

THE SUN, APRIL 7, 1889

THE INDIAN TERRITORY

A Sun reporter's Sketches Among Uncle Sam's Wards.

What Shall be Done with Charley Quapaw?

Worth \$50,000 and yet a Pauper.

Mr. Gould Buys a Coal Mine in the Territory.

The Life of a Squaw Man—Off with \$1 to Buy a Farm—Some Fairly Profitable Agriculture—Jim Charley's Way of Deer Hunting—Through Snow and Ice Dressed in a Swallow-tail Coat and Patent Leather Shoes—Dress no Hindrance to a Brave Spirit—The Greatest of all the Cherokees—Sequoyah's Alphabet.

Tahlequah, Cherokee Nation, Indian Territory, March 30—The Indian Territory must go. The Indian must go. The white man has decreed it. The Indian sees and admits the inevitable. The time is very near at hand. Some well-informed people assert, and one who has looked over the Territory and the surrounding States can scarce resist the conclusion, that within five years neither the Indian Territory nor the Indian will have an existence. Within that time what is now known as the Indian Territory will become two great States, Oklahoma, and another called, perhaps, Sequoyah, after the greatest of the Cherokees. In place of the Indian there will, or ought to be, a host of American citizens rich in the ownership of vast stretches of productive land and proud of the blood that tinges their complexion a shade swarthier than even the constant winds and sunshine of this fair climate can do.

Within the past year or so civilization in the States bordering on the Indian Territory has become congested. As time passes the fever increases. The trouble is easily understood. Take the condition of Kansas, for instance. For twenty years Kansas people have sat up nights, have tossed on sleepless beds, have risen early in the morning, that they might devise new schemes for

inducing emigrants to come to them and help develop what they were pleased to call their exhaustless resources. In the pursuit of development, they have bonded their counties to build county court houses and jails of wondrous and expensive architecture. They have bonded their townships and villages to build railroads. They have bonded everything in sight to build school houses. They have mortgaged their farms and town lots to build barns and dwellings and wire fences, and to buy stock and machinery. They have gone down into their pockets and taken good money by the million to give to manufacturers in other States as bonuses to induce the moving of the factories from the other States to Kansas. They have read nothing else in their papers; they have talked nothing else on their street corners and by their firesides than the development of the country. They have lived in a boom of delirium. The State, the counties, the towns, the cities, the villages, and the individual citizens have piled up an aggregate of indebtedness that is appalling to anyone but a Kansan, and is crushing even to his buoyant activity.

To crown all, when at the last it has become apparent that taxes are a burden and the cinch of interest is drawn over tight, the Kansan learns to his dismay that the natural resources of his great State are not limitless. His prairies, that with swelling rhetoric he called boundless, have been taken up and bounded with barbed wire. His town lots have been sold and resold. The market values of land have jumped beyond the value which their productiveness would warrant. The Kansan has become crowded by the too numerous population. "We are treading on one another's feet," as Judge Emery of Lawrence said in an address on the subject. The Kansan is crushed by his burden of debt. He is suffocating in his too narrow quarters.

Worse than all to the Kansan's mind, not only is his suffering apparent, but relief is in sight, it is at hand, and yet he may not grasp it. Right before him lie the broad plains, the fertile valleys, the rich mines, the priceless forests, of the Indian Territory. What might he not do could these plains, valleys, mines, and forests be turned to account by himself instead of lying idle there before his eyes? Suppose white men, instead of Indians, coyotes, and jack rabbits could live there? What fortunes could not the loan agents reap in placing Eastern capital? What prices could not the farmer get for produce sold to the inrushing emigrants. What stacks and heaps of goods could not the merchant dispose of there? What town sites (and here the Kansan fairly dances in his eager ambition) could he not lay out?

Before the Kansan and relief there stands nothing but a promise.

Under these conditions what does the Kansan man do? He calls a convention. That enables him at once to satiate temporarily his love of oratory and his ambition to advertise his town where the convention is held. Having duly gathered the crowd together, and having taken the great men from the herd and carried them around in carriages to see the wonderful growth, prosperity, and advantages for investors of the town where the convention is held, the Kansan takes the crown into the Town Hall, and there resolves:

That the Indian Territory must go.
That the Indian must go.

