of the chair in such a way that the air can circulate through the sleeves, then his check shirt is laid on that, and on top of all his undershirt. On the seat of the chair he lays his trousers and on top of them his drawers. On the round of the chair in front he hangs his stockings while his shoes are set, heels together, on the floor directly in front of the chair. So you see how easy it is for one accustomed to the work to take in at a glance whether or not an article is missing."

"And the boys are happy and content through it all?"

"Much more so, I am sure," said the writer "than if they were allowed to be in continual disorder. There is very little fretting or friction, and a happier lot of children you never saw together. Their school mother treats them as her very own. She works alone for the interest, pleasure and benefit of the boys in her charge, and they love and respect her more than she will ever know."

INDIAN GIRL IN THE COUNTRY.

Did not Want to be Taken for a Pedlar.

One of our girls who went to a country home not long since, was asked to carry with her some articles of clothing belonging to the other Indian girls in the same neighborhood to which she was going.

In a letter recently received, she explains:

"The packages that you gave to me for the girls I sent to them by Miss R.

I did not take them to church with me because I was afraid the people would think I was a pedlar of some kind.

I did think about setting up a dry-goods store, but then I thought I wouldn't."

And then she adds:

"I have such a lovely country home and patron. I don't wish for any better country home than this."

But she has to work. See what she says about that!

"Monday, E. (another Indian girl at the same place) and I put out a big washing, and to-day we did the ironing."

We have about sixty or eighty chickens and a few baby chicks, two white ducks, two white pigs, nine boy cows, one cat; her name is Maria and one black dog; his name is Duke.

I feed Mr. and Mrs. White pig three times a day."

Some Pleasures.

"There was a temperance meeting in the Methodist church," she goes on. "Mrs. R. went in the morning and staid until after the evening lecture. Miss I. took me with her in the afternoon and after meeting was over, E. and I came home and did our night work and ate lunch and went back to the church again to hear Mrs. Boole's lecture. She is the Secretary of the New York Y. W. C. T. U. Oh! It was a fine lecture! I only wished you all were there. It would not hurt if our Indian boys could hear some of her good lectures."

FRIENDSHIP.

BY FLEETY PAYNE.

The following essay was written by an ex-pupil of Carlisle, now at her home in Vinita, Indian Territory, and read before the Vinita Literary Society of which Miss Fleety is Secretary:

Friendship is an attachment between two persons of congenial minds, habits, and pursuits. It has its origin in the nature and condition of man. He is a social creature, and loves to frequent the society of his friends and enjoy the affection of those who are his friends. Man individually is a weak creature; and a sense of his weakness renders friendship indispensable to him.

Though we may have all the enjoyment within our reach, yet our happiness is incomplete unless participated in by those we call our friends. When in difficulty or distress we look around for one we consider our friend for advice and consolation. How dear then, ought to be the ties of friendship!

The example of David and Jonathan, show to what a degree of enthusiasm friendship is sometimes carried. But with some it is nominal rather than real, and with others it is regulated entirely by self-interest.

Yet we cannot doubt that in every rank of life there are some instances of true and sincere friendship creditable to the time and age in which we live.

Therefore, caution in the formation of friendship is in the highest degree necessary.

We should admit none to the altar of our social affection, without first closely scrutinizing their lines and characters.

We should assure ourselves of the truthfulness of those to whom we open our hearts in friendship.

If we would not have an evil influence exerted on our own dispositions; if we would not in the hour of trial find ourselves forgotten and abandoned to the charities of an unsympathizing world, let us each and every one be careful in forming new friendships:

"When we find a friend sincere and true
Change not the old one for the new."

SAVED.

In a private letter from a friend we find these encouraging words regarding a class of Indians who came to us some years ago in their pagan costumes and ignorance, but who now are leading good and useful lives:

You have SAVED those boys and girls, not to some far-off and future Heaven, and from some everlasting torments in some Future Hell, but you have saved them from themselves; from stupidity, from inertness, from blank, arid ignorance; from vulgarity, from everything that allies them with the brutes of the field. You have changed them from animals to men and not one of them can measure the difference between what HE SHALL BE and what he MIGHT HAVE BEEN if he had not come under the ennobling influence of the Carlisle Industrial School.

A PRIZE FOR HOUSE-KEEPING.

Misses Jacobs and Betty Brown, a Creek and Seminole Indian girl respectively, spent a few days last week with Mrs. Bunnie McIntosh in Eufaula en route home from Webb City College, Mo., where they and a number of others from our own town have just closed their first year's attendance. These young ladies have each won a gold medal awarded them for neatness and excellence in house-keeping. This is their first experience away from the Territory, and carrying off these prizes as they have from their pale-faced sisters speaks in the highest commendation of them, and their friends here, and the Journal, rejoice in their success. Let all strive to join in next year and do likewise, remembering, however, that it takes work and untiring application to do such things.—[The Indian Journal.]

