The Red Man.

HIS PRESENT AND FUTURE.

"GOD HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES."

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THE RED MAN.

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The Mohonk conference last fall voted in favor of discontinuing sixteen of the fifty-three Indian agencies. This action was based upon careful investigation and right reasoning. The House, in accordance with the recommendations of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, dropped two from the Indian appropriation bill; one of which, the Nez Perce agency in Idaho, was not upon the list proposed by the conference. The other was the Mission agency in California. The Senate committee re-inserted these, and dropped three others—the Quapaw, Sac and Fox and Sisseton agencies.

When, however, this matter came up on the floor of the Senate, the Senators from Iowa, Missouri, (the Quapaw agency is on the borders of that State,) and South Dakota, respectively, all protested that Indian agents were still needed at these particular points; and Senator Teller of Colorado went so far as to declare that "they are needed at every agency where we have ever had an agent, unless the Indians have died out." The Senate accordingly voted to continue all of the present agencies.

It is easily inferred from the fact that the principal contention in favor of these superfluous agencies was made in each instance by a Senator representing the local sentiment or pressure for their continuance, that the personal independence of these Indians, so essential to their manhood, is not weighed in comparison with the interests of a few salaried persons and others who profit by the present system. We suggest to those who believe that the Indians should cease at the earliest possible moment to be treated as Indians, that they read between the lines of the debate, as reported on our fifth page. It is going to be a difficult matter to dispense with any portion of the cumbersome machinery of our Indian department.

An official in the Indian service, who has been invited to contribute to our columns, writes us as follows: "I shall be glad to co-operate with you; but it is possible that my views, as the result of my observations in the field, may not always be strictly in harmony with the views of the RED MAN." Others have replied in a similar strain. We wish to make it quite clear that we do not expect or desire that everybody who writes for the RED MAN should think as we do; nor do we necessarily endorse articles and letters published over the writer's own signature. Our columns are always open to a reasonable extent for direct criticism and reply to our statements. Comparison of views leads to clearness and breadth of thought. Let us have more opinions from the field!

THE INDIAN ON HIS OWN INITIATIVE.

Some people say that the Indian lacks the power of initiative. Doubtless this is true in large measure—of the agency Indian. Failing the opportunity, he has lost or is losing the ability for an independent life. Everything has been taken out of his hands. His politics and religion have been furnished to him ready-made, with the same regularity as his food and clothing. The fact that he has rebelled persistently against this involuntary apathy and uselessness, that it has made him feeble in body and depressed in mind, is the best evidence that it is unnatural.

The native North American, in his first estate, is essentially independent in thought and action. He is a man of solitary habit and individual strength of will. He frequently goes to war on his own motion, and fights gallantly without a leader and even without a comrade. Each petty tribe is an independent nation, and each clan or family practically a unit of government. Had the Indian, on the other hand, possessed a genius for combination and been amenable to military discipline, had he been capable of offering a united resistance to the aggressions of the white man while yet weak in numbers and in wealth, who knows but that this continent might still have been in his undisputed possession? His excessive individualism is at the same time his chief strength and his greatest weakness.

The fact that he did not invent the steam-engine or discover the possibilities of electricity is not in itself an evidence of mental inertia. It is simply an indication of the stage of development to which he had risen unaided. He had, at all events, arrived at a knowledge of many useful arts, and had devised such things as met his needs fully, and cannot, in their way and for their purpose, be improved upon. The Indian moccasin, the hand-woven blanket, the hand-made basket, each is perfect of its kind. Civilization has flooded the Indian with cheaper but essentially inferior substitutes. His clothing, tents and utensils were artistic, convenient and well-nigh indestructible; he has exchanged them for shoddy wool, flimsy calico and squalid tin, and has perforce resigned strong men's meat to subsist upon musty flour, nerve-destroying coffee and tainted beef and bacon.

This is an age of mechanical progress and we are prone to magnify our own talents. Be that as it may, true manhood is a simple thing—a growth and not an invention. The Indian as a primitive man was not wanting in courage, energy and integrity—the foundation qualities of manhood. We cannot justly take the degenerate "agency Indian" as a type of the race.

Having established the undeniable fact that the red man was fully equal to his needs and opportunities in the old life, there remains the practical question whether he is or was capable of meeting successfully the problems of the new.

We took it for granted that he was not; and having deprived him of the means of self-support, we treated him as a helpless being and compelled him to eat the bread of dependence and to wear the badge of inferiority. Even the best features of our present Indian system are bad in that they deny to the Indian the right of free initiative and rob him of the natural incentives to effort.

We still handle him in the mass. We educate Indians in purely Indian schools and expect them to go back upon Indian reservations to raise up other Indians. We invite them to progress along race lines and assume that they will prefer to maintain perpetually their race affiliations.

That this policy, so long pursued by missionary organizations as well as by the Government, is an unnecessary and a mistaken one is indicated by a few striking individual instances of "push," progress and self-reliance on the part of full-blooded and previously "wild" Indians. We could scarcely expect more than this in the face of systematic discouragement. A good example is that of the Flandreau colony in South Dakota. A handful of wild Sioux, tamed by the fearful consequences of the outbreak of 1862, resolved after release from imprisonment to conquer the conditions of civilized life. Leaving the agency provided for them against the advice and wishes of the agent, and thereby forfeiting all Government aid, they went forth upon their own responsibility, selected and took up their claims under the general homestead laws and became hard-working farmers and citizens. They had their own church under a native pastor, and soon a mission school was established. These Indians fought drought, grass-hoppers and all the enemies of the pioneer on the western prairies for many weary years, but never confessed to failure or returned to the reservation. They did share in the proceeds of the sale of the Sioux lands in 1889, and used the money for the most part to raise the mortgages on their farms. There is now a thrifty town in the vicinity; the Indians have retained their homes and are good neighbors and respected members of the community, voting at all elections and sending their children to the public schools. Their descendants number about three hundred, and in thirty-five years not one has been convicted of crime.

Surely one such colony as this is worth a dozen led, inspired and governed by white men, and whose existence depends upon their continued isolation from all the ordinary temptations of life.

A MISSIONARY'S OPINION.

The Government has always meant well to the Indian, but its policy has been such as to pauperize and ruin him. The best help in this world is self-help, and external aid is good only to the extent that it makes it possible for one to help himself. The Government ration system, the transaction of an Indian's business even to his minute private affairs through agents, has so sapped him of his self-reliant manhood that on Indian reservations nothing but indolence and continual degradation is left for him. Unless something radical is done, he will not be worth the effort put forth to save him.—[Rev. J. J. Methvin in Indian Okla Methodist.

THE RIGHTS OF THE NATIVE.

Are not the Indians of Nevada citizens? If not, why not? Have they not always lived here? If they are, why have they not the same right to vote that any other citizen has? If the Washoe and Pahute people, whose ancestors climbed these mountains, crossed these valleys, secured their subsistence from the soil, lakes and rivers, built their homes, were contented, loved, lived and died here, long before the Boers entered the Transvaal, have not a right to the elective franchise, or the rule of might still prevails in the universe, then let the war go on in Africa.—[Indian Advance.

THE NEED OF THE PIMAS.

Our red reconcentrados is what the Pimas in Arizona are now being called, and their case demands immediate attention. For four hundred years, says the N.Y. Independent, this tribe has made its living by cultivating lands along the Gila River. Industrious, frugal, docile, even serving the United States against the Apaches, they have asked nothing from the Government but protection, and have received nothing to speak of but schools.

This year the Senate has put upon the Indian bill an appropriation of $30,000 to keep the Pimas from starving. For the past ten years they have seen their Nile growing smaller and smaller as white settlers further up the river used more and more of the precious water. Last season they raised less than half a crop. This season the prospect is worse. They scatter over the desert country to find water holes or a chance to earn a pittance by working for the whites; they abandon homes and farms and ditches, the fruit of years of labor; they turn their backs upon missions planted in their midst which have gathered 1,000 adherents, and for the need of daily bread become beggars and vagrants.

The white farmers on the upper Gila raise astonishing crops from a soil so fruitful that ten acres will easily support a family of five, while the ancestral lands of the Pimas, from which they used to reap thirty bushels of wheat to the acre, are a barren waste.

Humanity demands that this appropriation for temporary relief should be given the deserving and abused Pimas; but common sense, to say nothing of economy, demands that the matter should not stop there, but be followed up immediately by the construction of storage reservoirs and by making in connection with them definite provision for giving the Pimas hereafter their full share of the water. Some preliminary work in the way of surveys for a canal and reservoir has been done, but the work should be vigorously pushed and funds provided for it. The Pimas will gladly work on the ditches and reservoirs, and they understand how to do it in a crude way, and much of this emergency appropriation can be expended in paying them for such labor.

We hope the House or the conference committee on the Indian Appropriation bill will not fail to provide for the future prosperity of the Pimas, and not be satisfied with alleviating present hunger while prolonging the conditions which are transforming 4,000 independent producers into dependent ration consumers and vagabonds.

A GREAT CONTRAST.

While we have spent five hundred millions of dollars and many thousands of lives in Indian wars, Canada, with a larger proportionate Indian population, has not spent a dollar in Indian wars, and has not had one Indian massacre.

There were "Christian Indians" as early as 1750, and there was Christian marriage between the whites and the Indians. The wife of Christian Frederick Post, the intrepid missionary who went on his perilous mission to the hostile Indians at Fort Dusquesne in 1756, was an Indian woman.

OMAHA LOVE SONG.

Transcribed by EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

Fades the star of morning,
West winds gently blow,
Soft the pine-trees murmur,
Soft the waters flow,
Lift thine eyes, my maiden,
To the hill-top nigh.
Night and gloom will vanish
When the pale stars die:
Lift thine eyes, my maiden:
Hear thy lover's cry!

From my tent I wander,
Seeking only thee,
As the day from darkness
Comes for stream and tree.
Lift thine eyes, my maiden,
To the hill-top nigh;
Now the dawn is breaking,
Rosy beams the sky;
Lift thine eyes, my maiden,
Hear thy lover's cry!

Lonely is our valley,
Though the month is May;
Come and be my moonlight,
I will be thy day!
Lift thine eyes, my maiden,
Oh, behold me nigh!
Now the sun is rising,
Now the shadows fly;
Lift thine eyes, my maiden,
Hear thy lover's cry!

(From "Indian Story and Song.")

THE STONE BOY.

A Dakota Myth.

BY ELAINE GOODALE EASTMAN.

A long time ago ten brothers and one sister dwelt together on the edge of a lonely prairie. The young men, all bold hunters, were devoted to their only sister, and supplied her with an abundance of choice game, fine robes and everything that the heart of woman could desire. For her part she was never idle, but dried and packed away quantities of venison, together with wild turnips, cherries and plums, dressed all the skins they brought and made for her ten brothers the most richly embroidered shirts, leggings and moccasins that ever were seen. Quivers elegantly fashioned, full of arrows, and numbers of fine bows always adorned the walls of their lodge

One evening there were only nine brothers at supper. The eldest had not returned. At first no one was anxious; it was supposed that he had pursued a deer further than usual or perhaps had shot more game than he could carry, and the hours were passed in story and jest as usual. As midnight approached, however, and nothing was seen or heard of him, a silence came over the party. The sister especially grew more and more troubled. At last they retired to their couches, but the sister could not close her eyes. At daybreak all the brothers arose and went forth according to custom, but the second brother announced his intention of seeking the lost one. The others went on the hunt as usual.

All the day long the young girl remained alone in the lodge, and at evening the brothers returned one by one, until all save the second, who had gone to look for the first, were at home. They passed an anxious and wakeful night, and in the morning the third brother went out in search of the other two. Neither did he return. This went on until the youngest had gone, never to come back again, and the maiden was left alone.

Day and night she wept for her brothers—wept bitterly and would not be comforted. At last, as she was walking one day along the shores of a lake not far distant, weeping and looking downward, her eye fell upon a curious and beautiful little pebble. She picked it up and dropped it into her bosom within her dress; and her thoughts being upon the lovely little stone, she ceased her tears.

