

The Indian Nation.

An Indian with a slouched hat and a suit of butternut got aboard the train at Atoka. He had a clear eye and a fine, open face, as smooth as a girl's, although he told me he was 32 years old. When I asked him what he did for a living, he answered in as good English as you will hear in Boston:

"I farm it, sir, with a little stock."

"How many acres?"

"Twenty-five or thirty."

"Why don't you have more?"

"Don't want it. I can have as far as I can see over the prairie, ten miles square, but I don't want it. I have all I can eat and drink and wear. What do I want any more for?"

The man was fat and sleek, and with a little soap would have been handsome. He certainly seemed happy.

"Do you want the white man to come into the nation?" I continued.

"Oh! we don't care, if they pay us for the privilege."

"How much do they have to pay?"

"A mechanic or renter pays \$17 a year. A laborer or farm hand pays \$5. If they marry a squaw, they can stay for nothing, and own all the land they can see."

"But the Indians can give no title."

"No—no legal title that would stand in the white courts. But the Indians give the land away, and no one disturbs the owner."

"You sometimes rent land to the whites?"

"Yes. A white man can pay \$17 and come and rent a million of acres of the Indians, if he wants to."

"Will it always be so?"

"Certainly. The Indians own the country. We will always own it. If there is anything to be made out of it, we will make it. We will never consent to have the Government sell our lands to the whites. We cannot sell it ourselves, but we can always rent it, and live on the rent and let the white folks do the work."

Above McAlister, in the Indian Nation, I saw a big prairie which they call Ream's bottom. Mr. Ream has a ranch of perhaps 2,000 acres. He has good stock, lives in a log house, and is raising a family of half breeds.

"How came Mr. Ream here, and how did he get such a large farm?" I asked.

"Ream is a citizen, sir," they said. "He is Vinnie Ream's brother—Vinnie Ream, the sculptress, who married Lieut. Hoxie. Ream married a squaw—Choctaw squaw. He has all the rights of an Indian now. He can own all the land he wants."

I saw the squaw wife of Mr. Ream at the station. I could hardly tell her from a pure white woman. She wore a poke bonnet with flowers on it, and a stylish ulster. She talked and laughed, and joked with the white people, and was as sharp at repartee as the beautiful flirting Kentucky girls are. There are many educated squaws among the Cherokees, Creeks and Choctaws, like Mrs. Ream and they are being picked up by the whites every day.

At Atoka a Mr. Phillips is running a big store. Many picturesquely dressed Indians were sitting on their ponies around it. They did not have any scalping knives, but they all wore slough hats, with red and yellow feathers in them. As Mr. Phillips is a white man I asked him how he got his right to open a store. "Is he a citizen?"

"No. Phillips isn't a citizen, but his brother is. His brother married a squaw, and Phillips does business in the name of his brother. His brother protects him and claims ownership."

So you see, one white man can marry a squaw, making him a citizen and then protect a whole drove of brothers and sisters who wish to do business in the nation.—Muskegon (Indian Nation) Cor. Chicago Tribune.

Dressing for the Children.

"I am glad of a rainy day once in awhile," said Mrs. Lake, "especially when I have got some work I want to finish off, as we have to-day, Lucia. There will be no calling to-day, surely, so what is the use of your stopping to dress? Your husband is away for the week, and we can just take our ease in these morning dresses, and keep on sewing."

"The boys will be home at three o'clock," said her friend, taking down her wavy hair and proceeding to dress it in her accustomed graceful fashion. I will just remark to you that it was not done up in "bangs," or "frizzes," or snarls of any sort, but was arranged in rich, classic style, which gave her the appearance of the noble, beautiful matron she was.

"Dressing for your boys," exclaimed the other. "No wonder folks talk of the extravagance of the times, when mothers make such a parade just to meet their school boys at the tea-table, and practical Cousin Eunice snipped off a thread in a very energetic manner."