THE INDIAN BABY.

BY LOUSA M. PALMER.

Born with the same instincts as the "pale face," and possessing the same love of toys and bright colors, the life of the Indian child is nevertheless very different from that of his white brother.

The Indian cradle, to begin with, is practically the home of the papoose for a year, for during the greater part of that time the baby is confined within its limits. While the cradle of the civilized baby serves only as a resting place, that of the papoose has manifold uses.

It is employed as a means of transportation by being fastened upon the mother's back by means of a strap passing over her forehead, or is swung like a bundle from the saddle-bow during the many wanderings of the tribe.

When in camp, the cradle is disposed in any convenient spot, sometimes leaning against the lodge or swinging from a branch of a tree.

The old nursery rhyme of: "Rock-a-baby on the tree top, When the wind blows, the cradle will rock," may surely be written of the Indian babies.

In nearly all the American tribes, from the Arctic regions to the tropics, the practice of carrying the children upon the mother's back has been universal. Hence the cradle has been shaped for that mode of transportation, and while the details differ, the general type remains the same.

In the home of the Eskimo the fur costume of the women is provided with an ample hood or "parka," where the child is snugly ensconced, receiving additional warmth from the mother's back.

Further south the cradles are slipper-shaped receptacles of bark or skins made upon a board frame. When the child is tightly laced in, it sleeps in an upright position.

In most instances the head is left quite free, while the body is swathed and laced; but among those tribes whose idea of personal beauty consists in flattening the forehead, thus making a straight line from the crown of the head to the end of the nose, the cradles are fitted with an arrangement for compressing the skull. This is begun in earliest infancy while the bones of the head are soft, and doubtless causes little pain, but seems to us a dreadful practice, resulting in a deformity.

The Flatheads, living on the lower parts of the Columbia, are so called because they strictly adhere to this custom of shaping the head, which is accomplished in the following manner:

The child is tightly lashed to a board with the head resting upon a pillow of moss or rabbit skins. Upon the forehead rests an inclined piece that is drawn down a little tighter each day until it at length touches the nose. A side view of a head treated in this manner shows the skull running up to a point two inches in width, while from the front its appearance is extremely broad.

In the great cedar regions of northwest Washington the Makahas fashion their cradles of roughly hewn cedar wood with a bed of cedar-bark matting.

In Montana, the papoose board, or cradle, is richly ornamented with fringes and otterskins, and considered to be equal in value to a horse.

Some of the cradles of the Nez Percés, the Apaches of Arizona and New Mexico, and the Cheyenne Indians are very elaborate.

One made by the latter nation is a beautiful slipper-shaped creation, which is supported upon two wooden parts with cross-bars and is yellow, with the edges closely studded with brass nails.

The lining is of some figured material, while the whole outside, three feet in length, is solid bead-work, the ground color being white, with beautifully arranged patterns in dark beads. The front is closed by four sets of buckskin ties, and there is also a fringe of the same material at the bottom, the whole presenting a most rich and elegant appearance.

Among the most artistic of the North American tribes are the Cuba Indians of

northern California, who have been styled the "Romans of the Pacific coast."

They are famed for their skill in bead, feather, and particular basket work, and for their beautifully fashioned cradles.

There is a curious mourning custom that prevails among the squaws of the Mississippi Sioux tribe that has its pathetic side.

When a papoose dies, the empty cradle is filled with black quills and feathers. This the mother carries about with her for a year or more, just as carefully as though the living child lay in it.

The Indian children are fun-loving little folks who enjoy playing with their toys and imitating their elders in camp and chase.

A lovely little warrior costume that was worn by a boy of three years had the shirt fashioned of olive green buckskin fringed and much ornamented in front. The little leggings with their picturesque flap at the back were of spotted fawn skin, reaching high above the knee and harmonizing in color with the beaded moccasins.

Below the waist, front and back was a fall of red cloth, while across the shoulders rested a miniature case with a bow and quiver of arrows.—[Battleford, Saskatchewan, Guide.

INDIAN WOMEN IN LITERARY CLUBS.

The Club Woman, published in Boston, tells of a literary club of Indian women of the Penobscot tribe who have joined the Maine State Federation of Women's Clubs.

As yet the tribe has had but one author among its members, this being the late Joseph Nicolar. Mrs. Nicolar, widow of Joseph, is the vice-president of the club, while their daughter, Miss Lucy, is the secretary. The president of the club is Mrs. Martha Nicolar, who is wife of Horace Nicolar, who now represents the tribe in the State Legislature. Mrs. Nicolar has enjoyed excellent school advantages and is not only one of the handsome members of the tribe, but one of the bright women.

The club is known as the Wabanaki Club, and meets twice each month with one of its members. At the time of the meeting of the Maine Federation of Women's Clubs in Bangor last fall, after the sessions were over, Mrs. Briggs, president of the Maine Federation, and a number of the representatives from the different clubs, visited the island.