Months went by and the maiden became the mother of a boy, who was a stone boy. So heavy was the new born babe that she could scarcely raise it in her arms, and when it grew a little larger she was compelled to bend over the child in order to give it the breast. In spite of his strange peculiarity the boy grew large and strong and was presently able to handle the bow and arrows of one of his uncles, and to ask his mother whence came the ten bows which still hung upon the walls of the lodge. At first she wept bitterly and could not reply, but finally she said:

"My son, those are the bows of your ten uncles, who were lost before you were born."

The Stone Boy now practiced every day with the bow and arrows until he could shoot all the small birds that came near the door. Then he ventured further and brought in larger game, and at last one morning he said to his mother:

"Mother, I want to go and look for my ten uncles."

But his weeping mother forbade him, "for," said she, "if you go, like them, you will never return, and again I shall be left alone. Stay here with me."

The boy persisted and said: "I shall find them, and I shall return. See, I will give you a sign. I will place this pillow upright beside the door, and as long as I am alive and well it will remain upright, but if anything happens to me it will fall down. So you will know how it is with me." And he set out on his journey.

After he had walked for some distance he came to a forest, and as he passed through the forest he kept continually calling: "Lekshe! Lekshe! (uncle! uncle!)" until he seemed to hear from the distance a faint reply. He called more loudly and pressed on eagerly in the direction of the sound, until at last there burst through the bushes close at hand an immense bear, who sat upon his haunches regarding him, and uttered a deep "Hoo-o-o!

Then the Stone Boy was very angry. "You bear!" he exclaimed, "you ugly, long-faced, red-eyed thing! what do you mean by deceiving me in this fashion?" As he thus berated the bear, he too, became angry.

"Boy," growled he, "you had better be careful what you say, or I will chew you up"

"You can't do it," replied the Stone Boy laughing.

So the bear set upon him and began to use his great teeth and claws, but the boy's flesh immediately became as hard as stone, and he could make no impression. It only tickled the boy, who laughed more and more. Finally, raising his bow, he shot the bear dead, and went on his way.

He walked for some distance until he came to a huge fallen tree, the trunk of which was perfectly hollow. The ground about it was curiously beaten and trampled, as if a struggle of some sort had taken place there, and, strangest of all, against the great log leaned ten bows.

"Surely," thought the Stone Boy, "it was from this spot that my ten uncles disappeared. Can they have been dragged within this hollow tree?" And he was about to examine the entrance.

Suddenly a singular whirring sound caused him to look upward. On the sky a dark speck could be seen rapidly approaching. As it came nearer and nearer he could perceive the figure of a gigantic man, who soon alighted beside him.

"Boy," said he, without hesitation, "I have come to challenge you. We will wrestle, and whoever is overcome must die."

The boy agreed and they began to strive with one another; but although the stranger was very tall and powerful, the great weight of the Stone Boy made it impossible for him to be thrown. He remained quite passive until the great strength of his adversary began to be exhausted; then, with a mighty effort, he overthrew and killed him.

"Now," thought the hero, "this man must have slain my uncles, or carried them to the country whence he came. I must go up there." Taking from the crown of his head a bit of the scarlet down which he always wore fastened to his hair, he breathed gently upon it, and as it floated softly upward he followed into the blue heavens. Up and up he went, after the bit of floating down, until he came to a door in the sky, which opened and let him pass through. He then found himself looking down, as if from a high hill, upon a fair country spread out beneath him. A shining river wound among green forests, and on its banks dwelt a numerous people.

"How dare I show myself to this tribe, since I have slain one of them, and doubtless they are all my enemies," mused the Stone Boy. "Yet I must know whether my uncles are here, and still living." He cautiously approached the village, but, while still a good way off, his curiosity was excited by the sight of a majestic tree, which towered above all the other trees. Its trunk rose in a naked column to an immense height, and in its bushy top there appeared an enormous nest. Stone Boy greatly desired to examine this singular nest, and soon arrived at the foot of the tree, which was not far from the village. Here he breathed upon the bit of down and floated softly upward to the top of the tree.

Here an astonishing sight met his eyes. The nest was filled to the brim with a vast number of eggs, both great and small. They were unlike any he had ever seen, differing so strangely in size and being of a remarkable red color.

What could this mean? Taking an egg in his hand, with boyish recklessness he dashed it to bits against the trunk of the tree. At the same moment he happened to glance downward and saw a man in the village below him fall as if struck to the heart.

Stone Boy was overjoyed by this discovery. "These," said he to himself, "are the hearts of the people who destroyed my uncles. I will break them all!" Exulting, he broke egg after egg, and immediately the whole village was in the greatest confusion. The people rushed screaming hither and thither, struck down one after another by an invisible hand. They surrounded the great tree and wildly endeavored to scramble up to the nest, but the smooth, round trunk afforded no foothold, and one by one they all fell dead, until but four small eggs remained in the nest. These Stone Boy took in his hand, descended the tree and wandered through the silent city of the dead. At last he found four little boys, the sole survivors of their race. Of these Stone Boy inquired what had been done with his ten uncles?

The little boys led him to the chief's lodge, at whose doorway were suspended ten scalps. "And where do their bones lie?" demanded Stone Boy.

They showed him the spot where a heap of bones was bleaching on the ground. Then he bade one bring water, a second, wood, a third, stones and the fourth he sent to cut willow wands for the sweat lodge. He built the lodge, made a fire, heated the stones and carried all the bones of his ten uncles within. Then remaining outside the lodge, he reached in his arm and poured water on the hot stones.

As the magic vapor arose a faint sound could be heard within, as if the dry bones were gathering themselves together. A second time he poured on water, and the sounds became more distinct. A third time, and it was like the voices of men talking together. A fourth time Stone Boy poured on water, and behold, his ten uncles emerged in the flesh, thanking and blessing him for restoring them to life. Only the little finger of the youngest uncle was missing. But Stone Boy heartlessly broke the four remaining eggs, and took the little finger of the largest boy to supply the missing bone.

Now they all descended to earth again and were met by the overjoyed woman with cries of rapture.

For a long time Stone Boy, his mother and his ten uncles lived happily together.

The ten young men were as notable hunters as before, and brought in an abundance of choice game. Stone Boy, however, amused himself by wantonly destroying as many wild creatures as possible, especially the fiercer animals, such as wildcats, wolves, bears and buffalo. Instead of bringing food to the lodge he brought only the ears, teeth or claws as his spoil, and with them he played as he laughingly recounted his exploits. His mother and uncles protested, and begged him to spare those animals held sacred by the Dakotas, but Stone Boy relied upon his supernatural strength to protect him from harm.

At last, one day, while he was roaming over the prairie as usual with his bow and arrows, he heard a badger talking busily to himself as he shoveled the earth from his burrow. "Ah" muttered the badger, "I am only an obscure little animal, I know; yet I shall win the fame of a great general in the war against Stone Boy."

"What are you talking about, my friend?" inquired Stone Boy, with an air of harmless curiosity.

"Oh, nothing," replied the badger, a little disconcerted at having been overheard.

"You might as well tell me, my friend, now that I have heard so much—and besides it seems to be good news and I may be able to help," persisted Stone Boy.

Thus adjured, the badger, who did not recognize his questioner, reluctantly answered, "It is nothing—except that, as you know, the animals have declared war upon Stone Boy, and I am to assist by burrowing under his fortifications when the attack shall be begun."

No sooner had he said this than Stone Boy let fly an arrow and so ended his life.

He went on a little further and sat down to rest under a bush Immediately his quick ear detected a sound like the distant bellowing of a bison. Gazing far away to the north he saw a lone buffalo approaching at full speed, but as he came near to Stone Boy he paused to take breath. Stone Boy stepped from behind the bush and greeted him pleasantly. "Where are you going in such haste, my friend?" he inquired.

The buffalo did not know who he was, and replied: "I am a crier, sent to inform all the buffaloes that war has been declared upon Stone Boy, and to name a place of meeting"

"Let me join you, perhaps I can help, too," proposed the dissembler.

"Oh, you! You are only a boy—what can you do against our most dangerous enemy?" contemptuously replied the Buffalo.

For this speech Stone Boy shot him dead and went on his way.

When he returned to the lodge that evening his mother and his uncles noticed that he seemed strangely silent and preoccupied. He did not play with his long necklace of teeth and claws, nor did he relate any of his adventures, but sat all the evening with his head down and without uttering a word. At last his mother ventured to ask, "What is the matter, my son?"

Then he told them of the two warnings he had received, and ended by saying, "I do not care at all for myself, but I am sorry for you and my uncles."

"Ugh!" grunted all the uncles, "we told you that you would get into trouble by killing so many of our sacred animals for your own amusement."

"But," continued Stone Boy, "I shall make a good resistance, and you must all help me. First, you will go forth in the morning and hunt for a bit or chip of iron, or some hard mineral."

In the morning they all went out as he had bidden them, and Stone Boy wandered off alone, as usual. On a bank by the river side a swallow sat twittering to itself.

"What is that you are saying, friend swallow?" inquired he.

"It isn't anything," replied the swallow, but upon being urged she finally admitted, "I am a messenger of the thunder birds, and am sent to tell them all that at a certain time the doors of the sky must be opened and rain descend to drown Stone Boy, who has destroyed so many of us."

Having heard this Stone Boy killed the swallow and went on his way.

The next thing he saw was an old beaver, busily engaged in felling a tree with her teeth.

"I am only an old woman," she said to herself, as she worked away, "but I, too, am made very useful in the war against Stone Boy."

"What are you saying, grandmother?" asked Stone Boy, as he approached.

"I am only saying," mumbled the old beaver woman, "that I am now very use-

(Continued on 7th Page.)

REMINISCENCES OF A SUPERVISOR.

I will not say just how many years ago I undertook the supervision of about fifty Indian boarding and day schools, scattered over several large reservations, nor shall I tell exactly where these schools were situated. My idea in giving a few of my personal experiences in the service is nothing more than the hope that they may offer a trifle of entertainment, if not of suggestion, to some of those who are still laboring in the same field, and possibly under similar conditions. However, I have been given to understand that conditions have generally improved since my day.

At the period of which I speak there had never been any supervision over these schools, except such as might be exercised by the Indian agent or by an occasional inspector, and this was for the most part of a purely formal nature, or at the best covered only the business management, attendance, etc., of the more important schools. The school-room work was seldom intelligently criticized by these officials, and the remoter day-schools were almost wholly neglected, except at one agency where there was no Government boarding school, and the day schools accordingly received some attention. There had up to that time been no serious attempt at unity or consistency in the Indian school work. In that as in all other matters, each agent was a law unto himself.

My previous experience as a teacher and an unofficial school visitor had equipped me with a few practical ideas, and being but little hampered with instructions from Washington, I laid my plans carefully. These schools were so widely scattered and most of them so remote from the railway that I decided to reach them by private conveyance, taking with me my own team and a complete camp outfit, with Indian cook and driver. While this method of travelling was somewhat cumbersome, I preferred it to the usual alternative—that of depending upon the courtesy of the agent for the use of a team, and upon that of the teacher, in many instances, for meals and a bed. I knew that entire independence of the agent is absolutely necessary to the making of a fair investigation at an Indian agency, and I felt a delicacy about forcing the hospitality of strangers with whom I held official relations. It is understood, of course, that in the Indian villages there is no place of public entertainment and often no civilized home save that of the teacher within a half day's drive.

Being thus relieved of the unpleasant necessity of presenting myself as a guest, I took care to arrive unannounced at each point that I visited, giving no indication of my route in advance, and generally taking in the outlying schools on my way to the agency. When any one arrives at an Indian agency on a visit of inspection, his coming, even if unexpected, is instantly heralded in all of the camps and hasty preparation made accordingly. I secured the important advantage of seeing things in their normal condition. Usually, the first intimation that the teacher had of my existence was my appearance at the school-house door, when I would quietly take an inconspicuous seat, and request that the exercises go on precisely as usual.

