

FREDDIE'S EXPERIENCE AS AN ANARCHIST.

BY REV. J. T. CUMMINGS.

It had been a day of more than ordinary tribulations to Master Freddie. All day he had been in the wood with his friends Willie and Jamie. There were pleasant, enthusiastic and good-natured, who gladly acknowledged him as their authority in all matters pertaining to their games or excursions. But when a cruel fate called him to school or placed him under parental authority, he lost his royal hue and became absolutely funeral. The day concerning which I write had included in its category of crimes against impetuous boyhood a final examination at school, and the reading of a good-sized onion bed. To Master Freddie both history and onions were things to be despised; and to have them both brought to his notice in one day was just a little too much for his constitution.

If he had any wonder, therefore, that when he went to bed he dreamed. True, he ate a little larger share than usual of short-cakes for supper, but I will not be so foolish as to bring any charge against that delectable article of food as causing a boy's dreams. Shortcake and a boy's stomach were made for each other, just as the eye was made to enjoy the light. Anyway, he dreamed, and found himself in Nowatowin. He had been aroused by a funny apparition. It was a man, supposedly, but such a queer jumble. True, his features were quite like ordinary features, but they seemed to have used their own judgment as to location. There is no law but custom, that we know of, that makes the middle of the face the place for the nose; but custom has crystallized into a law, and that's where we want the nose every time. But this man's features were sensible to no law, and hence they disposed of themselves quite fantastically.

"Hello!" he said, the voice coming from somewhere no one could determine.

"Hello yourself!" answered Freddie. You see, he was a bit cross after all, because of that short-cake.

"You're the boy that had to go to school today and weed onion beds."

He didn't mean, of course, that Freddie weeded onion beds at school, but Freddie didn't care to quibble about forms of speech.

"I didn't have to if I didn't want to," said Freddie.

All boys are that way, short-cake or no short-cake. When they do a thing they do it because they choose to.

"Well, you thought it wouldn't pay not to, anyway."

"Oh, nothing, only I come from a place where we don't have to do anything we don't want to."

"Don't you have to go to school now weed gardens, nor anything, only what suits?" I didn't suppose there was any such place as that anywhere. It must be about perfect.

"It's pretty near that, but, of course, there are some drawbacks," said the voice. "But will you go on, and I'll tell you."

I would not be a true historian if I did not mention the struggle Freddie had right there with his conscience, but the temptation was too great, and he yielded.

"That's the kind of a fellow."

They passed through a beautiful country. The farms were neatly kept and regularly laid out, and handsome men and women were busy in the fields. There were carefully tended, and the white houses and red barns made a most pleasing contrast.

"Oh, but this is beautiful. Is this a part of Nowatowin?" asked Freddie.

"No much," said the voice. "You'll find out when you get there. These fellows do all of this for contrast. But they just make slaves of themselves."

It didn't take long for the country to change. There was first a large stretch of moor, and then—Nowatowin.

It was just too funny for anything, said Freddie thought. There wasn't a street in the whole region under a name. One could trace where streets were once laid out when it was known at Lawaburg, but since the new management things had all changed. For instance, Mr. Reacher had made up his mind that the best place for his store was to face a crossing, so he built right in the middle of the street. There was no law, so he could do as he pleased. Freddie saw a barn built right up against a very beautiful house, because the owner of the barn wanted just that spot and he took it. It is a pedestal was in a hurry he didn't wait to go around a house, but opened the door and went straight through. There was no law to prevent it.

All of this seemed very funny to Freddie. There were school houses, but the children could do as they pleased, so I leave my boyreaders to guess how many scholars the teachers had. The preachers didn't find Nowatowin very encouraging, either.

It was noon when Freddie arrived at Nowatowin, and he was raygously hungry. He ventured to remark something to that effect, so he went home with his guide. I will not attempt to describe that house. There being no law, of course housewives did as they pleased, and it happened to please his hostess not

to get any dinner that day. There being no law, she didn't have to be polite if she didn't want to be, and it so happened that it wasn't her polite day. The result was, Master Freddie continued to feel the gnawings of a hungry stomach, for we must remember that he was still a subject of laws, and one of those laws was that he had to have food if he was to feel comfortable. This state of affairs failed to possess any humorous side for our young hero.