OUR INDIAN TRADE.

Although the red man is not considered much of a farmer, he manages to produce some valuable commodities for the home and distant markets which add materially to the volume of local trade.

They make frequent visits to this village with their wares which they exchange for groceries and clothing.

Among the articles of their own manufacture are, maple sugar, baskets, bead work, trinkets and moccasins. They also supply the town with fresh fish which abound in all the lakes in this vicinity.—[The Graceland Enterprise.

THE FLOOD SUFFERERS.

Indian Agent Wisdom of the Five Civilized Tribes has reported to the Interior Department at Washington that the flood sufferers from the recent floods in the Arkansas and Canadian bottoms, are in a deplorable condition, having lost everything even to their clothing, and says many of them are suffering for the necessities of life. The agent recommends that \$10,000 be appropriated for their relief.

INDIANS ARE IN IT.

It is said that among the Indian Territory men now in Colonel Roosevelt's regiment of rough riders are twenty-five Indians, Choctaws and Chickasaws mostly, with an occasional Cherokee. One is Brinkstone Jackson, a nephew of the late Sitting Bull.

HONOR TO A SIOUX CHIEF.

An unusual mark of respect, the first we have known where an Indian chief has been so honored, is to be paid by his people to the memory of Iron Nation, one of the bravest and most enlightened warriors that the Sioux tribe ever produced. The Lower Brules are engaged in raising funds with which to erect a handsome marble monument over the grave of their late chief. Near this grave in the cemetery on Medicine Creek stands a church that was erected through the efforts of the old warrior.

Iron Nation was born about 90 years ago. For sixty or seventy years he was a prominent figure in Sioux history. The Brules were once consolidated into one nation, but about sixty years ago, through a quarrel, the tribe was split up and the Upper and Lower Brules became distinct. Iron Nation cast his lot with the latter branch. During his younger days he was a participant in many battles with the Pawnees and other tribes.

In 1850, in avenging the murder of a sister and another Indian woman by a party of marauding Gros Ventres, Iron Nation made himself famous for a five-mile run, in which he beat out a man on a pony and also secured enough scalps to entitle him to the chieftainship, which he held for over forty years, or until his death.

About ten years after the division of the Brules, efforts were made to get them together again, and at last this was effected through a council, in which Iron Nation took an active part. The two branches, however, resolved to adhere to their distinctive names.

Iron Nation, however fierce and relentless in his warfare against other Indian tribes, always used his best endeavor to prevent trouble between his people and the whites, and on more than one occasion prevented bloodshed. In 1875 he sent some of his lieutenants to Sitting Bull to induce that doughty warrior to compromise with the government, and, had his advice been heeded, hundreds of lives would have been saved. He was a noted hunter, and on expeditions in search of big game he was always at the head of his warriors.—[The Indian Bulletin.

GIVING DUE CREDIT.

All honor to those of the Indian race, who, beginning to see what they have to do to take their place among civilized men, have set themselves resolutely to accomplish it. Give them due credit for what they have accomplished. Remember that in certain lines of action it means much more for them to come up to the true standard than for us to whom it comes as an inheritance from our fathers. Remember too that the difficulties they have to meet are chiefly within themselves; thus hard to see, and harder to reach. Their very deficiency takes away the power to meet the difficulty. Naturally they must make many mistakes. They will be tempted to be satisfied with superficial changes. Indeed this is what most of their white friends are asking for and encouraging. So no wonder they do not always get hold of matters in the right way or make much progress. All honor then to those of them who see the task before them; who take themselves in hand and are not scared out by their failures; who discipline themselves in economy, sense of obligation, and in carrying responsibilities. They are bound to succeed.—[The Word Carrier.

COL. POLLOCK TALKS TO THE INDIANS.

The best talk we have ever heard made to the Indians was made to the Osages yesterday morning by Col. Pollock, Indian Agent, at the Round House. It was filled with good advice and suggestions and plainly showed the Colonel to be a good friend to the Indian and not a politician. Education, sobriety, harmony among each other and a careful lookout for the welfare of the people were the topics of discussion and the points on each were well made. Col. Pollock has started right.—[The Osage Journal.

A GREAT CIVILIZER.

A big object lesson in irrigation, perhaps the most important so far in the United States, is now being completed by the general Government at Crow Indian reservation, in Eastern Montana, where the tide of the Big Horn is being diverted for the use of the Indians. A ditch forty-five miles long, skirting the valley and inclosing about 200,000 acres, is now nearly completed. It is costing about \$400,000. This canal is the ninth on the reservation, all the others being less important, but covering about 100 miles of ditches. A tenth, to reclaim 140,000 acres more is yet to be built.