Occasionally we would arrive after school hours, and make camp for the night in a convenient spot not far from the school-house. The teacher, getting a glimpse of a nice white tepee or a good-looking pair of black horses in the timber, would, especially if a man, be certain to come over very soon to interview the stranger, and discover me seated upon an improvised divan, writing up my notes on a travelling bag turned upside down; or possibly out by the creek side, trying to catch a few fish for supper.

I remember one young Englishman, living and teaching quite alone some fifty miles from the agency, who was frankly appreciative of this unconventional mode of travelling, and even shared our lunch of Indian pancakes, canned tomatoes and café noir with undisguised satisfaction. He was really a rather bright youth, and his work was above the average; but what struck me particularly was that he had a sewing class for the girls—a thing by no means generally required—and they actually wore long white aprons that he had taught them to make! He also read the Prayer Book to the people on Sundays, and preached when he could get an interpreter.

As a rule, however—and just as might have been expected—the men were less successful than the women in the primary school-room, as well as in winning the regard of the Indians and improving the moral and sanitary conditions of the village. In a good many of these day schools two teachers were employed, usually a man and wife—in some respects a very good arrangement, but open to the objections I have mentioned. The man was more often than not in middle life, not a professional teacher, and sadly lacking in the virtues of tact and adaptability that even an untrained girl may possess.

I had seen enough of the conventional method of school visiting by agents and inspectors—a formal call of a half hour or so in duration—and determined to devote an entire school day to each school, however small, and several days to each boarding school. I discovered in several cases that a regular programme had been committed to memory by the children and was repeated by rote for the benefit of the occasional visitor. This drill lasted perhaps half an hour, and at its close the complacent teacher would propose adjournment for luncheon and rest. My unexpected reappearance in the school room after recess was over caused him visible embarrassment; he seemed at a loss how to proceed; and very little questioning on my part would bring out the fact of incompetence or systematic neglect.

The most laughable excuses were sometimes given by inefficient teachers. Usually they had no faith whatever in the capacity of Indians, nor any idea of teaching the use of English except by labored translations from the vernacular. Occasionally, when the work done was particularly unsatisfactory, and these explanations especially aggravating, I would assume control of the school for half a day, and teach for the benefit of the teacher, who always hailed this unexpected proposition with undisguised relief.

I distinctly recollect one man—he had been a trader's clerk, and they said was "a very good fellow"—who had a large day school so crowded that the desks were all placed close together without aisles, and the pupils had to scramble over one another's seats when invited to pass to the front for a recitation! The recitation was a farcical attempt at reading from a book, in the midst of indescribable confusion.

Here were about a hundred children in a room intended to accommodate fifty; and since none of them were learning anything as it was, I felt obliged to dismiss one half the school, rearrange the desks and benches, place the one small blackboard in a prominent position, and teach orally for two hours with the aid of such objects as I could lay my hands on, and with unlimited enthusiasm! It was really quite exhilarating, and there was a more prompt response from both teacher and pupils than I had thought possible.

To me it always seemed far from considerate after formally inspecting a school, to leave the teacher with a "Good afternoon," and without any intimation of your august approval or disapproval. Inspectors usually take their leave with an inscrutable smile—at least they did in my day—and whether they are going to give you a good name at head-quarters or recommend your immediate dismissal from the service you have not the faintest notion. I made it a point to offer my criticisms and suggestions on the spot, so far as I profitably could, and both by word of mouth and afterward more briefly by letter, I stated to each teacher or Superintendent my opinion of his work, whether favorable or unfavorable. A little praise and encouragement works wonders in some cases. Naturally, it is not pleasant to tell a man to his face that you consider him hopelessly incompetent, or even that you have good evidence that he is morally unfit for his place; but it is at least straightforward to give him the benefit of the warning.

It is probably unnecessary to state that my reports to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs were absolutely frank and as complete as I could make them, with the aid of photographs taken by myself, plans, diagrams and statistics. I did hear from private sources that they created something of a sensation, as being rather more definite and outspoken than comported with the traditions of the Indian office!

I believe about six or seven of these day schools were under sole charge of native teachers, and these, notwithstanding the slurs of some of the agents, averaged well up to the general standard. One of the best-governed little schools I ever saw was taught by a full-blood and a man of refreshing vigor and energy, although not educated for a teacher. His specialty, I think was mechanics and engineering. It is a great mistake to generalize freely regarding the Indian.

One of the pleasantest features of the work to me was the intelligent interest of these people in their own schools. Partly because of the barrier of language, and partly of that ignorant contempt which the less enlightened members of one race naturally feel for those of another, little attention had ever been paid to the wishes and opinions of the patrons of these schools, who had paid for them liberally in concessions of land, and in many instances paid for more than they had ever received. I took care to consult with them wherever I went, and to treat their requests with the respect that they really deserved.

The Indian's native keenness and his knowledge of human nature makes his opinions usually well worth listening to; and he is quite shrewd enough to compare schools and teachers, and, though ignorant of methods, to judge fairly well of results. I often found that my own conclusions had been anticipated by intelligent Indian parents. In very few instances was it necessary to compel or even urge the attendance of children, while I was besieged in many places to recommend additional schools, and sometimes taken out behind the Indians' own teams to view the location they had selected, or to verify their count of the required thirty children within walking distance of the spot.

It is true that in general they expressed a decided objection to the non-reservation schools, but this was only due to lack of experience and a natural reluctance to part from their children. I always had with me a quantity of Carlisle and Hampton photographs, which I spread out for inspection at every opportunity; and while the people, who usually flocked to my tent, were turning them over, I would casually let fall a few words on the superior advantages to be found in the East. An indirect method of this sort is often the very best means of approaching Indians, who are apt to be antagonized by direct argument or opposition.

There were in my district six Government boarding schools, and three conducted on the contract plan by the Catholic church, beside three Episcopal mission schools, over which the Government had no jurisdiction. The greatest difficulty I met with here was the inveterate habit of taking the visitor on a formal round of inspection. I saw that I was expected to stop just so long in each room, to see only what was intended to be seen, to ask a few cut-and-dried questions, listen patiently to the recommendations and requests of the Superintendent—and go away again!

The method did not suit me at all, as it happened; and my inconvenient habit of stopping day after day in the neighborhood, of dropping in at odd hours, talking individually with pupils and employees, stepping into the kitchen and tasting the food prepared for the children, entering the dormitories late at night to test the ventilation, probably seemed to them unnecessary if not actually meddlesome! The persons in charge of the Catholic schools excel in courtesy and in the art of keeping one at a distance. It is well-nigh impossible for an outsider to exceed the conventional routine in their case.

I was, as stated in the beginning, entirely independent of the Indian agent, but always paid him the courtesy of a prompt call upon arrival at an agency, and when I had finished my inspection of that agency I called again and made a verbal report of my findings—which I was under no obligation whatever to do. Only one of the five seemed to appreciate my consideration. Two were politely indifferent and two unaffectedly hostile to my work.

Certainly I was by no means satisfied with the necessary study and criticism of existing conditions, which I endeavored to make as exhaustive as possible. My aim was to build up rather than to tear down. I knew that better teachers, better buildings and equipment might indeed be recommended and urged by the Supervisor but were wholly beyond his power to secure. To some extent I hoped by my own exertions to create something of professional ambition and esprit de corps among the teachers. These had never before known what it was to feel themselves part of an organic system. The schools had been mere isolated experiments, and for the most part carried on without hope or enthusiasm. As a rule, the teachers and Superintendents knew nothing of what was actually being done at other agencies and in other schools. They had no standards of comparison. They had no means of self-improvement.

The first uniform course of study for Indian schools was introduced during my term of service. I conducted the first Teachers' Institutes ever held, so far as I know, at any Indian agencies, and certainly the first in my district. I was allowed nothing for expenses, received no instructions nor even authority for my first Institute, which I held entirely on my own responsibility, and which was so successful that others were authorized at the different agencies. It was a part of my plan from the first to lead up to the large meetings of this character which have been a feature of Indian school work for the last few years.

I was in constant correspondence with my teachers, supplied them from time to time with suggestive daily programmes, and other outlines of work; organized among them Teachers' Reading Unions and Chautauqua circles, and induced many to subscribe for educational journals. All this, which seems so commonplace nowadays, was at that period a startling innovation. It was pioneer work, and as such I found it of absorbing interest.

There were drawbacks, and some of them I remember quite vividly. The ordinary discomforts of travelling and camping I scarcely counted as such. It was easy to do 1500 miles on horseback and in a wagon in the course of a season, and to pass forty or fifty nights in my tent. I could live and thrive on a diet of jerked beef, bacon and Indian bread,—for canned stuffs and crackers I despised, and these were the only other things available. My driver carried a shot gun and fish-lines, and occasionally added some small game to our bill of fare. I have camped on the wet ground in a pouring rain, and I have had a space cleared of snow before pitching the tent; but with a good fire and abundance of blankets and furs this was no real hardship. It was worse to find the river bed dry, as we sometimes did in the heat of summer, and to be forced to make a "dry camp," with no water for man or beast within a distance of 25 or 30 miles! I thought nothing of sleeping in the the heart of a village of "ghost dancers," hearing the drum and their weird cries all night long in the intervals of sleep; for it never occurred to me to be afraid.

The real annoyances of my life were caused principally by petty attempts at "revenge" on the part of certain individuals of the "superior" race who had incurred my official disapprobation. My uniform disregard of the fact that they had "influence," or in some cases that they were indorsed by personal friends of my own, was rash, I admit, and for that I suffered, but not so severely as to discourage me. I have never regretted the experience.

X.

School News and Notes.

There are 546 pupils out in country homes, and over 400 on the grounds.

The Susan Longstreth Society has been paying special attention of late to parliamentary drill.

Miss Sara Smith, Librarian, is completing a type-written shelf list of all the books in the library.

The successive country parties have perceptibly thinned our ranks, but the higher grades are still intact.

Nature study is conspicuous in the school rooms this month, and an occasional "field day" adds to the interest.

The campus is looking very attractive in spring attire, with the new road ways, the bare places newly sodded, and many flower beds and other seasonable touches.

The three literary societies gave an entertainment by combined talent at the close of the society season. The programme was chiefly musical and was greatly enjoyed.

Supervisor Dickson of the Indian schools of the Third District, (South Dakota) called on us a few days ago and promised the RED MAN some correspondence from the field.

There are five ex-Carlisle boys in the Philippines, and a recent letter from Joseph Flynn, of troop C 4th Cavalry, tells us that he was in several skirmishes during the last campaign.

Miss Luckenbach, the "money mother" of the Carlisle boys and girls, has been transferred to Phoenix, Arizona, and left for her new field on May first. She has been with us for ten years and is greatly missed by all.

Frank Steele, an Osage student at the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, won the half-mile race in an inter-collegiate meet last month, and defeated his nearest rival by five yards, as reported in the Chicago Tribune.

We are informed from the Navy Department that Joseph LaFramboise, Jno. Garrick, William Pallado and Charles Butler have been transferred to the U. S. S. Dolphin—the official naval vessel of Gov. Allen of Porto Rico.

Dr. George Bird Grinnell, the author of "Pawnee Folk Tales," "The Story of the Indian," and "The Indians of Today," and Mr. E. W. Deming, the well-known artist and illustrator, were recent visitors to the school, with a special view to the study of our Outing System.

Mr. Bennett of the school farm has set out a large addition to the strawberry bed, and hopes by another year to be able to supply the entire school with the delicious fruit. He is planting a larger garden than usual, to supply the increased number of students.

We are in the midst of the base-ball season, with a better team than ever before, and have won three games so far. In track athletics the boys are making notable improvement under Coach Warner, and scored an equal number of points with Dickinson College in a recent contest.

Mr. Howard E. Gansworth, (Carlisle, '94) has received the appointment of Junior orator at Princeton University—one of the highest honors to which a Princeton man can attain in his Junior year. He is one of the four to compete for the Junior oratorical prize, which is worth $100 to the winner. The Philadelphia Press says of this young man that he is a favorite with the professors for his combination of pluck, perseverance and quick brain; and in a social way also has achieved a great success. He is supporting himself entirely by sheer energy and enterprise.