"It pays," said the mother quietly, as she took out a fresh pair of cuffs and slipped into them a pair of sleeve buttons Freddie had given her on her birthday. He had saved up the pennies to buy those garnet buttons, and he liked to see her wear them, as she did almost every afternoon, although she had prettier ones.

Cousin Eunice could dress up very richly on occasions, but for the bosom of her family she had a set of "old gears," as William said, which if they were useful were not ornamental. The children did not admire mother as they might in those dresses, though she was quite a good looking woman in good clothes.

"But Lucy, you can't afford to put on that pretty cambric suit, which it took such a time to iron. What is the use of inussing it this rainy day."

"I am not going out in the rain, and the duller it is out of doors, the more cheerful I like to have it in the house. The boys always liked this dress, and I like to see them pleased. Indeed, I think I care much more for the opinion of the folks under my own roof than I do for those away. I would rather be admired by my own boys than by an indifferent company in somebody's parlor. And Eunice, I think all these little things help us to keep our hold on our boys when they grow older. When they are just passing out of childhood into youth. I feel that they need a mother almost as much as when in the cradle. Indeed, another might give the baby food and clothing; but boys at their age need great motherly love and care to keep them from going wrong. Everything that draws them nearer to a mother, and makes them respect her more, is worth attention. My boys never think of a walk in the streets of an evening, but sometimes spend an hour at a friend's house, or ask a few boys here. Mother is importuned to join in any games or plays and very often takes a hand with them. Oh, it would be dreadful to me to feel that my little boys were slipping away from mother's influence and I hope never to know it, even when my head is gray."

It is such mothers who retain their hold of the children while life lasts, and who are mourned with heart-broken sincerity when they are removed. And the same guiding hand reaches out still through the mists of time, and helps to shape the child's destiny forever.—Sel.

"Oh, give me anything made of beans," exclaimed a Boston man taken sick in the west, when asked what he would have to eat. They obeyed his request; they gave him castor oil.

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Two Preachers.

The preacher stood in the pulpit, And spoke with large discourse Of reason and revelation, Nature and cosmic force.

He talked of the reign of order, Of scientific skill, And knowledge as the only key To find the heavenly will.

And I wondered at the doctrine, It seemed so strange and cold, And thought of saints that I had known Weary, and poor, and old.

For they nothing knew of science, Praying on bended knee And from ancient superstitions Were not altogether free.

Whilst lost in the maze of wisdom About the false and true, There came to my eyes a vision, Near as the nearest pew.

'Twas a vision dear and tender, The sweet face of a child, As weary with all the talking He lay asleep and smiled.

Nothing he cared for the preacher Who spoke of the law above, But in his face was innocence And words of truthful love.

I thought of a certain Teacher—The wise, the undefiled—Who saw the kingdom of heaven Within the heart of a child.

'Tis good to be strong and learned, Good to be wise and bold, But the best of everything that is, The preacher left untold.

—Christion Union.

—We find in the New York Tribune the following items of interest touching the higher education of women:

The two halls for female students at Oxford are both full and are increasing their accommodation. The best professors have been secured as lecturers.

Four ladies have just been admitted "with every mark of friendly approval" to the B. A. degree of London University at the annual presentation of degrees. At the meeting of Convocation next January, the question of admitting ladies of the requisite standing to its deliberations and to share in its functions will be discussed.

Steady and unobtrusive work is said to have marked the lives of girl students at Cambridge, England. They have strictly maintained among themselves a wholesome public opinion—none were idlers. The experiment has been in every particular successful. That the training is healthful is proved by the evidence of one of the chief physicians of Cambridge, who stated, in a recent public discussion on the subject, that he knew of no instance of harm to brain or body having occurred to any student who had distinguished herself in the University examinations, and that the chief evils caused to girls by the strain of mental work at home when combined with social requirements, were in his opinion avoided by residence at the University. The after lives of the graduates have shown that they received only good from their University training.

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