With its completion every individual of the Crow nation, man, woman and child, will have more than fifty acres of irrigated land, and each family will be an independent community. When the work for which Congress makes appropriation is done, the lands will be allotted in severalty to the Crows, and the reservation, it is believed, will become one of the garden spots of the world. All the work on these Crow canals except superintendence, masonry, and steel gates, is being done by Indian labor, each man getting \$1.50 per day. The Government, in view of its work for these Indians, has almost suspended the issuance of rations to them and will do so entirely as soon as the canals are completed and the lands allotted.—[The Macleod Gazette.

INDIAN AMERICANS.

Still Narrow and Un-American.

When the Indians have adopted American methods they will rapidly become in all essential respects like the rest of us. They will cease to be American Indians. Then the current of their life, social, industrial, political, religious, retaining something of its forest character, may flow along side by side with the greater current of national life, in it but not of it.

Under the present system of popular education provided for them by the United States, the tribal differences are being broken down, and the substitution of the common English language for the multitudinous tribal dialects is establishing among them a bond of unity and laying the foundation for such an intermingling of tribes as cannot fail to be of great advantage to them. The new Indian will be neither Navajo nor Moqui, Sioux nor Pawnee, Osage nor Apache, but Indian.—[The Baptist Union.

WESTERN RIVERS.

The western rivers whose sources are in the Rocky Mountains have a habit of running very full or of overflowing their banks at this season of the year.

Sometimes local rains fill the bank high in a night, as was the case in the early part of May, at Eufaula, Ind. Ter., of which the following squib from the Indian Journal tells:

The South Canadian river has been raised by the recent rains until it is three miles wide at the railway crossing and is running over the Rube Miller farm. The people of the South Canadian bottoms are all up in trees drowned or swept down the river, with the exception of those who were fortunate enough to leave before the rise.

At least 20 families adjacent to Eufaula alone are known to be in trees awaiting rescue. Boats have been built in Eufaula and are now busy rescuing the distressed families.

ENCHANTED.

The loftiest of all the mesas of New Mexico, Katzimo, has for centuries been the subject of Indian legends and has won the name of "Encantada," or enchanted.

A NEW CHANNEL.

The copious rains of May in Oklahoma have forced the South Canadian River into a new channel. One more flood like the last and the farmers will follow their farms down the river.

INDIANS WITH MONEY ENOUGH.

I was at a mission in Idaho, one Saturday afternoon, when two government officials arrived bringing funds with which to pay the Indians for the land which the United States had bought of them. Each Indian received a draft for twelve hundred and four dollars. They could hardly believe that the little slips of paper would be exchanged for gold. The town where the drafts were to be cashed was eight miles from the mission, but at six o'clock Monday morning a large group of Indians had gathered in front of the bank. When nine o'clock came, and the doors were opened, they quietly entered, presented their drafts and counted the coin. They would not take bills. Then they started out to make purchases.

The first desire of the men was for fast horses. For several days the town presented a gala appearance. Men were trotting horses up and down the streets to attract an offer from the Indians, who paid the seller's price if the animal pleased their fancy. Most of them already owned wagons; so, after getting their horses, they bought carriages and farm implements. One dealer told me that he sold in one day five thousand dollars' worth of agricultural implements and vehicles. The women hurried to the stores, where they selected dress goods, shoes, blankets, and the like. The children's eyes were attracted by oranges, candy, nuts and cakes. One young girl paid eight dollars for a pair of kid shoes, fifteen dollars for a black lace hat with a red rose, and one dollar for chewing gum.

Late in the afternoon, I drove out of town to meet the Indians on their return to the mission. They made a strange procession. Most of them were in new carriages with shining harness, and with packages stowed all about them. Others had wagons loaded with plows, furniture, cookingstoves, trunks, wash-tubs, boys, express carts, and nearly everything you could think of. The last one on the road was an old woman contentedly seated in a stylish cart, driving a spirited horse for which she had paid two hundred dollars. A new blanket was tucked about her, and her tired little pony, on which she had ridden to town, was tied behind. The poor cayuse was trying to make his little feet keep pace with his sleek-coated rival. —[M. Hooper in Youth's Companion.

ABOUT TIME FOR THE GOVERNMENT TO INTERFERE.

There are no greater cigarette fiends living than the Indian young men and boys on our western reservations. The Presbyterian Banner says in regard to the habit in general:

It is surprising to notice the number of volunteers rejected because of disability, and it might lead one to conclude that the physical system of the American people as a whole is degenerating. But it is reported that ninety per cent of the rejected ones are or have been cigarette smokers. Argument and entreaty seem to be without effect in restraining young men from this indulgence. If the evil effects are as represented, it is about time for the Government to interfere with the sale of vile cigarette.

SKELETON CREEK.

If any creek in Oklahoma was rightly named by the festive cowboys it is Skeleton Creek. About 300 bleaching Indian skeletons lie scattered on upper Skeleton Creek, while eight negro skeletons disfigured a little lie near the mouth of the ghastly named stream. The cowboys say the Indian skeletons are the bones of Northern Cheyennes who, while traveling southward, caught the smallpox, and their medicine men not knowing how to manage the pest, all of them died and remained unwept, uncoffined and unburied. The negro skeletons found near where the creek empties into the Cimarron were the remains of eight darkies who met death at the hands of their former Cherokee masters, from whom they were trying to escape on stolen horses.—Stroud Star.