The financial condition in Missouri, Arkansas and Texas is not so feverish as it is in Kansas, but the same restless anxiety to get over into the Indian Territory exists in those States. Conventions "to consider the opening of the Indian Territory" have been held in Missouri and in Arkansas as well as in Kansas, and they will be held in Texas later on. Texans move more slowly than Kansans, because the climate is hotter. The prime movers in these conventions are men of wealth and intelligence—men of influence. Senators and Congressmen are made and unmade by them. They are able to influence many legislators whom they did not make. They are, heart and soul, interested in opening the Indian Territory. They are fired by a fierce determination that it should be opened—by legislative enactment if possible, but by force if necessary.

THE SUN has already told how thousands of men and their families have lived for years in holes in the ground on the borders of Oklahoma. There are others, indeed more than thousands, looking with wolfish hunger at the fair fields of the five civilized tribes. Not a day passes that the most conservative business men living in the counties bordering on the Indian Territory do not talk about the advantages they would reap from its opening and do not say to one another, "We must not forget the Black Hills." The whites, by rushing in overwhelming numbers in the Black Hills, forced that country open. The Indian Territory boomers have only been restrained by the hope that Congress would save what they call the necessity for violence. It is a question whether raids too extensive to be resisted will not be organized within a month.

It is also a question whether the Indians and those who wish to see them dealt with fairly have not contented themselves too long with merely blocking the

legislation that sought to buy for a price—though an inadequate price—the lands now held by the tribes.

“Why do you not offer a just substitute for the bill that proposes to take your lands from you unjustly?” was asked of J. L. Springston, the Cherokee editor of the *Advocate*, printed here. His answer was touching.

“We dare not. We are moored to the shore by only a few frail strands, and we fear to cast off lest the rest break and we be swept out of existence. We will swamp where we are if we must.”

“How can we live beside white men who do not hesitate to cut the throats of one another?” writes a former Governor of the Osages.

Nevertheless, could the condition of affairs here in this Territory be fully understood by the American people, legislation that would at once provide for the just compensation of the Indian, and at the same time open a valve for Southwestern ebullition, would not be wanting.

Life in the Indian Territory is an interesting study (so is death—especially death, when one considers how many die at the hands of their fellow men). Thus, it has been solemnly agreed by the United States to use the impressive words of the treaty, “that no persons except those herein authorized to do so, and except such as may be authorized to enter upon Indian reservations in discharge of duties enjoined by law, shall ever be permitted to pass over or settle upon or reside in the Territory described in this article.” Nevertheless, there are thousands of white men and white women now in the Territory. More than that, their presence is not objected to by the Indians; on the contrary, were any power to attempt to drive them out, thousands of Indians—men, women, and children, especially women—would take up arms to resist the power. A superficial observer would see more white men in Tahlequah than Indians, and the same may be said of some other portions of the Territory. Leaving out of consideration the men who have married Indian women, and who have, therefore, a right to remain here, there are 15,000 white men in the Territory engaged in various pursuits, the majority of whom are here contrary to the statute. A picket line of soldiers stretched around the Territory could not keep them out.

The capitalist, even no less well-known a capitalist than Mr. Jay Gould, has already invested in Indian Territory mining resources, notwithstanding the fact that neither title to nor lease of Indian lands can be lawfully obtained by white men except through marriage. The story of how Mr. Gould froze out the original mine owners, and now in turn finds the temperature growing too frigid as to make him shiver, will attract all readers, and may even delight some of them. The miners and their manner of life, and the boss's method [of] quelling strikes among them, are also interesting.

The civilization of the Cherokees, the most advanced of the tribes, would attract the attention of others than the special student of ethnology. They are advanced because of the remarkable invention of one of their number made over sixty years ago. Their female seminary—fancy the Indian of song and story building anything for girls, let alone a seminary—soon to be completed and furnished at a cost of over \$80,000, is a model of excellence. The students are invariably Cherokees, but such squaws as these are not known or dreamed of by people who have never been to Tahlequah.

On the other hand, there are tribes here, such as the Quapaws and Modocs and Comanches, on whom education produces no appreciable effect, for girls sent to the mission schools, and thence to Eastern schools to graduate in honor, come back to the Territory to resume the red blanket and live and die in wretched dishonor. The Indian who relishes raw tripe and boiled dog is by no means extinct.

