

An Indian Here.

It was hot. We were thirsty and tired; even the ears of our donkeys hung flapping about their faces as we slowly scuffled along through the dust of an Arizona desert toward a Zuni Indian pueblo. We could see it in the far distance, a black square hill outlined against the horizon.

Soon we came to little patches of potatoes, watermelons, beans, onions, cantaloupes—in fact, all sorts of garden truck. After having filled several buckets off "surveyor's stores," tinned stuffs and smoked meats, we were glad to see the gardens.

A queer village it was—just one great house, looking for all the world like a lump of mud on the end of a shingle. It was four stories high, with not a window pane in any one of its three hundred rooms.

The Zuni Indians made us welcome and brought jars of water to us for washing, drinking and cooking purposes. And water is the most precious thing in that region for hundreds of miles.

As soon as we had rested a little while we started to look about, and almost the first person we met was a young Indian dressed in uniform—not quite a soldier's uniform, but very much like it. We approached each other and, after saluting, he addressed us in faultless English, making us welcome to Zuni, hoping we would find it convenient to stay a long time, and asked us to make his home our headquarters while we were in that vicinity.

In traveling this wide world over, I have never come across a braver man than that Indian. Amid poverty, squalor, and lack, he was living the life of a Christian gentleman among his people; unadorned of his life or theirs; doing all he could with skill and tact to bring them to better things, both in their methods of work and in their spiritual life. He was a graduate of the Indian school at Carlisle, Pennsylvania. He loved his people with a surpassing love. They were poor, ignorant, superstitious. He had a

Navajo rug on the floor, brass bedstead, books, pictures, bric-a-brac, a guitar, a sewing machine, chairs and table. His days were spent in the fields, teaching his people how to cultivate their soil in the best way, how to breed sheep, how to work in the wood and wool and iron, and, as he had opportunity, he read to them from the Bible and other good books—all the while himself living the higher life. It was slow, discouraging work; the customs of centuries cannot easily be altered.

It takes a barber man to live a life of that kind than it does to face a cannon, and when the victory is won for the right, as it surely will be, it is victory of peace, which always counts for more than the bloody victories of war.—Wellspring.

Indian Orphan Asylum.

It will surprise many people outside of the state of New York, and possibly some residents, to learn of the existence of the Thomas Asylum for Orphan and Destitute Indian Children which is supported by the state. We gather the facts concerning it from the reports of the State Charities Aid Association, kindly furnished us by the Secretary, Miss Mary Vica Clark, and also from personal notes of Miss Clark, written after official visits to the institution.

The Thomas Asylum is situated on the Cattaraugus Reservation near Versailles. It was established in 1845 by the Society of Friends as a day school, and received state aid from 1855 to 1875. In the latter year it was re-organized and became a state institution. The school plant consists of 100 acres of land and quite a group of buildings, most of them having been built in the last few years, brick structures replacing old wooden ones. For instance, there is an administration building costing \$25,000, a dining hall and amusement building costing \$23,000, besides the dormitories which cost \$10,000 apiece, the school building, costing \$11,000, etc.

The children come from all seven reservations in the state and range in age from