

PATHOS OF INDIAN CHILD LIFE.

A TRUE STORY.

BY the last of December the Oahe boarding school was full to overflowing. But one day just before Christmas a fine looking Indian brought his little boy and asked if we would not take him in. The child was so tiny that Mr. Jacobsen hesitated at first. "He is little but he is wise," said the father entreatingly, and Mr. Jacobsen yielded. Never was a boy more supremely happy, and in twenty-four hours, Arthur, (for that was the English name we gave him) was the favorite of the whole school. His merry laugh rang everywhere and he jabbered a constant stream of Dakota. He was so small that as he sat on the stool at meal time his feet swung clear of the floor below, and above it seemed as if he could not properly reach his plate. He was the very picture of fat, healthy childhood. The first Saturday he was with us there was a good crust over the snow, and the older boys asked one of the teachers to take a sled ride with them. As they came up for her they seemed to be holding a grave consultation. When she came out one boy began eagerly: "Arthur, we want him to go. But little. He can not walk. You will let him sit behind you?" Of course she would, and with Arthur's arms tight around her neck as he kneeled behind her, off they started, merry as so many snow birds, Arthur happiest of them all.

In the school room there was no class in which he could be put. So we gave him a slate and pencil and kindergarten blocks and left him to amuse himself. In the intervals between other classes we would give him lessons from the chart primer, or sketch a wonderful horse for him to copy. It was his greatest pleasure to go to and from the school house with one of the teachers, and at such times his tongue went faster than his feet. He picked up English rapidly, and made an odd mixture that was as pretty as it was untranslatable. But a change began to creep over him. He lost his appetite, dark circles came under his eyes, he was fretful at times. It was pitiful to have him slip his hot little hand into yours, and with a sigh lean his head against your arm. The doctor said it was brain trouble and we had better send him home, for the excitements of school life were too great for him. He did not want to go home, and when his father came for him he clung to the matron, begging her with sobs not to send him away. So we let him stay. We wondered greatly that he did not want to go home, for the other children always cried to go, if they were tired or sick. At last one of the boys told us the story, alas! too common in Dakota home life. His mother had deserted his father when Arthur was a baby and his step-mother beat and scolded the poor little fellow till home was the last place where he wished to be. There was nothing for us to do but to keep him. He grew worse daily. He was very patient, and took the medicine like a man, though he hated