The Indian Field.

ENGLISH IN A CAMP SCHOOL.

A private letter from a day-school teacher on the Pine Ridge reservation gives evidence of progress. The writer says:

My school is very much smaller than it used to be, but on the whole I think it is much better. The children do not use Dakota at all during school hours, and they are learning English very much faster, since they stopped talking the mother tongue. Some of the teachers who do not care to take the trouble to break up the use of Dakota at their schools, tell me that they do not believe that my children do not talk Dakota from nine until four. know that they do sometimes say a few words, but I know it is because they forget. Often, when they are working by themselves, I will come upon them without their seeing me, and I have never yet heard them talking anything but English. I know it is very hard for the little ones who first enter school, and often they forget and use a few words of Dakota, but it is really surprising how soon they learn to talk English.

AN INDIAN SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT

The Fort Shaw, (Montana,) Indian School gave an entertainment last month in the neighboring town of Choteau, which was thoroughly appreciated by the enterprising westerners, if we may judge by the cordial tone of the local press. We quote from the Montanian:

It is but literal truth to say that the program was carried out not merely successfully but brilliantly, surprising alike those unfamiliar with the Indians, and those most friendly to and most in sympathy with them.

The first number was a pantomime entitled "The Past." It was an exact representation of an Indian camp. Two selections from the Band stirred the audience to the greatest enthusiasm. An Indian club drill by the girls was a fine performance; also the dumb-bell exercises by a number of boys. The pantomime entitled "The Present," showing how the pupils at Fort Shaw are taught to work, and do work, was real as life....After a variety of songs and recitations all of which were heartily applauded, a "Good Night" tableau closed the entertainment, which by common consent was the best of the kind ever held in Choteau.

The Band of twenty-two pieces was of course the great attraction. It is one of the best in the state, and is the pride of North Montana. Professor F. C. Campbell, who is at the head of the Fort Shaw school, is emphatically the right man in the right place. It would be difficult to find another man so competent and at the same time so devoted and enthusiastic as is Superintendent Campbell.

A LETTER FROM THE SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS.

Miss Estelle Reel, who is now in the field, writes an interesting letter from Phoenix, Arizona, from which we take the following extracts:

I am informed on this trip that the present ration list of this year is vastly improved. I made a strong effort last year to have the rations in some respects changed and increased. The flour was short in some cases, but on the whole all the Superintendents unite in stating, that the list of articles furnished is varied and the amount abundant.

I have been taking meals with the children in all the schools, and when I have an opportunity will write you in regard to some of the schools I have visited. They live extremely well. For instance, at one school we had hot light rolls, plenty of milk and butter, cheese, preserves, (they have a great deal of small fruit at this school,) cold roast meat, (this was supper,) fried potatoes and hominy. Many of the schools have pie and pudding. All of the Indian employees tell me that every year their table fare grows better. We are getting more irrigation, you know, and more facilities for raising all kinds of crops.

This school of Phoenix would do your heart good. First, it is a most exquisitely beautiful place, with its long avenues of palms, extensive rose gardens with thousands of American Beauties in full blossom, their buildings all modern and well equipped, and I never saw a more happy set of children.

When you are in Washington, I wish you would call at my office, as I would like you to see some of their needlework, which I have prepared for exhibit this summer. The southern Indians are especially artistic and the drawings this morning in the art room—a moss rosebud—were extremely clever.

The large girls make all of their own clothes and they are neat and becoming.

It is very warm here and we have been having a number of parties on the lawn, and the girls make a beautiful picture. Their jet black hair (of which they take great care) their pretty dimity dresses (most of them in white) and with red ribbon in their hair, yon can imagine the effect.

I hope to go into the Navajo and Moqui country soon, and if, at any time, I can give you any information you may desire, do not hesitate to command me.

There will be a large number of local summer schools held throughout the service. Puyallup and Salem, Oregon are preparing for one, also Pine Ridge and Rosebud, and one near Devil's Lake, to be held in connection with the annual Chautauqua there, and possibly one at Oneida.

Many of the teachers in the Indian service are preparing to attend summer schools, a number going to the Chicago normal and some further east.

Our department of Indian Education in connection with the N.E.A. at Charleston bids fair to have a good attendance, and an extremely good exhibit. I do hope that Major Pratt can arrange to have the famous Carlisle band with us at that time.

THE Y. M. C. A. AMONG THE SIOUX.

We learn from a recent letter of Mr. C. K. Ober, the General Field Secretary for the west, that there are now 38 Young Men's Christian Associations among the Dakota Indians, with a membership of over one thousand young men. For four years they have maintained an Association Summer School, which was held last year at Lake Traverse on the Sisseton reservation, with an attendance of 126 Indian young men during the eight days of the conference. It has been thought best, however, for the present year, to omit the holding of the summer school and in its place to hold a series of district conferences of the associations, one on each reservation. It is proposed as a permanent arrangement to hold the summer school once in two years, and the district conferences every other year.

Mr. Arthur Tibbetts, a Sioux Indian, was selected by Dr. Eastman and sent to the Springfield Y. M. C. A Training School, from which he graduated after a three years' course, and is now devoting his entire time to the development of the Association work among the Dakota Indians.

Mr. Tibbetts tells of a trip of 350 miles on the Standing Rock and Cheyenne River reservations, during which he had some interesting and exciting experiences, being caught in a blizzard and chased by wolves. He says: "A marked feature of the meetings was the expression of thoughts by these young men. The grumbling which so characterizes the Indian was not heard here. The discussions were intelligent and pointed, and proved beyond a doubt that these young men are anxious to give up the old way of living and want to know how to do it.

The Cannon Ball association has promised me it will raise oats for my team. This association has also put up an ice-house, and put some ice in it to sell next summer. They think they will make money enough to keep their reading-room open during the summer."

Mr. Ober is strongly impressed with the importance and far-reaching influence of this work, and hopes that the money will be provided to maintain, and if possible, to enlarge it. The entire cost at present amounts to about $1,000 per year, $200, of which is paid by an annual subscription from the Indian young men themselves. For the other $800, required, the International Committee are looking to individual friends of Christian work among theIndians.

NOTES OF A TRIP TO THE SOUTHWEST.

You ask me how I like Arizona. I say it is too hot and dry. As the old Pima chief, Antonio, says, nothing will grow there unless it is heat-proof. It was ninety degrees above on March 31st, and kept it up during the three days I was in the Sacaton region. I can't say that I like Arizona for her climate, her giant cactus, Gila monsters and centipedes. Yet nearly all the white people I met were there for their health. It is a good incubator in which to protect exhausted lives.

You ask further how the Pima and Papago Indians are getting on. I say very badly indeed. The Pimas are very good people—willing to work and help themselves but they have been deprived of everything—even the natural course of their streams has been diverted. The Gila river runs dry. No water for stock; none for their gardens; nor even for daily household use in some places! They live in what was once a beautiful valley, but now it is the valley of death.

I never saw more gentle and genial Indians in my life than these people, and I have seen many. Yet I cannot see but that starvation stares them in the face. Everywhere my eye meets the same mummified and half-starved faces. I looked into the clear sky of that region and could not help saying: Where are you, Charity? Can not these miserable people appeal to you?

The Pimas ask no charity after the usual fashion. They seek only such assistance as will be for their own lasting good. They want a reservoir large enough to irrigate their valley. They have already dug ditches on a small scale about their gardens hoping to catch every drop if it should rain. A bill has been introduced in Congress for the building of such a reservoir, at a cost of a million and a half. There can be no better and more humanitarian legislation than this. It will not only make these people self-supporting, but it will also help many poor whites in their vicinity to gain a livelihood.

"And what did you see in the Osage country?" I saw there conditions directly opposite to those described above. If you were to ask me where the Indian customs linger longest, I would say, among the Osages and Sac and Fox at Tama City, Iowa. Nowhere in all my travels have I ever met an Indian woman in full Indian costume, and talking excellent English, except at this agency. The Indian woman referred to had with her an adopted daughter, who is a full blooded white girl. She also was attired in the native dress of the Osages. Both the white girl and her adopted Osage mother said that they had been educated at the Catholic mission school. I do not blame the school. I think the church has done what it can for these people. It is the conditions and environment that have kept them from progress.

The Osages possess a competency second to none. They are in fact a rich corporation. They have $8,500,000 invested at 5% interest and a country good enough for any one. They have lived in close touch with civilization for forty years—longer than most Indian tribes; yet I have seen more real Indians there than almost anywhere else. I was told that there was very little work done by them. A custom exists among them that is very much like that of an English prince—they draw a fine annual income from the Government and get into debt to every one at the same time. C. A. E.

A WOMAN'S WORK IN OREGON.

Miss Mollie V. Gaither has been for seven years past the Superintendent of the Umatilla Boarding School at Umatilla, Oregon. She was at one time a member of our faculty, and during a recent visit to Carlisle told us of the people with whom she is living and of her work among them in a fashion that showed no less zeal than common-sense.

This tribe numbers about 1,000 persons, the owners of some excellent wheat land, which they hold in individual allotments. They generally lease out the land to white farmers and live upon the proceeds; some of them receiving quite large incomes from this source. They draw no rations from the Government, and are all citizens although they do not yet vote. The mixed bloods are generally well-to-do and quite progressive, owning good homes; the full-bloods live in tents made of woven rushes, wear blankets and are disinclined to labor, as they can live well without it. The greatest vices of these people are drunkenness and child-marriages.

Miss Gaither's school numbers 100, three-fourths of whom are full-bloods. When she first took charge of the school there were but 75 children in all and only 25 full Indians, all of whom had been secured by force. Now all of the children are brought in voluntarily by their parents.

Every reasonable effort is put forth to make it a happy home, not a prison, for the little ones, and the result is that the pupils themselves become its agents and persuade their friends to join them.

Miss Gaither herself frequently visits the homes of the people, attends their feasts now and then and is very successful in winning their sympathy and interest. Even the wilder chiefs now acknowledge her influence.

She calls her school a "baby school." There are now in it 70 children under twelve years of age, and none over 16. There are 30 under six, who form a large kindergarten department. She takes them as young as she can get them, believing that more can be done by an early beginning; and as she finds that many of her girls are married from the school in Indian fashion, while yet mere children, she is working very hard to induce the parents to let them go away to Carlisle or other distant training school, when they reach the age of 14 or 15. A beginning has been made with two girls who are now here.

Miss Gaither has 7 Indian and 6 white employees, and is particularly interested and successful in getting good work from the former. She gives the preference to her own pupils whenever such can be found who are competent to act as assistants.

She speaks warmly of the agent, Mr. Wilkins, who is always ready to speak a good word for the school and leaves her a free hand in its management, and finds a helpful co-laborer in Dr. Perkins, the Government physican. During the summer the Umatilla Indians go into the mountains to hunt and to the Columbia river for salmon, which they dry for winter use, and this reduces her attendance for the early fall months.

Miss Gaither is going to Washington to present the needs and claims of her school in person to the authorities, and her statements are so clear and convincing that we think she ought to get a new building for the boys and anything else that she wants.

AS GOOD AS INDIAN.

A writer in The Advance tells an anecdote told by Henry Ward Beecher of his father. On a fishing expedition in the woods of Maine, the Indian guide said the aged preacher was too old to join the party. But when they came into camp after the first day's fishing Dr. Beecher had more fish than all the rest of the party. The guide looking at him with awe, exclaimed—Old man all Indian!

Washington News.

Col. W. J. Pollock, agent of the Osage Indians, has tendered his resignation, to take effect Mav 1st, and the President has appointed O. A. Mitscher of Oklahoma City to be his successor.

Chief Joseph of the Nez Perces was in Washington this month, and was introduced to the Secretary of the Interior by General Miles, to whom he surrendered in 1877. He requested that the Nez Perces be permitted to return to their old home in Idaho.