Here are people who owe no allegiance to the national Government, and yet they may be tried for some crimes by a jury not their peers before the national court and punished if the jury so decide. For other crimes they can be tried by their own courts and punished even to death. Under certain circumstances they can elect whether to be tried by their own or the United States Supreme Court.

For the preservation of order there is an Indian police system. The Indian policeman carries no club, but, as explained by one of them, he is so handy with the six-shooter that he does not need any. He either arrests or "gets" his man or is "got" himself in nine cases out of ten. Their use of the verb to get is peculiar.

The Cherokees have a penitentiary. They have trustees among the convicts who are so very trusty that the keepers could scarce drive them away with a club. They may be seen almost any day alone on the streets of Tahlequah. Could some

of the jail birds of the East have such cages as the Cherokee convicts have they would organize a migration the first night.

It would take a very large volume to tell the story of one year's crimes in the Territory. If the story were truthfully told it would say that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the crimes were either done or incited by white men. The story of the deeds of "the white mule" is no part of the Indian mythology. Over 300 murders were committed in the Territory last year.

A good many people in New York suppose that their ills would take flight could the land become the property of the whole people instead of remaining the property of individuals. Here is a country where the unearned increment belongs to the whole people, and right here among the Cherokees is an exceedingly interesting object lesson in land nationalization.

In the management of political parties, the Indians need no instructions from the pale-faced brother. There was old John Ross, who was boss of the larger party among the Cherokees for forty years, and his scepter has descended to his nephew. Their platforms are models of meaningless rhetoric, and the price of votes is as low in Tahlequah as in any ward or voting district in New York city.

On the whole, if the civilized tribes here be compared with any committee of like numbers in the Southwest, such as Missouri or Arkansas, as they must be, if treated fairly, it will be found that they are worthy of their appellation. Indeed, their white neighbors assert that the Indians are so well civilized that it is "an absurdity in a republican form of government" to longer leave them in their present tribal relations. The Indians themselves say that they are good enough to form a State, but that to make a Territory of their lands is contrary to the compact made by Uncle Sam.

The Indian asks that he may bide a wee. The Southwesterner, with six-shooter "drawed down," yells: "Hands up! Open the Territory or I'll shoot 'er open!" And he generally shoots when he says he will. To help Uncle Sam determine what he ought to do under the circumstances is the object of the following sketches.

CHAPTER II.

THE GOVERNMENT CARES FOR CHARLEY QUAPAW.

Something like six or eight miles from Baxter Springs, Cherokee county, Kansas, lives Charley Quapaw. Charley is chief of the Quapaws. His home is a little log cabin in the woods not far from the banks of Spring River. Charley is a full blood. So is his squaw. Time was when Quapaw blood was as noble as ever flowed in human veins. One of Charley's ancestors led his tribe in the battle wherein were defeated for the first time the warlike Chickasaws. In the course of the fight the Quapaw chief found that the fire of the enemy had almost ceased. He was told by a prisoner that this was because the Chickasaws had run out of powder, and they were even then preparing to fly from the field. Thereupon the Quapaw released a prisoner and bade him tell his people that the Quapaws would divide the powder on hand. So the Quapaw warriors emptied their powder horns into a blanket, and two equal heaps were made of the lot. One heap was sent to the Chickasaws, and then the battle began again. The Chickasaws suffered a crushing defeat.

The historian adds that the Quapaws were also distinguished for their friendship for the early settlers along the Arkansas River. Herein lies the secret of their present humiliation. The Quapaws are paupers. Charley, the chief, is practically a blanket Indian without the blanket; able to support himself by hunting and fishing, but without game or fish to take. Charley will not farm the land on which he lives. He "don't have to," as he says, and that is a very common expression in the Indian Territory.