But by-and-by he espied a restaurant, and he entered it. It was certainly a very tempting place. He saw a denizen of Nowatowin disposing of a splendid array of eatables, and was delighted to find that the whole bill of fare was served on a counter. So Freddie paid his money, being a stranger, and ordered a similar meal. But the waiter only brought a piece of dry bread.

"See here," Freddie exclaimed, "where's my dinner?"

"There it is," said the waiter.

"But I paid for the same kind of a dinner that gentleman had, and I want my money's worth."

"You forget that you are in Nowatowin, and we don't have to give you anything that doesn't suit us, and that piece of bread just suits us."

That was a bitter pill for Freddie to swallow, even if it was a bread pill. But Freddie was a boy that had been born in Nowatowin, and he knew of no other way to convince a boy that things aren't right than to make him uncertain about where he is to get his meals. The boy began to feel that the man, this is how it comes about that the law is a man's heart is about his stomach.

But Freddie had more money, and there were more restaurants in Nowatowin so he entered another and ordered a more elaborate dinner. He was seated at a table, and Freddie had just drawn his chair up and was smacking his lips over the prospect when three burly farmers who had been enjoying a little rest pulled up their chairs and began to help themselves to Freddie's dinner.

"See here!" he exclaimed, "that's my dinner, and you've no right to take it away from me."

"No right," said one. "Ha, ha! That's a good one, that's a good one. We don't know anything about rights here, and with that each helped himself so plentifully that Freddie was left with nothing but empty dishes to satisfy his stomach's craving."

"What can you pay for the dinner if you are going to eat it," said our hero.

That was easily said, but before Freddie was aware the proprietor was upon him and forced him to pay for the dinner he had ordered but had not eaten.

Going out into the street, he felt miserable enough. Of course, there being no law in the place, his guide was under no obligations to show him any attention, and was now busy attending to what pleased his fancy.

A beautiful watch and chain had been given Freddie the previous Christmas, and when he started out with his guide he had proudly put the watch in his pocket, and the chain was dangling from his wrist. Three big unruly boys, now met him.

"Say, Bill, see the gold chain," said one.

"It's not been anything but a rusty nail at the ocean," said Bill.

"Let's see," said the third.

Just how it would have ended I cannot say, for at that moment Freddie heard his brother Jack asking him what in the world was the matter with him, making him feel that he had been suddenly awakened and found himself in a great perplexity.

"Nothing's the matter with me," said Freddie, "except I had a bad dream."

"That comes of eating so much short-cake," said Jack, and soon all was silence again.

The next morning Freddie heard his father telling his mother that the little patch of green corn in his field was in need of hoeing, and she had to have to send a man up to hoe it. Freddie's father was a lawyer, but liked his own vegetables.

"I think I'll have plenty of time to hoe it after I come home from school," said Freddie, coming in from the sitting room. "I rather think I shall enjoy the work."

The father looked at the mother, and then Jack, who had awakened him in the night, spoke up and said in a dream in the night. I think it must have done him good. I would suggest another short-cake for supper."

And then Freddie told the whole story. Advance.

WASHING DAY.

"There's nothing I hate and despise it is washing day!" The disgruntled exclamation, with its strength of expression all of keeping with the everyday day matter in hand, was vented forth by a young girl of eighteen, who on coming late to breakfast on Monday morning, inhaled an odor from the kitchen which failed to impress her pleasantly.

"We kept the dining-room door carefully closed as long as we could," her mother replied, "but Mary could not wait any longer, so opened the boiler, and hence the odor of steaming clothes, which I confess is not appetizing."

breakfast and dinner, other than our one servant girl. I am afraid you never have thought what hard, toilsome work it is to stand over a wash tub, rubbing, rinsing and cleaning soiled clothes in the thorough way that our good Mary does. It all seems very commonplace to us, but I am sure you have not doubt, but do not start or look dismayed; I have been promising Mary for some months past that as soon as you left school she should have considerable pay, but I have been so busy that I have not had time to carry out my agreement. No one in this washday world can really afford to despise labor of any kind. It is true many of us are kindly spared having to engage in many of the more laborious kinds of work, but it went very strongly against all my old time ideas, as they may be, when I heard you just now speak in tones of repulsion of what must of necessity be a part of every woman's life in the household. After you have kindly aided Mary for awhile on washing day, as I know you will willingly, brought to see why it is a simple duty, you will see that it is a very essential odor of suds or a little soap steam. I do not believe my daughter has ever yet reflected on how much we really owe Mary for the dispatch, the neatness and promptness with which she does her part of our domestic duties.