The Indian appropriation bill is still in conference. Beside leading features mentioned last month, the following are worthy of note: The appropriation for irrigation on Indian reservations was increased by the Senate from $40,000 to $75,000. $25,000 was appropriated for surveys on Pine Ridge, Rosebud and Standing Rock reservations in Dakota; $12,000 for the equipment and maintenance of the new Insane Hospital for Indians at Canton, S. D., and $20,000 additional for erection of the same, making the entire cost of the building, (according to Senate amendment) $65,000.

The Secretary of the Interior is authorized to negotiate with any tribe of Indians for allotment of their lands in severalty and extinguishment of the Indian title, and the Indians at Rosebud, S. D., Fort Peck, Montana, Devil's Lake, N. D., Pyramid Lake and Walker River, Nevada, are particularly mentioned. $5,000 is appropriated for a telephone line between Chamberlain and Crow Creek agency, S. D.; and $50,000 for suppressing small-pox in the Indian Territory. Provision is made for the removal of the school at Perris, Cal., to Riverside in the same State. Among the Senate amendments is one appropriating $40,000 for rebuilding the Winnebago school in Nebraska.

There was an interesting debate in the Senate upon the question of discontinuing certain Indian agencies, from which we quote:

Mr. THURSTON of Nebraska. Mr. President, I should like to say upon this subject that the three agencies that the Committee propose to dispense with are proposed to be dropped upon the statement of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs that agents at those points are no longer necessary.

Mr. TELLER of Colorado. I was about to move what the Senator from Connecticut (Mr. Platt) agrees must take place—that all these agencies shall be retained. I should like to have any Senator take up the report of the Indian agent at the Quapaw agency. He is needed there. He is needed at every agency where we have had an agent, unless the Indians have died out. It is the only way that the Indian has to reach the Government proper, and particularly in sections of the country like the Quapaw agency, where they are selling their land, I am sorry to say, and are allowed to do so when the Government approves of the sale. The only way the Secretary of the Interior will get any information is through some resident agent that will justify him in either approving or disapproving of an attempted sale of land. I do not know myself of any agency in the United States that I think ought to be discontinued at the present time, and I am sorry to say that I do not believe you can discontinue them for a good many years to come.

Mr. JONES of Arkansas....The Commissioner of Indian Affairs was before the Committee and stated that there was no earthly use for these three agencies; that there was nothing for the agents to do except to pay out a small amount of money sometimes, which could be better paid by an agent sent especially for the purpose....

Mr. TELLER..... The cheapest thing possible is to keep an agent there, and if the right men are appointed, which I am sorry to say is not always the case, the agent will be a protection to the Indian not only in that particular but in many others.

Mr. PLATT of Connecticut.....Now, Mr. President, all that necessary work for the Indian, if this agent is dispensed with, will be performed by the superintendent of the schools there. That is in the bill; and that is why the Commissioner says that he can dispense with agents at these agencies. It is because the duties of the agents can as well be performed by the superintendent.

Mr. JONES .... I hope, Mr. President, if it is established as it seems to be by the action of the Senate, that the fact that an Indian agent has nothing to do is not a sufficient reason for abolishing an agency, that the same rule shall apply to all, and that all shall be treated alike.

APPOINTMENTS AND CHANGES IN THE INDIAN SERVICE.

Appointments.

Jennie DeRose, laundress, Hope School, Nebr.; Elva E. Goodner, kindergartner, Riverside, Okla.; Louise D. Peake, asst. matron, Pine Ridge, S. D.; Edna Evans, asst. matron, Nevada School, Nev.; Mattie J. Forrester, asst. matron, Navajo School, N. M.; Sarah E. Shadbolt, seamstress, Ft. Shaw, Mont.; Samuel L. Monteith, carpenter, Cherokee, N. C.; Jennie M. Patterson, asst. matron, Grand River, N. D.; Samuel M. Trevellick, clerk, Standing Rock, N. D.; Joanna R. Speer, matron, Umatilla, Ore.; Samuel F. Hoover, engineer, White Earth, Minn.; John C. Budds, storekeeper, Puyallup, Wash.; Geo. I. Harvey, teacher, Whirlwind Day School, Okla.; Chas. S. Davis, gardener, Chilocco, Okla.; John W. Scarr, carpenter, Mescalero, N. M.; Emma E Kightlinger, laundress, Round Valley, Calif.; Olga N. Paulsen, kindergartner, Segar, Okla.; Leander J. Sailors, teacher, Pima, Ariz.; Paph Julian, teacher, Pine Ridge, S. D.; Luther Parker, teacher, Grande Ronde, Ore.; Marguerite J. Fairbanks, seamstress, Pine Point School, Minn.; Ernest Oshkosh, industrial teacher, Green Bay, Wis.; Oliver Thompson, industrial teacher, Kaw School, Okla.; Henry St. Pierre, industrial teacher, Yankton Sch. S. D.; Pennington Powell, laborer, Fort Hall School, Ida.; Archie McArthur, industrial teacher, Wild Rice River School, Minn.; Delia Hicks, asst. teacher, Crow Creek School, S.D. Benjamin B. Damon, industrial teacher, Navajo School N. M.; Lula Wilson, asst. seamstress, Phoenix School, A. T.; Emeran D. White, nightwatchman, Standing Rock School, N. D.; August Lucier, carpenter, Hoopa Valley School, Calif.; Louisa Smith, baker, Morris, Minn.; Melinda Porter, cook, Wild Rice River School, Minn,; Victoria Lambert, laundress, White Earth, Minn.; Oscar Warden, laborer, Pine Ridge School, S. D.; Johnson Williams, asst. teacher, Salem School, Ore.; Helen Primeau, teacher, Ft. Berthold Sch. N. D.; Frank Pamani, butcher, Crow Creek, S D., vice James Riley; Martin Young and Leo De Gar, additional farmers, Devil's Lake, N. D.; David Longfox, assistant butcher, Fort Belknap, Mont., vice James Perry; Philip Shortman, assistant mechanic, Fort Belknap, Mont., vice Thomas Badroad; Joseph Big Snow and Enemy Boy, laborers, Fort Belknap, Mont., vice Edward Strong and Blue Horse; Joseph Rainey, butcher, Fort Hall, Ida.; Fred Tatsuy and Thomas Kennedy, laborers, Fort Hall, Ida., vice Pete Anderson and George Johnson; Baptiste Ka ka she, Judge, Flathead, Mont.; Isaac Rice, laborer, Pottawatomie, etc. Kans., vice Robert Thomas; J. H. Eagle, laborer, Pine Ridge, S. D., vice Philip Iron Tail; Joseph S. F. House (by promotion from assistant butcher) and Frank Y. Boy, butchers, Pine Ridge S.D. vice Wounded Horse and Harry Two Eagle; Franklin N. Revard, constable (by promotion from police private) Osage, Okla.; Andy Johnson, herder, Lemhi, Ida., vice Mobe; Big Hail, apprentice, and Strong Legs, laborer, Crow, Mont., vice His Rock is Medicine and Joseph Stewart; Albert Primeaux, carpenter, Ponca, Okla., vice Horace Warrior; Samuel Eagle Chasing, assistant farmer, Cheyenne River, vice Giles Tapetola; Jesse Kirk, stockman, Klamath, Ore.; Louis Keshena, blacksmith's apprentice, Green Bay, Wis., vice James Keokuk; Francis Walking Elk, and John Rattlinghail, assistant blacksmiths, Standing Rock, N. D. vice Albert Walker and Bear's Paw.

Simon J. Kirk, interpreter, Standing Rock, N. D, vice Emeran D. White; Henry Lee, fireman, and Englehomo Shoyo, interpreter, Shoshone, Wyo., vice Charles Meyers and John C. Martin; Thomas W. Tuttle, interpreter, Isaac Yellow Teeth, tinner, Stephen Gun, assistant miller, John Ear, assistant carpenter, and George Banks, Jr., carpenter's apprentice, all of Crow Creek, S. D.; George I. Garcea, assistant farmer, Jicarilla, N. M., vice J. Albert Morse; Willie Hostler, farmer, Hoopa Valley, Calif., vice Ralph Caesar; Henry Charles, blacksmith's apprentice, Western Shoshone, Nev., vice Joe Sims; S. E. Day, clerk, Navajo, N. M. vice Charles M. Davis; Harry Starr and Big Belly, assistant butchers, Cheyenne and Arapahoe, Okla, vice Milton Strong and Calling Thunder; Herbert Walker, assistant farmer, Cheyenne and Arapahoe, Okla., vice V. E. Purdy; John Wilson, blacksmith, and Waldo Reed, carpenter, Cheyenne and Arapahoe, Okla., vice Victor Bushyhead and Sam C. Ramon; Henry Reed, assistant farmer, Crow, Mont.; William P. Long and Alexander Z Spicer, blacksmiths, Quapaw, I. T, vice Willis C. McBride and Andrew J. Tosh; James Wolf, apprentice, Fort Berthold, N. D., vice Howard Mandan; Charles Horn, blacksmith, White Earth, Minn.; John Feather, teamster, Yankton, S. D., vice J. Selwyn; John Mills, interpreter, Jicarilla, N. M., vice Edward Ladd; Thomas Vielle, assistant mechanic, Blackfeet, Mont., vice Eddy Jack; Mary Antoine, stenographer and typewriter, Sac and Fox, Okla.;

Transfers and Promotions

John V. Plake, from issue clerk, Uintah, Utah, to stenographer, Osage, Okla,; Dick Tyler, from teamster to laborer, Cheyenne and Arapahoe, Okla., vice R. C. Tubbs; George Hicks, from blacksmith, Cheyenne and Arapahoe, Okla., to similar position, Pottawatomie and Great Nemaha, Kan., vice Daniel House; Ben De Roche, from stableman to assistant farmer, and Eddy Billedeaux, from laborer to stableman, both at Blackfeet, Mont.

INDIANS FRIGHTENED SENATORS.

There was a smallpox scare at the Capitol recently, and only the prompt action of Sergeant-at-arms Ransdell restored the equanimity of the legislators.

Seven half-breed Osages from the Indian Territory were the cause of all the trouble. The Osage reservation is under quarantine because of the prevalence of small-pox, but notwithstanding this these Indians left the reservation without permission and came on to Washington to lobby for a measure they want Congress to pass.

The report started somewhere in the corridor and quickly spread through the Senate chamber that a band of Indians afflicted with small-pox were in the room of the Committee on Indian Affairs Sergeant-at-arms Ransdell called up Mr. Jones, the Indian Commissioner, by telephone, and inquired if the report were true that the Osage reservation is under quarantine. On being informed that such was the fact, and that the Indians were absent without leave, he had them summarily ejected from the Capitol.

The Indians were here in an effort to secure a partial distribution of the money on deposit to their credit in the Treasury. The amount they want distributed is $760 per capita, amounting in the total to a million and a quarter of dollars. The ground upon which the distribution is asked is that the Indians are in debt to the traders, which indebtedness they want to liquidate. Only a few of the Indians owe as much as $700 but as the fund is a common one, the ground is taken that the distribution should be equitable. —[Washington Post.

Over $500 has been collected for the monument to Sequoyah, the Indian chief, who gave the Cherokees a written language, and subscriptions are being received from all parts of the country.

THE SEMINOLES OF FLORIDA.

There is perhaps no more primitive Indian tribe, nor one more difficult to reach at the present day, than that pathetic remnant of the once proud Seminoles who dwell in the remotest Everglades of sunny Florida. Two interesting and sympathetic books have been written about them, from which we may glean a fair idea of their past history and present condition.

"Red Patriots," by Charles H. Coe, (Washington D. C. $1.00) is largely devoted to an account of the early wars and famous men of the tribe.

Foremost among these was Osceola, the "Rising Sun," of whom we are told that he was born on the Chattahoochee river, in Georgia, in the year 1804. It has been supposed that he was the son of an Indian trader named Powell, but this is disputed by Catlin and other high authorities. The fine picture of him which serves as frontispiece is from Catlin's well-known portrait, now in the Smithsonian Institute at Washington.

