

# Weekly Chemawa American.

CHEMAWA, OREGON,

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## To the Student of Chemawa.

Life is labor care and sorrow  
Seem to darken every hope  
O may each sun that brings the morrow  
Brighten all the path before us.  
The many tasks that lie before us,  
Like great mountains rising high;  
We can prove to be but foot hills,  
And surmount them if we try.  
We must labor so that even,  
Finds us with our duties done;  
Storms that gather thick to destroy us,  
Will be scattered by the sun.  
Then let us work for day is fading,  
Swiftly pass our hours away;  
All our tasks must be completed,  
Before we pass to endless day,  
Up then school mates on to battle,  
Swiftly pass the hours but yet  
There is time for us to conquer  
Ere the golden sun shall set,  
When at last our tasks are over,  
And our work on earth is done;  
May we be among the saved ones,  
Those who strove and won the crown.

A. T. Gillis

## Wonderful Old Man.

Pierre Laverdue, a French and Indian half breed of Lewistown, has a remarkable history. Born in the year of Washington's second inauguration, he has lived three centuries—the greatest period of history. He fought in the war of 1812. He tramped the wild prairies of the west two generations before the white settlers knew of their existence; he was an oldman when gold was first found in California. He has trapped wild game without end, in the days when no one but the Indian or the hardy half-breed French ventured beyond the great Mississippi. He has seen the countless herds of buffalo dwindle down to scattering heaps of bleaching bones. He

has traveled to the far north where ice is cut in the summer time, and followed the migratory buffalo to the Rio Grande. All this in one life time.

Laverdue was born in North Dakota (settling in Montana in 1876. He comes of long lived stock, his father reached the age of 112 years, and his mother 120. He is tall and straight, and even at his great age is restless and longs for the wild life of his youth. In a recent blizzard he wandered away and was found barely in time to save his life. He fought in the Riel rebellion in 1881 and tried to enlist in the Spanish-American war. It has been a life of adventure or hardships, of triumphs; a type of life fast dying out. No race ever equalled the hardy French voyagers, of which he is one, in exploring the wilderness and living on excitement as the fine wine of life.

Mr. Laverdue is one of the best specimens of that remarkable people.

Every day that a reservation Indian can be placed in contact with right civilization is a great advantage to him and to the country, because what he can learn through his EYES destroys doubt.

[Ex.

## Gems of Thought.

He who has resolved to conquer or die is seldom conquered; such noble despair perishes with difficulty.

Cheerfulness is the rubber tire on life's vehicle. It breaks the jolt whenever prudence and industry have been unable to remove the stones from the road.

Did it ever occur to you, when you spoke harshly to an inferior, that the wheel of fortune could reverse your position.

Half the misery in the world comes of want of courage to speak and hear the truth plainly, and in a spirit of love.

—[Ex.