ARE INDIAN MEN KIND TO THEIR WOMEN?

Yes!

But that there is a great deal of difference between the Indians and the so-called higher races of men in regard to the treatment of their women is yet to be discovered.

The following incident gives the cruel side of the Indian, and who could not portray a more harrowing picture if some of the scenes behind civilized curtains were brought to light?

The Battleford Guide, published at the Indian School, in Saskatchewan, Canada, says:

Passengers on the Danube recently brought to Vancouver, B. C., tidings illustrative at once of the indifference of some of the Indian "braves" to the suffering of their squaws.

The story of which there are two versions, is as follows.

According to the men on the Danube a party of Indians, five men and two squaws, one of the latter carrying a papoose started from Linderman on the 7th, and encountered near Crater Lake a terrific storm which developed with such fury, that the party, for their safety tied themselves together with ropes, the squaws, in accordance with the custom being behind.

At some part of the journey the rope broke, leaving the two squaws with the papoose behind, the men, careless or oblivious of their companions fate, proceeded on their way.

The poor women succumbed to the cold and were found a short time afterwards by a party of men journeying over the trail, frozen to death, but with that devotion to their offspring, which is characteristic of the mother, the papoose had been carefully wrapped up and was comparatively well when found.

The finders brought the little one into Dyea, where it was doing well.

CANADIAN IROQUOIS ARE GOOD CITIZENS.

Canada gave her Indians the franchise some years ago, and property holders now have their say in the administration, says E. Pauline Johnson, the talented Mohawk girl, who writes lengthy articles for the Buffalo Express. Yet the Indians still enjoy a singular protection from the Government, which will not be withdrawn until they have thoroughly mastered the English language and ways, for at present the rascally-white, illicit liquor-seller and lumber-trader are too sharp fellows for the Indian to cope with unaided. So the Government at Ottawa puts its foot down on whiskey and squatters when they find their way on to Indian land.

Great Britain has few subjects more loyal than the Iroquois—perhaps for the very good reason that she does not treat these as "subjects." She seems always to have recognized that these tribes held the balance of power in the early and stormy times of her squabbles with the French and the Colonists. That these people fought for her and with her was not a small matter, for it admits of no dispute, that she would never have retained the Canadas without their aid. Apparently she chooses not to forget this, and guards their lands and interests with a mighty arm, finding in them the pleasant response of good citizenship, of loyal support and national affection. The oft-quoted satire that "The only good Indian is the dead Indian," meets with forcible contradiction here; for one of the strongest arguments in favor of civilizing the red man is a glance at the Iroquois of the Grand River, who within less than a hundred years have, by individual effort, transformed themselves from a semi-savage race of hunters and warriors into a state of educational advancement at which it took the ancient Britons many centuries to arrive.

What is known as the Curtis Bill, seems to be absorbing the attention of the powers in the Five Civilized Tribes of the Indian Territory, and of their delegates at Washington.

INDIANS HAVE PARTICULAR RULES.

In Miss Alice C. Fletcher's article in the Century, not long since she gives these observations about Indian niceties of behavior:

One would hardly suppose that there could be particular rules as to the manner of sitting upon the ground; but here, as in every other part of Indian life, there is a rigid observance of custom.

Men may properly sit upon their heels or cross-legged, but no woman may assume these attitudes. She must sit sideways, gathering her feet well under her, and make a broad smooth lap.

When working, she may kneel or squat, and, when resting, she, as well as the men, may sit with legs extended; but at all other times men and women must observe the etiquette of posture distinctive of sex.

To rise without touching the ground with the hand, springing up lightly and easily to the feet, is a bit of good breeding very difficult to one not to the manner born.

Careful parents are particular to train their children in these niceties of behavior.

Among the Winnebagoes the little girls are drilled in the proper way of standing when under observation on dress occasions. Their position of hands and feet is also the proper one for the women in certain religious dances.

While among the Sioux, a mother, with a good-sized family of boys and girls, propounded to me the question whether white women did not find their daughters more trouble than their sons. She was sure she did.

"Look at those girls," said she: "I have their clothes to make, their hair to braid, and to see that they learn how to behave. Now my boys are no trouble."

As I glanced at the group of children the glossy braids of the girls falling over their single smock and the boys naked but for the breech-clout, their miniature scalp-lock ornamented with a brass sleigh-bell surmounting a snarl of frowzy hair, I recognized the kinship of maternal perplexities the world over.

DANCING IN INDIAN SCHOOLS.