"I've noticed," Helen began in a mild tone, "that her washing and ironing is always out of the way on Wednesday morning, no matter what the weather. It is never out of the way, and I wonder how she compasses that so regularly."

"It is easily told, my dear Mary, with her energetic, systematic habits, laughed at the old-fashioned idea that clothes must always be put out doors to be washed. She has a good reason for it. Instead of leaving them soaking in the tubs. It is her way, and as she is so careful, I do not oppose it. In that way she invariably rinses on Tuesday."

A little conversation followed, in which Helen was led to admit that Mrs. Clancy was right in regard to assisting Mary on washing day. And she saw still further the wisdom and propriety of doing so when her mother added, "It probably has occurred to you, my dear, how much of the well being of the household and the comfort of the family depend upon the girl in the kitchen. It may be quite smart to say that if one girl can't or won't come up to the requirements of a good proportion of the household work, and willing nature, go away, I might spend my weary day trying to find her equal. Mrs. Clancy, opposite, expressed surprise, I remember, at finding I was washing the china and the silver block tea set on Wednesday, and when I went on to say that I always expected and wished to assist our on extra occasions, she replied with perhaps unconscious asperity, that she never did it. I will not add that Mrs. Clancy has her fifth girl since Mary came to us a year and a half ago. Never, never be afraid, my dear Helen, to lend a helping hand in household affairs, especially on hard days. My experience has been that a good girl, a girl who signs girls who enter a kitchen to do the work are largely what their mistresses make them. This would sound like mere absurdity to many a fine lady, but I can assure you that it is true. Trust the age and experience of your mother. Come in good season in the future to breakfast on washing day, then give hearty help to cheerful, faithful Mary, and she will give you your reward. She will give herself as you go along."

THE LIFE OF AN INDIAN WOMAN.

BY WARREN K. MOOREHEAD.

The life of an average Indian woman is a life of constant struggle and contention. This statement is more particularly true of all tribes other than the Sioux. These latter Indians treat their wives with considerable respect, and, in fact, the Indian girl, maiden or mother, is more interesting to us.

If one should write down the everyday doings of an Indian woman for a month, a very fair idea would be obtained of her life, for the doings of each day are but a repetition of the day before.

About seven o'clock in the morning, when the sun is sufficiently high to gild the smoky canvas clouds with its beams, the Sioux woman arises. She picks up several pots and pans, and, if it is winter, she goes to the centre of the lodge; she fills a kettle with water, suspends it above the fire, and places there in a compound of wild cherries, rice and meat. She fills the coffee pot, and as soon as the singing steam indicates that the water is boiling, she calls to her lord and the children, who, sitting and with evident regret, dress themselves and partake of the morning meal. This, of course, with their fingers, cutting the meat with a butcher knife. This very same knife may have been used to cut up a cow at the beef issue the day previous, or to prepare a fat puppy for the kitchen.

While they partake of their frugal repast, each one separately, the women of the lodge take, for example, the framework of poles covered with heavy canvas or duck. The structure is eleven feet in diameter at the base, and there is an opening at the top for the passage of smoke, and for ventilation. The edges of the opening at the top are irregular, and pieces of canvas will flop in the wind, the height of the average man, from which are suspended the poles, and the food upon the imitates below, neither of which disturbs them, for they are used to filth. Several sticks are tied across from one pole to another at about the height of a man's head, and these are used to support the food. The poles are covered with a fire on a curved stick, which is firmly planted in the ground, and curves over the bligs. Similar contrivances are used frequently by Gypsies, although wandering folk frequently prefer an ordinary camp stove. The poles are covered with blankets and robes piled in confusion around the edges. They serve as seats during the day, and as a covering at

night. They are seldom aired, but on account of the wind having free access to them, both from above and below, they have no odor.

Many of the Sioux live in log houses, although a large portion still adhere to the canvas and skin lodges.

Indian children are named until several years of age. Not infrequently is there naming postponed till something unusual has happened in the history of the young person. Boys and girls play alike, except that they have attained the age of about ten years, there is a separation, and the girls romp about the tepees, while the boys gather on the banks of the neighboring stream and sport about the water, or throw spears and shoot arrows at marks. Their games are totally indifferent from those indulged in by the American boy.