He was of medium height, says Mr. Coe, with a superb figure and a graceful, elastic step. His black hair hung in tresses about his face, which was rendered attractive by a high, full forehead, large, luminous eyes, and a small, well-shaped mouth expressing indomitable firmness.

Army officers often spoke of Osceola's voice as being remarkably clear, shrill and far-reaching. In battle he was heard above all others, and the dreaded Seminole war-cry, "yo-ho-e-hee," sounded from his lips, left a lasting impression on the memory of those who heard it

Osceola evinced great pride of character, joined with no small share of self-esteem and vanity. He dressed with care and neatness, and decorated his person with a number of ornaments, among which was an ever-present plume of black and white ostrich feathers. In his intercourse with strangers he was reserved, but with those whom he believed to be his friends he often talked freely. He visited the fort frequently, and his services were always at the command of the officers to suppress the depredations of those lawless Indians who would sometimes cross the frontier to plunder. Facts like these clearly prove that Osceola was desirous of dealing justly with the whites, and wished to live on friendly terms with them Here is an example of his eloquence in a petition sent to the President soon after the cession of Florida to the United States:

"The Americans live in towns, where many thousand people busy themselves within a small space of ground; but the Seminole is of a wild and scattered race; he swims the streams and leaps over the logs of the wide forest in pursuit of game, and is like the whooping crane that makes its nest at night far from the spot where it dashed the dew from the grass and flower in the morning. A hundred summers have seen the Seminole warrior reposing undisturbed under the shade of his live-oak, and the suns of a hundred winters have risen on his ardent pursuit of the buck and the bear, with none to question his bounds or dispute his range."

Of the capture of Osceola under flag of truce in 1837, the author says:

It is related that Osceola refused to join certain of his companions, who, as will be seen, succeeded in making their escape from Fort Marion. When questioned about this by one of the men who guarded his room, the chief proudly replied:

"I have done nothing to be ashamed of; it is for those to feel shame who entrapped me."

If the painter of the world-famed picture, "Christ before Pilate" should seek in American history a subject worthy of his brush, we would commend to him, "Osceola before General Jesup": Osceola, the despised Seminole, a captive and in chains,—Jesup, in all the pomp and circumstance of an American major-general; Osceola, who had "done nothing to be ashamed of," calmly confronting his captor, who cowers under the steady gaze of a brave and honorable man!

He died in captivity, heart-broken, at the age of thirty-three, and "smiled away his last breath without a struggle," clad in his full-dress regalia.

"The close walls shrunk away—
Above was the starless sky,
And the lakes with their floating isles of flowers
Spread glistening to his eye—"

So has the poet sung the death-bed of one whose

—"features were clothed with a warrior's pride.
And he moved with a monarch's tread."

After this we have a story of alternate violence and deceptive promises, until finally the greater part of the Indians have been removed, by force or fraud, to the Indian Territory. Speaking of the close of the Seminole war, a writer of that day truly says:

"There is not to be found on the page of history, in any country, an instance of a scattered remnant of a tribe, so few in number, defending themselves against the assaults of a numerous and disciplined army, with the same heroism and triumphant results as the Seminoles in resisting the American troops."

In the negotiations for the removal of the Seminoles from Florida, it was agreed that they should receive a tract of land for their separate use. This was demanded by them, and it operated more effectually toward their final peaceable removal than any other inducements held forth. This pledge was violated, and they not only found themselves without a home they could call their own, but with no means of subsistence except the promise of the United States Government to supply them with rations for one year! Some of them emigrated to Mexico, but were obliged to return. Finally, in the year 1881, the Creeks were induced to sell to the Seminoles 175,000 acres.

The second part of the book treats of the remnant in Florida—"the little band whom neither military force could compel, nor bogus treaties persuade to leave their birth-place and the graves of their fathers." Every subsequent outbreak of hostilities is directly traced to unfair dealing on the part of the whites.

Up to the year 1880, when a representative of the Bureau of Ethnology made his way to the camps, very little was known of this secluded people. The Indians were found to be industrious in their way, and self-supporting, and their numbers were undoubtedly increasing They had made clearings on which they raised corn, sweet potatoes, pumpkins, melons, bananas, oranges and some sugar-cane They also kept cattle and hogs and a few ponies. Mr. McCauley bore high testimony to the honesty and truthfulness of these Indians.

In the same year in which the McCauley report was issued, (1884) Congress appropriated $6,000 "to enable the Seminoles in Florida to obtain homesteads upon the public lands of Florida and to establish themselves thereon." An agent was afterward appointed to visit the Indians and induce them to take advantage of the act. The agent found a number who were willing to take homesteads under its provisions. Many of them had valuable clearings upon which they had been living for years, and to which they desired to obtain "a white man's title." But when inquiry was made at the land office in Florida, it was learned that no public lands could be found on which to locate the Indians, and that the lands they were occupying at that time were owned by the State or by Improvement Companies. Nothing, therefore, was accomplished and the agent was recalled. The same thing happened in several subsequent years.

In 1891, Mrs. A. S. Quinton of the Women's National Indian Association made a visit to these neglected people and selected a location for a mission, which was conducted for some years by Dr. J. E. Brecht, afterward Government agent at the same point. Bishop Grey of Florida, (Protestant Episcopal,) to whom this mission was transferred, now has oversight of their religious and school work.

A Society of Friends of the Seminoles was organized in Florida last year, for the special purpose of raising funds with which to purchase homes for these people. It would be heartless in the extreme, says Mr Coe, to remove these worthy native Americans from the genial land of their birth, for which their ancestors fought with such patriotism and dogged determination. A large majority of the residents of Florida, and most of her newspapers, are undoubtedly opposed to the removal of the Indians.

At the same time, as shown by the last report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, the U. S. Government has made a small appropriation for this purpose, and some thousands of acres have already been purchased. The Commissioner also reports that the plan of establishing a government school for their children has been abandoned, saying on this point:

"These people are fine types of the Indian, but their real and fancied wrongs have so embittered them against governmental assistance that the inspector thinks a different course must be taken in dealing with them." What this course should be he does not undertake to say

"The Seminoles of Florida." (1 00) was written by Mrs. Minnie Moore Willson, of Kissimee, Florida, who has lived for many years in their vicinity and is their enthusiastic and affectionate friend. This little volume is illustrated with many photographs and includes a considerable vocabulary of the Seminole language.

To-day, says Mrs. Willson, the Seminoles of Florida are a beggared and spectral type of a once powerful race. Secure in the mysterious marshes, they present an eloquent picture of a helpless wandering tribe. At the close of the war a few Indians refused to submit to banishment, and concealing themselves in the fastnesses of the Everglades, made their removal an impossibility. This part of the tribe, according to their tradition, belonged originally to the Aztec race, and for this reason they claim a pre-eminence over all the aborigines of America.

The innate dislike of the Seminole toward strangers is his hardest prejudice to overcome; yet the person who is fortunate enough to reach their hunting grounds, secure their confidence, observe their weird home life and their untutored ways, meets with an attractive spectacle of romance and may study these aborigines in their primeval customs. For today, with the exception of the chiefs and a few of the venturesome warriors, they know nothing of the innovations of the last half century. The life of the Seminole has been without aid or instruction from the white man. In the natural course of evolution he has made some progress—he has not degenerated.

Of all the Seminoles, Tallahassee is the most friendly to the whites. This untutored Indian will welcome you to his wigwam, and with royal grace dispense the hospitalities at his command. The old chieftain in appearance is noble and intellectual, and there is that in his look and bearing which at once pronounces him something more than the mere leader of a savage tribe. While his silvered head marks the cycle of many years, in his attire of scarlet and white, embraced by the traditional brightly beaded sash, he exhibits a dignified and patriarchal bearing. His countenance, while indeed mellowed with the cares of three score years and ten, is kindly and shows a conquered spirit.

It is generally believed that the Seminoles are dying off and can last but a few years longer. On the contrary, they have large families of healthy children and the past ten years has shown a marked increase in their number. There were in the year 1859 only 112 Indians left in Florida. In 1880, by actual count, as reported by the Smithsonian Institute, the Seminoles of Florida numbered 208. According to data gotten from the Indians themselves, the tribe today numbers nearly six hundred.

Appearance and Dress.

In personal appearance many a Seminole brave might be taken as a type of physical excellence. He is bright copper in color, is over six feet in height, his carriage is self-reliant, deliberate and strong. His step has all the lightness and elasticity that nature and practice can combine to produce—as lithe and soft as the tread of a tiger. His features regular, his eyes jet black and vigilant, always on the alert; his nose is straight but slightly broadened; his mouth firm as a stoic's The hair is cut close to the head, except the traditional scalp-lock of his fathers, which is plaited and generally concealed under the large turban that adorns his head.

The dress of a Seminole chief consists of a tunic girded by a bright sash, and close-fitting leggings of deer skin, embellished with delicately cut thongs of the same material, that hang in graceful lines from the waist to the ankle, where they meet the moccasin. The moccasin is also made of deer-skin, and covers a foot shapely and smaller than that of the average white man. A picturesque feature of the dress is the turban. Oriental in its effect, it has become the emblem of the race. It is worn almost constantly, and is made impromptu from shawls or colossal handkerchiefs wrapped around and around the head and then secured in shape by the band, often made of beaten silver, which encircles the whole with brilliant effect. A belt of buckskin completes the costume. From this are suspended a hunting knife, a revolver, a pouch in which is carried the ammunition and small articles necessary for the chase.

The physique of the women will compare favorably with that of the men. Their dress is very simple, consisting of a straight, full skirt, made long enough to hide the feet, and a long-sleeved, loose-fitting waist, which fails to meet the waist band of the skirt by about two inches. A Seminole woman wears no head dress of any description. Neither do they wear the moccasins, at home or abroad, in winter or summer. They are always barefooted.

The Seminole at Home.

Today as we meet the Seminole at home, we find the wigwam made of palmetto leaves and the skins of wild animals; the floor of this structure is made of split logs and elevated about 2 feet above the ground. Here, surrounded by the gloom and weirdness of the Everglades, miles from white man's habitation, the baying of the alligator, the hooting of the great horned owl and the croaking of the heron are the only sounds to be heard. Truly the picture is one of melancholy and profound dreariness; but here we find the aborigines contented because they are out of the white man's power. Here they hold their councils; here around the camp fires the traditions of the old turbaned tribe are taught to the youths; here too they follow the customs of the race of one hundred years ago.

The government of the Seminoles is peculiar—it is remarkable—it is magnificent. There is no lying, no stealing, no murder; and yet apparently there is no restraining law. A more severely pure-minded people are not to be found on the globe. The women are above reproach. The Seminole girl who would unwisely bestow her affections would be killed out right by the squaws.

As the patient Seminole, with swelling heart, moves a little farther and yet a little farther, he goes not willingly, but with a sad heart and a slow step. Let us then deal kindly with the tribes we have dispossessed; whose removal to the swamps has made room for our own enlargement. In the persons of these descendants of a now disinherited race, who with shy, frightened faces still hide in the wilderness, we may yet atone in part for the tragedies of the past, by making Florida a free, safe and Christian home for this patient and long persecuted remnant of a once powerful Indian nation.

A romantic story was told in the New York Herald a few weeks since, of a young daughter of the Abenakis called Ahrwaneda, or "Sparkling Spring", and her long search for her white father, whom she finally discovered in the person of William Mills of Brooklyn. Ahrwaneda's photograph shows a very attractive Indian maiden in the native dress. She has found a home, so we are informed, with a sympathetic Brooklyn family.

(Continued from 2nd Page.)

ful. I am felling trees across the river to build a great dam, that when the rains come there will be a flood and Stone Boy will be destroyed."

Stone Boy struck the old beaver with his bow, killing her instantly, and then went home to complete his preparations, for now he knew that the war was to be universal, and the attack both by land and water.

His uncles had found, among them all, seven pieces of iron. One of these Stone Boy tossed into the air and it came down as a little circular iron house. The second, third, and fourth became, in like manner, iron houses covering the first The fifth piece descended as a high wall surrounding the house and the sixth and seventh became the outer walls. Thus was built an apparently impregnable stronghold.

