

to the finish. We saw an old Indian approach a broker with a good \$5 blanket, on which he was offered 50 cents. The Indian refused and the broker turning to us, remarked: "Too soon, I tinks I get plenty of blankets last of de' week." Doubtless this was the case. These human vampires get the Indian's blanket and the rumsellers get his last dollar—and this gathering is called a 'fair.'

"One respectable old Indian said to us; 'They have this little town, Toppenish, on our reservation, and they have seven saloons, here. Our lands and our homes are here. We have no protection and they are just ruining us.' Just think of it! Seven saloons! Yes, seven saloons, but you poor, ignorant son of nature, you do not understand that these dens of vice are the business part of the city and are a necessary adjunct to its financial prosperity. The one church of the town is located out in the suburbs and there the righteous may gather at will.

"The complaint of the old Indian is ungenerous. What is an Indian for, if not for the white man to fleece? And after hop-picking when the Indian has a little 'chickamin' and is likely to get away with it, what serves better to hold him until he can be 'fleeced' than a 'fair'? What odds if, penniless, he does have to travel a hundred miles or more to a squalid home, or if his wife and little ones suffer with cold and hunger? The business man—the builder of cities in desert places—can ease his vulgarized conscience reflecting, 'Darn him, he's only an Indian.'—Portland Journal.

MR. SWABODA'S LECTURE.

Mr. Swaboda delivered an interesting lecture on harness making Monday even-

ing. He displayed a neat bridle, the make of Seymour Goudy, and explained the construction of it. He demonstrated in a remarkably clear manner how the different parts are put together, giving the names and sizes of each piece.

He called particular attention to the care of harness, telling how many people purchase a set for a large price, and on removing them from horses, throw them in a fence corner, and never grease nor oil them, causing the leather to decay and check. The buyer blames the dealer or harness maker for handling a poor grade. An application of oil and a peg or nail in the barn or other place where the sun and rain will not take effect on the harness will prevent the leather from decaying and save the buyer many dollars.

He spoke of simple things connected with the care of the collar and how to prevent it from breaking at the throat. Buckle the collar on hanging it up and the weight of the shoulder part will not cause the throat to break.

APROPOS OF THANKSGIVING.

Without any suggestion from the teacher the following were the answers of the pupils in the first grade, to the question "What are you thankful for?"

Answer:

"I got a big dolly."

"For my meals."

"To be learning to read."

"For the train."

"For my clothes."

"For Xmas."

"For my money."

"For good times."

"Thankful for my father."

"For my Sunday clothes."

"For mamma, papa and God."

"For my teacher."

"For everything."

"For turkey."

"For the big meal."

"For base ball."

"For Xmas presents."

"For money."