When a girl has attained the age of ten years, she is instructed to some extent by her mother in the art of cooking and taking care of either a tepee or a log-house. At the age of fifteen she is permitted to vote upon questions of importance to the tribe, and to work unless the task meets with her approval. Indeed, until her marriage, the young lady has unlimited liberty, even more so than the more cultured and refined miscreant of civilized communities. When she becomes a young wife, however, her duties are prescribed for her—very few Indians nowadays wear buckskin—and a beautiful and bright-colored blanket is presented her by her father. She wears a head band of such stuff as is obtained and dyed by women of civilized nations. A woman compelled to toil as a slave appeals to no sentiment in a man's nature save that of pity and compassion. Education and Christianity alone can elevate them.—Christian Index.

To the question, "To what do you attribute your remarkable vigor at this advanced age?" Dr. Newman Hall, the eminent English Congregational minister, replied: "Sober habits, attention to the laws of health, going to bed in a decent time, and not working hard late at night. I have never been a diner-out, nor indulged in heavy suppers. I take a cloth bath all the year round, and have always been a walker; I can now do ten miles at a stretch without fatigue. My sight and hearing are perfect. I remain healthy and vigorous, and do with my good health. My father and mother were total abstainers, and I have been one for sixty years. Statistics show that people who from early life are total abstainers live on an average seven years longer than other people. I have never smoked."

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Indian men do not usually obtain their wives by barter. Formerly this custom was in vogue, but of late years it has fallen into disuse. A father may accept a sum of money, or a blanket as a mark of respect from him who wishes his daughter, just as we erect a fine house, or give valuable wedding presents to our young people when they marry. It is in no sense a purchase or a sale on either part.

To me, one of the customs of courting is very strangely in keeping with the wild, yet romantic life of the Sioux. A young man desiring to make love to the girl of his choice, walks about her for several days and constructs a new lodge. There are five or six holes in the instrument, and eight or ten notes can be produced upon it. The sound is weird and plaintive. Sometimes the moonlight gleams about eight o'clock, the young man leaves his home, and stationing himself about one hundred yards from the home of his intended, plays for one or two hours a series of strange melodies, all of them in the minor key. The sound of his series of notes brings comfort, and a sense of peace to the girl. The sound is as sweet to the maiden's ears as the voice of the lover himself. She listens attentively, and when she concludes that he has played sufficiently long to assure her of his serious intentions, she slowly walks forth from her home. Throwing the now useless reed upon the ground, the young man rushes forth. Then comes a scene such as only those who have been lovers can appreciate.

Another means of courting, although not so generally followed, is very peculiar and deserves mention. The young man goes and stations himself near the home of the one he most highly esteems, and awaits her coming. When she appears, he goes up to her and assures her of his high regard for her, and converses ten or fifteen minutes and concludes by asking her to become his squaw. If she favors the suit, she communicates to her parents and goes away with him. If not, she goes home and laughs at his words and leaves him disconsolate. Frequently three or four young men will go to see the same young lady upon the same evening. They are very gentlemanly and courteous, however, and each was previously used the young man who first came has tried his persuasive power. Strange to say, there is no rivalry or jealousy; that a young woman should have a number of admirers is taken as a matter of course; and, although those in waiting may be disappointed in the maiden's refusal to listen to the words of their rivals, there is no outward indications visible.

The young girls being free from the custom of dress that devolves upon the women, have especially bright and vivid countenances. The married woman of thirty still looks young, although her voice has a certain hardness, or sternness. The woman of forty shows wrinkles and furrows in her forehead. There is a sadness in her face, and if one looks closely, you can read the following story: "My husband sits in his lodge and smokes most of the time. Once a week, he goes out with me in our wagon and shoots a cow. I have to cut up the animal, remove the skin, and put the meat in the wagon, while he sits idly regarding my work complacently. He may sit me down to prepare the meat, but when we get home the meat is certain portions to be dried devolves wholly upon me. I have to cut most of

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The missionaries on the reservation find it extremely difficult to infuse European ideas into the minds of the Sioux, especially regarding the treatment of women. While the men are perfectly willing to have their girls educated, they will not consent to have them placed on an equality with the men. Time alone can change this prejudice and raise Sioux women from their low condition to the high and noble position such as is attained and held by women of civilized nations. A woman compelled to toil as a slave appeals to no sentiment in a man's nature save that of pity and compassion. Education and Christianity alone can elevate them.—Christian Index.