If reports are true, says a prominent Indian worker in Progress, published at the Regina Industrial School, Assa, Canada at some of the Indian schools maintained by church and state, dancing seems to be one of the chief recreations. Those who defend such recreations don't know yet evidently much about Indians, and the stumbling blocks they are erecting, and over which nine-tenths of these weak minded children will fall when they return to their reserves, or they would not be parties to setting up such impediments to the success of their pupils.

AN INDIAN CAVALRYMAN.

It is reported through the papers that William Pollock, a Pawnee Indian, is a member of the cavalry troop which was sent out from Oklahoma. Pollock is said to be one of the best educated men in the Territory and is regarded as quite a genius by his tribe and white acquaintances as well. He is a graduate of Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas, and took a two years' course in the Kansas State University. Besides being a good scholar he is a musician and artist of no mean merit. He is a fine specimen physically and will make a good soldier.

ONLY A SCARE.

The inhabitants of Pender, Nebraska, are considerably elated over a rumor that the Omaha and Winnebago Indian Agency was to be removed from its present location to their town, which borders the reservation. The Pender Times says that Sioux City was "torn asunder" over the report. The board of trade was called, the fire-bell rung and general consternation prevailed. Sioux City seems to be afraid that the move would help Omaha.

THE INDIANS DON'T LIKE OLD MEXICO.

A special dispatch to the Globe Democrat from the Indian Territory, says:

The great Mexican colonization scheme by the full-blood Indians of the Indian Territory has resulted in a complete fiasco, so far as the Cherokees are concerned. A party of full-blood Cherokees, prominent here, have just returned from Mexico. Their report of that country is anything but flattering. Said one of them today.

The bulk of the land we looked over is very good to grow cactus on, but would not sprout peas without lots of irrigation. It is a desolate, unsightly, barren looking country, on which it appears no human being could exist. In fact, none have had the hardihood to try to exist thereon up to now. We also found the whole thing to be a scheme of speculators, who bought an option on about 4,000,000 acres of this desert land, and not being able to get it off on civilized people elsewhere, turned to the Indians of this territory. Another thing was promised by these option holders to our people; that was, we could go down there and have a government of our own. This, too, we found impossible. The Mexican constitution strictly forbids any separate government being established within its domains, and we want no Mexican government over us. We prefer to risk Uncle Sam, with all his idiosyncrasies concerning our people.

I know one or more of our people have made a little spending money, and gotten railroad transportation free for themselves and their friends, but I don't think a dozen full-bloods, or any other kind of Indians of this territory, will be crazy enough to be gulled away from their homes here to a land of want and misery. I shall make talks to my Cherokee people, and acquaint them with the facts as I found them in Mexico by personal observation.

NOT SO MUCH SICKNESS.

A physician thoroughly interested in the welfare of a school, like a surgeon of the Army has it in his power to prevent a vast amount of sickness by watchful care, wise suggestion and thoughtful advice. This is demonstrated in the clipping below, taken from the Chemawa American, published at the largest Indian school on the Pacific coast:

Chemawa in past years has had to suffer from the unenviable reputation of being unhealthy.

We are thankful to announce that with the improvements made in the last few years, in the completion of the sewerage and drainage systems there is but little sickness, and the general health of the school will compare very favorably with any in the country.

Much credit for this fortunate condition is due to the able and watchful care given to the pupils by Dr. Clark, our school physician, and his kind and efficient nurses. We are surely thankful to report that over 300 pupils are on the grounds, none are sick, and the hospital is empty.

NOT PAYING IN THE SAME OLD WAY

There has been a change instituted in the manner of payment of annuity to the Osages. The traders are forced back 50 feet from the pay office, says the Osage Journal. The Indian receives his check and goes in which ever direction he pleases. Every person has an equal chance for his money, except that outsiders are not permitted to do any collecting. We believe the change will be beneficial.

A NEW AGENT AT OSAGE.

Col. H. B. Freeman stepped down and out from the duties of Indian agent Monday morning and Col. Wm. J. Pollock, of Washington, D. C., immediately assumed charge of affairs, says the Osage Journal of May 20.

SUMMARY OF SCHOOL EVENTS.

It was a wet May and a dry June.

Indian delegates go to Northfield.

There are not so many home-goers this year as usual.

Prof. Bakeless has visited the schools of Pittsburg and vicinity.

A number of our teachers and officers are away on their summer vacations.

Miss Louisa Geisdorff, '96, graduated this June from the West Chester Normal.

Mr. Eaton, of Washington, D. C., son of our friend General Eaton, was a visitor in June.

Miss Cynthia Webster, '96, graduated this June with a large class from the Carlisle High School.

Cherry and potato-bug picking has been the recent occupation of the small Indian boy hereabouts.

Misses Shaffner and Luckenbach spent their thirty-days' leave on the Atlantic ocean and in England, Scotland and France.

Representatives of our King's Daughters, attended the King's Daughters' Convention held in Philadelphia the early part of June.