Now all Stone Boy's uncles set to work to make arrows for him, and to bring in a supply of food for a long siege. His mother dried the meat and made many pairs of moccasins for his use for he was to defend the fortress alone. Sheaves of arrows and supplies of pounded meat were laid at intervals all around the tops of the high walls.

At last there came a day when the horizon was black with herds of buffaloes, and the earth trembled with the thunder of their hoofs. All the bears, wolves and other fierce creatures joined in the attack, while the air was filled with their savage cries. They flung themselves against the high walls, while the badgers and other burrowing creatures ceaselessly worked to undermine them. Stone Boy, standing alone upon the top of the outermost wall, aimed his arrows with such deadly effect that his enemies fell by thousands Again and again they retreated only to advance once more, and the fight was the longest and most fearful one ever known. Stone Boy, with his supernatural strength and weight, could not be dislodged from his position, and his walls would not give away Finally, when the dead were piled high about the unsurmountable barrier, all the animals gave up the struggle and retired in confusion

The uncles now rushed forth to secure fresh supplies of meat, while Stone Boy sat down to rest from his prodigious exertions. As he glanced upward he saw a dark cloud spreading over the face of the heavens. Now the arrows of the thunder birds were launched against him, and the rain fell in torrents. The beavers had dammed the rivers, and there was a great flood. The besieged all retreated into the innermost house, but the water poured through the burrows made by the badgers and gophers, and rose until Stone Boy's mother and his ten uncles were all drowned. Stone Boy himself could not be entirely destroyed, but he was overcome by his enemies and left half buried in the earth, condemned never to walk again, and there we find him to this day

From this story of a boyish and reckless young hero the Dakota youth learns not to use his strength wantonly, nor to destroy for mere amusement the lives of the creatures given him for use only.—[The Independent.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE BASIN.

Every American of us at the Silver Mines had turned out with the Mexican soldiery to help drive the Yaquis back to their hiding place in the mountains. It was a case of self-preservation with us. When the Yaqui was on a raid he made no difference between the property or scalp of an American and a Mexican. He owned the land before Cortes appeared. The process of weeding him out has been going on for two hundred years, but to-day he is still defiant. The remnant of a once powerful nation has been driven to hide away among the inaccessible mountains, but he will go on fighting until the last of his race has been slain. The Yaqui is a hater. He hates every other living man found on Mexican soil. Hating as he does he never takes a prisoner nor spares a victim. When the mines were first opened we tried to make peace with them. We thought it wiser to buy them off than to fight them. We sent them greeting and presents by three envoys. Two of the men they roasted at the stake. The ears of the third were cut off, the fingers of his right hand amputated, and he was sent back to us with the message:

"We will make peace with no man. Look out for yourselves!"

And so when the news came in that the Yaquis had taken the warpath and killed or driven off the men at the Soltalto mine above us We turned out with the 300 soldiers sent up to meet the war party and drive it back. A hundred years ago the Mexican Government gave orders that no Yaqui, whether man, woman or child, should be spared. A hundred years ago the Yaquis took a solemn oath to their dying chief that they would never bring a prisoner into camp. Our first capture took place within twenty-four hours of coming up to them. The Indians had come upon eight men who were freighting ore to the railroad. Two of the men had been killed out of hand, while the other six had taken refuge in a gully and were making a long fight of it. We came up in time to save only two of them, and lost half a dozen others in the hot fight which took place before the Yaquis would retreat. They left a dozen dead and three wounded. Two of the wounded were dispatched at once, but the third was saved for a time. He was a man in the prime of life and a warrior of prominence. The soldiers were eager to torture him but this the Colonel would not permit. The Indian had been wounded in the hip and he was placed with his back to a tree while the Colonel questioned him. He was defiant from first to last. He was a man absolutely without fear. Twice before the end came the Colonel put the muzzle of his revolver over the prisoner's heart with a threat to fire and the Yaqui only smiled in contempt. He was threatened with torture and menaced with knives, but his face betrayed only contempt. It was useless for us to beg for his life, but he must have seen the sympathy in our faces. Nevertheless, he lifted his hand to call our attention and said:

"Every man but a Yaqui is my enemy. Had we reached your mine before the alarm was given not one of you would have escaped."

As no information could be secured from him his execution was ordered. He knew what it meant when a file of soldiers drew up within ten feet of him, but there was a smile on his face. He looked around upon the rugged hills, up at the sky, and then held the bosom of his ragged shirt open for the volley. For three days we fought the Yaquis before we got them on the retreat. It was not enough, however, that we had saved the big mines and 500 almost defenceless people. Orders came to the Colonel to push on after the retreating Indians and hold them up if possible and exterminate them. We went with them to see the thing through, and because they had need of our Winchesters and our sharp shooting. Once among the mountains the soldiers could no longer move in a body. There was constant fighting, but the Indians were continually forced back. By and by they had reached the women and children and their stronghold, and the Mexican Colonel rubbed his hands and laughed and said:

"We have got them penned up at last, and not one shall escape. It is the best show we have had for half a century to exterminate them."

The stronghold of the Indians was a series of rifts and caves in the face of the mountain. There was but one path leading to it. That wound over a number of ridges and then dipped down into a basin which had a circumference of about half a mile. This basin was fifty feet lower than the caves. Its walls were from fifty to two hundred feet high and almost perpendicular. It was a gigantic cup sunk into the mountains, and looking down into it from a peak two miles away we could see that a path crossed it and led upward to the caves. All of us Americans had been fighting under our own leader, though energetically supporting the soldiery. Now for the first time a difference of opinion arose. The Colonel's plan was to advance the whole force into this basin when night fell, and taking cover behind the boulders lying thickly beneath the caves we should be ready at daylight to begin the work of extermination. While a portion of the troops kept up a fire to prevent the Yaquis from leaving their caves, another portion would collect fuel and smoke them to death. We were not averse to dealing the Indians a hard blow and one to be remembered, but we did not go in for the extermination of a thousand souls at once, more than half of whom were women and children. And, too, such of us as had served as soldiers feared that deep, dark basin as a death-trap. So did many of the rank and file of the soldiery, but it was not for them to say.

"Gentlemen, you are not under my command," said the Colonel, as he rubbed his hands and smiled, "and you will therefore decide for yourselves. When darkness comes my command will march down into the basin. For fifteen years I have been hunting the Yaquis. For fifteen years I have been hoping for just this chance. There are hundreds of them over there, but not one shall see to morrow's sun go down."

They could not charge us with cowardice, but when our decision not to support them in a massacre was made known there were smiles and expressions of contempt. There was every show that the Indians might work around during the night and cut off the force in the basin by seizing the path. We agreed to prevent any such movement by remaining where we were.

An hour after dark the soldiers left us and went marching in single file down into the basin. A few gave us good night as they passed, but most of them were sullenly silent. There were just 231 of them by count, and they left a score of pack mules behind in our charge. I do not believe the first man had yet descended into the basin when we suddenly caught sight of a signal fire to the right. In a couple of minutes this was answered from the center and the left. The Yaquis were not to be surprised. During the next hour the whole side of the mountain showed signals at intervals, and then there was an interval of three hours, during which there was not a light to be seen. We were on the alert for any movement in our direction, but none were made. At midnight, from the center of the mountain, a signal fire suddenly blazed out. It did not last more than a minute, and was followed by a noise none of us could make out. It was like the roaring of a gale in a narrow gorge of the mountains, and we had been listening to it for perhaps ten minutes, when from the dark basin beneath us arose such a cry as few men ever heard. It was a long-drawn scream of terror, in which hundreds of voices were blended. It lasted thirty seconds and then all became still again.

'In the name of God, but what can it be?" asked one man of his comrade, but no one could answer. Down there in the midnight blackness some terrible tragedy was being enacted, but we must wait for daylight to solve it. The roaring, rushing sound came to us after the scream died away, but more softly than at first. From that hour till dawn came there was no signaling, no noise, nothing to prove that there was life in the mountains beyond our little band The peaks of the mountains stood out first. Then we followed the dawn down till our eyes rested on the caves. In front of them were hundreds of people, but they were standing quiet and peering down into the basin. In another minute daylight had crept down there, and we looked and cried aloud in horror. The bottom of the basin, as we saw it the evening before, had been covered with shrubs and grass. It was a basin still, but the bottom was hidden under ten—twenty—thirty feet of water. There was no outlet, and we could see the waters rushing and whirling round and round as if to find one And borne on the rush were the bodies of the dead—of the 231 men who had left us a few hours before. Not one had escaped. High up on their side of the mountain the Yaquis had dammed spring or rivulet and stored up the waters for just such an emergency. At midnight they had let the flood loose, and it came tearing down at lightning speed to overwhelm the enemy, caught like rats in a trap As we turned away in our horror to make our way down the mountain the Yaquis raised their voices in one long shout of exultation and then were silent. They had reaped their vengeance and were satisfied to let us depart in peace.—[Phila. Press.

Comments on the Band.

Hard to Surpass.

The performances of the Carlisle Indian Band at Keith's Theatre are certainly one of the most interesting features of this week's entertainments. It is worth noting that these young men, who play so well, make no claim whatever to being trained musicians, and it is doubtful if more than two or three of them, at the most, will follow a musician's career. At least one of them is one of the school's best football players; very likely his ambition lies in quite another direction from music. A band of this size, made up of the students even of one of the large universities, would have hard work to surpass the performance of these young Indians. Their appearance was certainly remarkably fine and dignified, and marked with the native grace and reserve of manner and conduct which is characteristic of their race.—[Boston Transcript.

Aroused Genuine Enthusiasm.

Genuine enthusiasm was aroused by the United States Indian band of Carlisle, Pa , in Carnegie Hall tonight. A large audience greeted the reservation musicians, and they were forced to respond to repeated encores.—[Boston Herald.

A Unique Entertainment.

There can be no more remarkable entertainment than that given yesterday afternoon at Association Hall by the Carlisle Indian School band. Other bands have played in this city but none ever made such an impression on those who heard it as did this band of young Indians. It would have been a grand musical feast aside from the many special features, but with these features it stands alone as an extraordinary and unique entertainment.

The band is composed of young men, and it may be strictly in order to say that all of these young men are Americans—there can be no doubt about that. It is the only American band in existence and it is a musical organization of which the nation may well feel proud.

The music rendered yesterday afternoon compared favorably with that rendered by Sousa, Banda Rossa and the other high-class bands.

It has been a long time since any musical organization received such an ovation as was given to these Indian boys yesterday.

The wonder of the whole thing is how all of these young men—and some of them are but boys—have been taught to play such music. Every member of the band is an Indian, and the leader is also a full blooded Indian. His work in teaching the players is wonderful. The time and execution of every selection is perfect.

—[Trenton Times.

Skill, Spirit and Enthusiasm.

Reports as to the band's performance ran rather high in praise; and many who sat among the audience were rather dubious before the concert as to the reality, finding it hard to believe that a lot of young Indians would be able to play well enough on those wooden and brass intruments to produce anything but inharmonious sounds that would give a man a painful attack of earache.

However, the band had not been over-eulogized. The first selection showed at once the fine quality of the instruments, in excellent tune, and revealed skill, spirit and enthusiasm. The Carlisle Band's training must have been of a very superior sort to have resulted in such enjoyable ensemble work. Dennison Wheelock, an Oneida Indian, is the musical director and he conducts with striking grace.

There are many among them who are, of course, emphatically Indian in countenance, and would not take a prize in a beauty show. There was Bruce, for instance, a Sioux, who shone as euphonium soloist of the band; he was not much on looks, but he did things with that peculiar-shaped and powerful-voiced organ of brass.

The operatic selections, notably airs from "Faust," and the scene from "The Huguenots," were finely played; a band of educated palefaces would be satisfied to do as well.—[Yonkers (N. Y.) Statesman.

Book Review.