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To the question, "To what do you attribute your remarkable vigor at this advanced age?" Dr. Newman Hall, the eminent English Congregational minister, replied: "Sober habits, attention to the laws of health, going to bed in a decent time, and not working hard late at night. I have never been a diner-out, nor indulged in heavy suppers. I take a cloth bath all the year round, and have always been a walker; I can now do ten miles at a stretch without fatigue. My sight and hearing are perfect. I remain healthy and vigorous, and do with my good health. My father and mother were total abstainers, and I have been one for sixty years. Statistics show that people who from early life are total abstainers live on an average seven years longer than other people. I have never smoked."

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Indian men do not usually obtain their wives by barter. Formerly this custom was in vogue, but of late years it has fallen into disuse. A father may accept a sum of money, or a blanket as a mark of respect from him who wishes his daughter, just as we erect a fine house, or give valuable wedding presents to our young people when they marry. It is in no sense a purchase or a sale on either part.

To me, one of the customs of courting is very strangely in keeping with the wild, yet romantic life of the Sioux. A young man desiring to make love to the girl of his choice, walks about her for several days and constructs a new lodge. There are five or six holes in the instrument, and eight or ten notes can be produced upon it. The sound is weird and plaintive. Sometimes the moonlight gleams about eight o'clock, the young man leaves his home, and stationing himself about one hundred yards from the home of his intended, plays for one or two hours a series of strange melodies, all of them in the minor key. The sound of his series of notes brings comfort, and a sense of peace to the girl. The sound is as sweet to the maiden's ears as the voice of the lover himself. She listens attentively, and when she concludes that he has played sufficiently long to assure her of his serious intentions, she slowly walks forth from her home. Throwing the now useless reed upon the ground, the young man rushes forth. Then comes a scene such as only those who have been lovers can appreciate.

Another means of courting, although not so generally followed, is very peculiar and deserves mention. The young man goes and stations himself near the home of the one he most highly esteems, and awaits her coming. When she appears, he goes up to her and assures her of his high regard for her, and converses ten or fifteen minutes and concludes by asking her to become his squaw. If she favors the suit, she communicates to her parents and goes away with him. If not, she goes home and laughs at his words and leaves him disconsolate. Frequently three or four young men will go to see the same young lady upon the same evening. They are very gentlemanly and courteous, however, and each was previously used the young man who first came has tried his persuasive power. Strange to say, there is no rivalry or jealousy; that a young woman should have a number of admirers is taken as a matter of course; and, although those in waiting may be disappointed in the maiden's refusal to listen to the words of their rivals, there is no outward indications visible.

The young girls being free from the custom of dress that devolves upon the women, have especially bright and vivid countenances. The married woman of thirty still looks young, although her voice has a certain hardness, or sternness. The woman of forty shows wrinkles and furrows in her forehead. There is a sadness in her face, and if one looks closely, you can read the following story: "My husband sits in his lodge and smokes most of the time. Once a week, he goes out with me in our wagon and shoots a cow. I have to cut up the animal, remove the skin, and put the meat in the wagon, while he sits idly regarding my work complacently. He may sit me down to prepare the meat, but when we get home the meat is certain portions to be dried devolves wholly upon me. I have to cut most of

the wood, bring the water, and make fires to the agency store, two or three miles distant, for provisions. On ration day, when flour, beans, rice and meal are issued, I go to the commissary department with the dawn of day and stand in line with four or five hundred other women several hours, patiently waiting the opening of the doors. When I receive my heavy load of provisions there is no one to help me carry them back home except my children." And while the woman told this, you would feel very sorry for her; but when she told you, with proud and haughty bearing, her reason for not permitting her lord to help her, you would lose your sympathy: "To you white people this is degrading, to us it is right. My husband is a warrior (or a chief, or medicine man), and it is degrading for him to do woman's work. I would no more think of asking him to aid me in the ordinary duties of life than I would of asking of asking their wives to aid them in their business, or at their offices. My sphere is entirely different from his, and while it is hard work, it is a labor of love."

The missionaries on the