Misses Mabel Buck, '97, and Nellie O'Dell, '98, have gone to Darlington, Oklahoma, to teach among the Cheyennes and Arapahoes.

Assembly Hall is having its walls and ceiling retouched by an artistic painter. The work is slow and it will take several weeks to complete the job.

On Decoration Day, Capt. Faller, of Carlisle, addressed our school, giving a vivid picture of life in Andersonville prison from personal experiences.

Mr. Frank Shively, '97, who took a post-graduate course in the Carlisle Commercial College, has gone to the Nez Perce Agency as assistant clerk in the Agent's office.

Repair-work on the smoke stack, steam fixtures, plumbing, painting, and general renovating of quarters are occupying the vacation months of some of the stay-at-homes.

Pupils from several western schools have been received this June, notably six from Perris, California, nine from Fort Berthold, North Dakota, and six from Ft. Lewis, Idaho.

Among the visitors, a few weeks since, was Miss Edna Donaldson, missionary in Northern India, who is doing a grand work for the native women and girls of that far-off land.

On Friday June 10, the school spent the day at Pine Grove about 18 miles south of Carlisle in the South Mountains, which was made a memorable occasion by the good times enjoyed.

Mr. Chas. W. Harvey, College Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, made a helpful visit to our school recently, giving spirit and courage to our own association in the good work it is accomplishing in our midst.

Mr. Thomas Marshall, a Sioux Indian and Dickinson College Junior, is teaching short-hand this summer in town to a good class of white young men and maidens, and thus will earn some of the wherewithal to see him through college.

Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas, the Genoa, Nebraska, Albuquerque, N. M., Chillico, Oklahoma, and Cheyenne, Oklahoma, Indian Industrial schools have all had closing exercises recently, to attend which we received neatly gotten-up invitations.

Number of Students.

On the school roll.....	852
Boys present.....	153
Girls present.....	119
Total.....	272
Boys in country homes	305
Girls in country homes	275
Total.....	580

An esteemed friend of Capt. and Mrs. Pratt who lives in New York City presented to the school, four large and beautiful photographs—"The City of Florence," "The Palazzo Vecchio," "The Cathedral, Giotto's Tower," and "Jewelers' Bridge," which have been placed in the Senior classroom, and are much appreciated by the students.

Among the interesting and interested June visitors, was Miss Anna R. Dawson an Arickaree graduate of Hampton, Va., who is doing an excellent work among her own people in North Dakota, as Government Field Matron. Miss Dawson was of the first party of Indian youth brought East by Capt. and Mrs. Pratt for an education.

Joseph Adams, of Siletz Agency, died of consumption on the 12th of June. The deceased came to us in 1893, entering Dickinson College preparatory and was in the Sophomore class of the college proper when he broke down in health and had to go home, it was thought to recuperate, but he was not able to rally. His mother and others of the family died of the same dread disease. Joseph was highly esteemed by all who knew him, and is mourned by a large circle of friends.

Band director, Mr. Dennison Wheelock, at this writing, is visiting the prominent Indian Industrial and Boarding Schools of the West on the search for good Indian musicians. Those who play well, who are of good character and are physically sound will be given an opportunity to come to Carlisle and take a course which may fit them to join the Indian band now expecting to go to Paris in 1900. Mr. Wheelock is acting under the authority of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and will confer with the superintendents of the various schools in arranging for the transfer of those fitted to join.

THE ATHLETIC FIELD.

In the past few weeks, the process of making a very rough piece of ground into a first-class athletic field has been interesting to watch from the editor's office window. The lime-stone rocks in the rise of ground on the eastern part of the field were blown out with dynamite, and piled, by the perch, covering a third of the entire field. These are being broken with hammers or crushed finer in the mighty jaws of the stone-crusher, run by electricity. The hard-packed clay-surface was laboriously turned by a six-horse plow which required five men to manage; the great clods were crushed and rolled by a four-horse roller, then harrowed, cut, rolled again and leveled by a curious four-horse device, all of which preparation is necessary for the sodding, which has not yet begun. The running track is of the most approved order, filled with stone to a regulation depth, and will be covered with finely crushed stone, on top of which will be packed many car-loads of locomotive sparks. There will be a number of courts for tennis, a basket ball range, and seats to accommodate the lovers of athletic sports, and when completed no better field can be found in this section of the country. This is as it should be, for have we not competed with the best college teams of the land, and have we not done our practicing on a rough, stony and hummocky ground altogether too dangerous to life and limb, and on which our boys received more injuries than in all the games played with competing teams? Many of the schools and colleges with whose teams we played have up-to-date fields on which to practice, and that is what we shall now have.

(Continued from the First Page.)

the Indian, and he would trust an Indian sooner than a white man.