The poetry and romance of the Indian nature is better understood by no one than by Miss Alice Fletcher, who so skilfully interprets it as to render it in a measure intelligible to the general reader. This attractive little book* took its rise in an incident of the Trans-Mississippi Exposition at Omaha, where a party of Omaha Indians sang their native melodies to an audience largely composed of trained musicians, leading to the suggestion that the public might well share with the student in the light thus shed upon the history of music.

We have here thirty typical songs in many different keys—religious, satirical, descriptive, victorious or tender: and with each one the music and words, if words there be—is given its "matrix of story"—an account of the incident or ceremony which gave it birth. The stories are close translations, but the melodies are exactly as sung by the Indians, with a simple harmonic accompaniment.

Miss Fletcher has the tact and sympathy to draw out the far from obvious meaning of the native bard, and without idealizing or even modifying it in any marked degree, she makes it possible for the alien and unaccustomed mind to grasp something of its fascination. The human interest is emphasized, while the elusive quality of wildness and simplicity is not lost.

A typical illustration of the author's method is found in this Story and Song of the Mother's Vow.

It was a warm day of early spring on the Upper Missouri, when the subtle joy of awakening life stirs the blood and rouses the fancy. The brown outline of the bare trees was already broken by little leaves that were shaking themselves in the bright sunlight. Flowers were peering through the vivid greenof the freshly sprung grass; the birds had come, and the silence of the year had passed.

It was a day to enjoy out-door life—to indulge in hope and happy thoughts. The sky was so blue between the rolling white clouds that one forgot they could ever become portentous of storm. The tents of the Indians, dotted along the banks of the stream, stood like tall white flowers among the trees. Women and children were chatting and calling to each other. Men moved sedately about, buisy with preparations for the coming summer days. Young men and maidens were thinking of each other; for the morning song of the lover had been heard, and the signal flash of the mirror had revealed his watching-place to the dark-eyed girl demurely drawing water for the household in the early dawn.

All at once I became aware that the brightness of the day was overshadowed; a greyish hue, that rapidly deepened, pervaded the scene. Suddenly the wind came over the hills, the birds darted about, and the sound of thunder was heard. Everything was seeking a shelter; and as I turned in haste, hoping to reach the nearest tent, I saw an old woman emerge from a lodge and in the face of the storm begin to climb the hill, down which the wind swept, laying low the grass and whipping the heads of the flowers.

Seemingly unmindful of the storm, on the woman went, her scant garments flapping, and her hair, seamed with grey, tossing about her wrinkled face. The lightning flashed around her, and the thunder echoed among the hills as she reached the top. There she stopped and stood, a silhouette against the surging clouds, her hands uplifted, her head thrown back; and between the thunder peals I heard her voice ring out loud and clear in a song,—a song, I doubted not that carried a message to the mighty storm, in which to her the gods were present.

In the early part of the century a Dakota woman fasted and prayed, and thunder came to her in a vision. To the gods she promised to give her first-born child.

*(Indian Story and Song. By Alice C. Fletcher. Small, Maynard and Co., $1.25.)

When she became a mother, she forgot in her joy that the life of the little one did not belong to her; nor did she recall her fateful vow until one bright spring day, when the clouds gathered and she heard the roll of the thunder—a sound which summoned all persons consecrated to this god to bring their offerings and to pay their vows. Then she remembered what she had promised: but her heart forbade her to lay the infant, which was smiling in her arms, upon the cloud swept hill-top. She pressed the baby to her breast, and waited in silence the passing of the god in the storm.

The following spring, when the first thunder pealed, she did not forget her vow; but she could not gather strength to fulfil it.

Another year passed, and again the thunder sounded. Taking the toddling child by the hand, the mother climbed the hill; and when the top was reached, she placed it on the ground and fled. But the boy scrambled up and ran after her, and his frightened cry stayed her feet. He caught her garments and clung to them; and, although the thunder called, she could not obey. Her vow had been made before she knew the strength of a mother's love Gathering the boy in her arms, she hid herself and him from the presence of the god.

One day, as the little one played beside a rippling brook, laughing and singing in his glee, suddenly the clouds gathered, the flashing lightning and the crashing thunder sent beasts and birds to cover, and drove the mother out to find her child. She heard his voice above the fury of the storm, calling to her, and as she neared the brook, a vivid flash blinded her eyes For a moment she was stunned; but, recovering, she pushed on, only to be appalled by the sight that met her gaze. Her boy lay dead. The thunder god had claimed his own.

No other children came to lighten the sorrow of the lonely woman; and every spring, when the first thunder sounded, and whenever the storm swept the land, this stricken woman climbed the hills, and there standing alone, facing the black rolling clouds, she sang her song of sorrow and of fealty.

The words of the song are addressed to the god; but the music, in its swaying rhythm, suggests the mother's memory of the days when she soothed her little child.

The following is a free translation of the Indian words:—

Behold! On their mighty pinions flying
They come, the gods come once more
Sweeping o'er the land,
Sounding their call to me. to me their own.
Wakinyan!* Ye on mighty pinions flying,
Look on me here, me your own,
Thinking on my vow.
As ye return once more, Wakinyan!

*Dakota term for the thunder bird.

Dramatic as this is, it is no more so then many others, notably the Story and Song of the Deathless Voice; and equally touching in its simplicity is the Omaha Tribal Prayer;

"Wakonda, here needy he stands, and I am he!"

and the Omaha funeral song, so light and joyous, which was addressed to the spirit of the dead, "to cheer him as he went forth, forced by death to leave all who were dear to him."

In Indian story and song, says Miss Fletcher, we come upon a time when poetry is not yet differentiated from story, and story not yet set free from song. We note that the song clasps the story as a part of its being, and that the story itself is not fully told without the cadence of the song . . . The brevity of Indian songs at once arrests attention. They begin without introduction, almost abruptly, breaking out upon us as though surcharged. This peculiarity arises from the relation of the song to the story. The story is founded upon a dramatic circumstance, in which at some point the emotion is forced to find a means of expression beyond the words alone; and the song is the result.

.....Many Indian songs have no words at all, vocables only being used to float the voice. In songs where words are employed, we also find vocables, which are in accord with the spirit of the song, used to make the words conform to the musical phrase. We also note a desire for rhyming, since vocables similar in sound frequently occur at the end of each musical phrase.

The art of poetry is here in its infancy, giving even less sign of its future development than music. Notwithstanding, we find that words were chosen for their descriptive power, and that they were made rhythmical to fit the melody. Like the swelling buds on the bare branch that hint the approach of summer's wealth, so these little vocables and rhythmic devices whisper the coming of the poets.

Surely no one who loves to come near to nature should fail of reading and hearing these spontaneous songs of feeling, which possess so much of elemental charm.

A NATIONAL SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

The Etude, a musical magazine published in Philadelphia, has this to say apropos of Miss Fletcher's "Indian Story and Song."

This book can be of vital importance and incentive to the American composer of today, offering, as it does, an almost unlimited means of enlarging upon his musical ideas and turning his thoughts into a channel in every way worthy of his greatest consideration.

The bearing that Indian music must and undoubtedly will have on American folk-song in the rising colony of our composers cannot be over-estimated. Until the American people become a distinct and individual nation, no national music as today is German or French or Italian national music, can result. Just as the music of the Latin races is the gradual outgrowth of Greek and Roman mythology, or the music of the Saxon races has emanated from the northern sagas, just so will, in all probability, the music of America owe its real germ, in the future, to the legends and fugitive folk-song of the aborigines of the Western hemisphere.

The attempt of Anton Dvorak to found a national music upon the melodies of the Southern negro failed because the negro is not and never was the folk of America. The laudable opera of the "Scarlet Letter," by Walter Damrosch, cannot, for the same reason, herald a national school of opera, for the characters were descendants of the English, pure and simple. The national music of any country has come from the folk-song of its original inhabitants, and the undisputed reign of the red man gives him the prestige, for he lived, fought and died hundreds of years before the whites even knew of the existence of America. That there is abundant romance contained in the lore of the North American Indian goes without saying, and from them, their legends and songs, should our composers draw their ideas and earnestly seek to clothe them with the fruits of their experience.

THE ALASKAN TOTEM.

The totem poles of Alaska originated with the Hydahs and are only found with them and those who claim relationship to them West of Yakutat Bay no totem poles are found. Here is found another race of people who differ from the Thlinkets and Hydahs as much as the Slav differs from the Teuton. The story that the totem poles tell is even now hard to interpret. Their makers and their descendants in most instances have passed to the great beyond. The books that were intended accurately to tell their history still remain. But where is the man who is wise enough to read them? It is true that now no two Alaskans will read a totem pole alike. The true history of the Western continent must ever remain a mystery to mankind.

There are three kinds of totem poles: (1) the family totem, generally erected in front of houses, giving a history of the family; (2) the death totem, in which are placed the ashes of the dead, and (3) the historical totem, erected to tell about any remarkable happening. The historical totem, especially, is found all along the coast of Southeastern Alaska. In order to fully understand these poles it must be borne in mind that the Hydahs were divided into three clases: The nobles, the free common people and the slaves. Slaves were never allowed to erect totem poles in front of their houses, as it was not considered necessary for their family history to be known. The Hydahs are divided into two tribes, each of which has a ruler The chief totem of one is the eagle and of the other the raven. These tribes again are sub-divided into families, and each family has a totem to mark it from the others, such as a bear, beaver, frog, wolf, whale or some other animal When a child arrived at the age of five years the family totem was tattooed upon it. This was usually done either upon the breast or legs. Sometimes the tattooing was not done until the child became older. When the child grew up, if he had, say a seal tattooed upon him, he belonged to the seal family and could marry no one with the same totem no matter how distant the relationship might be. When a man and woman were married, and set up a home for themselves, a family totem pole was erected in front of their house so that all could read their family history and know who they were. First came the totem of the wife, then that of the husband, and then their relatives. Thus on a family totem pole may be seen first a raven, then an eagle, followed by a bear, a wolf, a frog, etc.

When a Hydah died his body was cremated and his ashes carefully placed in a hole in the back of what is known as the death totem, and then carefully covered up. Upon this pole were carved the totems of the deceased, and it was then placed upon some small uninhabited island. These poles are now exceedingly rare.—[Selected.

HORACE SPEED'S WAY OUT.

Horace Speed, United States district attorney, intends to take action regarding the development of the Indian reservations. Says he: "I shall favor opening these reservations to the small farmer, instead of keeping them locked up for a few persons who control thousands of acres for cattle raising, in spite of the fact that every acre should be producing annually its crop of corn, wheat, cotton and other agricultural products. These reservations are as fertile and productive as any part of Oklahoma Where there is nothing except cattle trails and a few houses there should be good roads and bridges, a heavy rural population, good schools and churches and a proper enforcement of the law. There are thousands of industrious farmers ready and anxious to develope these grass grown lands, to build up surrounding towns and to make permanent improvements.

"Take the Osage Indian reservation as an example. Finer land cannot be found in the southwest, yet after years of occupancy by the Indians, traders and herds of cattle the reservation is still practically undeveloped. Acting under instructions from the Indian department, the agent should divide these lands among the Indians, giving to each the right to lease his portion to a farmer. These leases could be executed under the guidance of the agent and the Indian protected from schemers. I should like to see the leases made for a period of five years, certainly not less than three years, the idea being to give as much permanency as possible to the improvements. The leases should provide for sufficient improvements by the lessees to make the leased lands good farms. There should be a further provision that if the lessee did not renew at the termination of his lease he should be paid a fair price for his improvements, the amount to be determined by a board of appraisers.

"The lease money should go to the individual Indian, and I think that the revenue thus derived would soon overcome any prejudice of the Indians against such an occupancy of their lands. This plan would soon bring in railroads and better social conditions. The development would be so rapid that the isolated, the lazy Indian would find himself in the midst of thrift and industry, and actual conditions would come nearer solving the Indian problem than all the theoretical doctrines that could be expounded.

The adoption of this policy in the Indian territory would make that vast expanse of rich farming land a new country in a few years. The white farmer, not the Indian politician, would dominate, and the home builder and the town builder would take the place of indolence and retrogression."—[Kansas City Star.