Col. Cody's remarks were very impressive, for he spoke with intense feeling and from the fullness of a great heart. Our pupils knew that they were listening to a friend. Capt. Pratt and Col. Cody have known each other for many years, and while the former's upbuilding of the Indian unfits him for usefulness in the Wild West Show, and while Buffalo Bill's training unfits him for a steady and useful citizen, the two men remain friends agreeing to differ on the one point of the effect of the show upon the growing Indian and the public. Col. and Mrs. Cody, their charming daughter, Miss Cody, and the Indians were welcome guests at Carlisle, and their visit was full of beneficial results on all sides.

We would fail to do justice to our own ideas in this account if we omitted to note the admirable discipline of Col. Cody's army of performers and employees, and especially of the Indians. Every feature showed the most careful and skilful supervision, and when the Colonel told us that not an Indian had been under the influence of intoxicants this season we were almost incredulous. This is a record worth more than mere mention. There are Indian shows and Indian shows but only one Wild West and one Col. Cody.

MEXICAN VS. UNITED STATES INDIANS.

About the time of the marriage of an Indian, named Chaska, a few years ago, to a white woman, the papers did not say much concerning his being a Carlisle graduate. He was NOT a Carlisle graduate; we never knew him. But the move being more worthy on his part than otherwise, it would have been too much in praise of educating the Indian away from his tribe had the reports credited his education to Carlisle.

But Chaska died in disgrace, not long ago it seems, and now the papers have spread it abroad that he is a Carlisle graduate, and even the City of Mexico publications have felt called upon to make comments and comparisons, and to keep the falsehood going that he was educated at Carlisle.

Here is the way the City of Mexico Herald editorializes upon the event:

Sometime ago the American papers were full of the marriage of Chaska, a bright graduate of the Carlisle School for training young red men. He took unto himself for a wife a white girl named Belle Fellows. Here was the Sioux Indian, recently emerged from savagery, transformed into a progressive American citizen, and the wedding bells rang out amid the jubiliations of the reformers and the faddists. Now the sequel is a sad one; the noble improved red man soon sank back to the status of a common blanket Indian, and reverted to horse stealing quite in the proper Sioux fashion. He fell into the hands of justice and blew out his brains, what there were of them, and his widow may again try matrimony on a more sensible basis. The downfall and suicide of Chaska is a bad blow to the people who, in their anxiety to demonstrate their reform theories, ignore the law of heredity as of no force psychologically. Little Indian lads in the mission schools of the West, when they have a holiday, go to the plains or forests to hunt with bow and arrow, and they readily revert to barbarism when the control of the white teachers over them is ended.

There is a great difference between the sedentary and anciently-civilized Indians of Mexico and the untamed Indians of the United States. Men of Indian blood here are strong of brain, cultured often to a high degree, and retain the wonderful physical force of their ancestors. The white men never civilized them; they were civilized to a higher degree than the rank and file of their conquerors.

AN IRRITATING CHARGE.

In commenting the other day on the charge—a peculiarly irritating one, since it comes from the Spanish editor of a Havana newspaper—that the people of the United States had gained possession of a great territory by exterminating its original inhabitants, we stated that there are more Indians in this country now than there were when English colonization began, says the New York Times.

This assertion has often been made by those who have studied the subject carefully, but it seems to have awakened surprise as well as doubt in the minds of several readers, and they are writing to ask if we are quite sure of our facts. To be frank, we are not. The matter is one on which certainty is impossible, for nobody can do much more than guess as to the exact number of Indians that lived here in the early days, and even the latest census is confessedly more or less inaccurate in its enumeration of the nation's wards.

Still sufficient data exists to justify an opinion, if not a belief, that our claim is true.

Early estimates of the Indian population were wildly exaggerated. The first explorers and settlers counted—or guessed—the number of savages drawn by curiosity or hostility into their immediate neighborhood, and concluded that the whole country was as densely populated.

Figures like 16,000,000 were gravely set down as about right, but these have been steadily decreasing as observers examined more closely the conditions of Indian life, and the view now taken is that the aggregate of all the tribes was less than 500,000.

At present we know that there are about 300,000 of them, and that, as a whole, their birth rate exceeds the rate of deaths.

Civilization undoubtedly bears hard on the Indians, but they no longer war among themselves, and this in the old days did much more to keep down their numbers than does even the white man's whiskey. The census report shows a slight decrease of enumerated Indians in recent years, but the chances are that this is due, not to a fading away of the tribes, but to an improvement in both accuracy and the honesty of the enumerators. Many Indians, too, have so closely identified themselves with their white neighbors that they no longer appear in the returns, and taking everything into consideration, there is little reason to do more than qualify our original statement with a "probably."

THEY GO TO THE TERRITORY FOR OFFICE.

The Indian Territory press is hard down on the importation of men to fill Indian Territory offices, and we are also opposed to it, says the Indian Journal, but it strikes us that unless we can get together and qualify our kick with a time fuse our roar will blow up all our hopes and leave only the bloody Injuns to squabble over the pie. It seems we all immigrated here for one cause or another but principally to hold office.

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