Urged on by certain people in the East whom the Southwesterner speaks of contemptuously as Quaker philanthropists, Uncle Sam has, now and then, tried to provide for certain of Charley's wants with a view of making him self-sustaining. It was observed, for instance, some years ago, that Charley had a large number of trees growing about his hut, and that in Baxter Springs wood could be sold at \$2 a cord. Now, if Charley could but get the trees to market he could sell them, and this would become self-supporting. Charley already had some ponies and an axe, but he had no wagon. Thereupon an appropriation was made to buy a wagon for him. It took some time to do this, but it was actually accomplished and at last a wagon made by a firm, for a wonder, whose name was a guarantee of good workmanship, arrived at Baxter Springs, consigned to Charley's guardian, the Quapaw Indian agent. The wagon was taken off the car

and placed beside the track. It was one of the best wagons ever made, but it made the Baxter Springs laugh, and the Quaker philanthropists, had they been there, would have felt like weeping. That wagon was one of the largest and heaviest freight wagons ever built, while Charley's two ponies weigh perhaps 500 pounds each. It would have strained them to pull the empty wagon over the prairie in a dry season, let alone a load of wood over muddy roads. The agent, however, had the wagon taken to Charley's hut in the woods.

There it was learned that Charley had no harness for his ponies, and would have been unable, therefore, to use the wagon had it been a suitable one. The agent sent word to the Quaker philanthropist, explaining the trouble about the harness, and thereupon Uncle Sam was asked to provide one. The request seemed to be a reasonable one and it was done. However, since Uncle Sam is slow-moving old fellow, it took two or three years to get the harness made. Meantime Uncle Sam had been told about the too cumbersome wagons, and had determined that light harness should be provided for the ponies.

At last the day for issuing the bounty of Uncle Sam arrived. The Baxter Springs people gathered as usual to see the show. The box containing it was opened by the agent, and the harness spread out before the crowd. The crowd laughed as before, and the Quaker philanthropists might have again been moved to tears. It was a light harness, sure enough.

The tugs and the collar and the belly band were of woven cotton. The whole outfit could have been bought in Baxter Springs for \$2.50. It was worth about $.02\frac{1}{2}$ for practical purposes. However, it did not worry Charley very much, because even had it been a suitable harness, he would have had no use for it, his wagon having in the meantime from idle exposure to the weather dropped to pieces.

So they gave up the idea of furnishing Charley with a stove-wood outfit, and started out on a new idea. A log hut was degrading; a handsome frame cottage would have a civilizing influence. To make sure of the civilizing influence Charley might be provided with the lumber to build a handsome cottage. Accordingly, Uncle Sam was asked for an appropriation for dressed lumber so that Charley Quapaw might build a handsome cottage and so elevate and civilize himself. By properly presenting the degrading influence of log huts, Uncle Sam was induced by the Quaker philanthropists to make the appropriation. To make sure there should be no mistake about the stuff in this

case, Uncle Sam insisted that the lumber should be bought and dressed in Baxter Springs, where the needs of Charley Quapaw were fully understood. It was so ordered. A Baxter Springs lumber dealer received the order for so many thousand feet of dressed lumber for Charley Quapaw, the same to be delivered where Charley should direct. The contract was fulfilled, alas! to the letter. Dressed flooring and dressed siding of the most expensive quality and at the very highest market price were delivered at the designated place, and nothing else—not a stick of timber, not a rafter, not a joist, not a shingle, not a nail, not a door, not a window; nothing but dressed flooring and dressed siding. It was stacked up and left there. Some of it lies there on the prairie now for the curious to gaze at; the rest has either rotted away or been stolen by the white man from Kansas. Again, the Baxter Springs people laughed. It was a good joke. If any one supposes that the lumber dealer lost caste in Baxter Springs society let him go there and see.

All these things, and a great many more of the same sort, happened in the old days of Republican misrule. When Cleveland and reform came in the Quaker philanthropists looked for better things, and made one more effort to make Charley self-sustaining. It was observed that grass grew abundantly all over Charley's reservation. If cut at the proper season, that grass made excellent hay. It was worth \$2 a ton cash on the ground when cured. The white man had for years been in the habit of cutting the grass and paying to the agent 25 cents per acre for the privilege of cutting, say, 100 acres, and had thereupon cut from 300 to 500 acres on his 100-acre permit. The 25 cents was "covered into the Treasury and placed to the credit of the said Charley Quapaw," if one may believe the report of the agent. At any rate, Charley has never seen a cent of it.

Why not let Charley cut the grass and sell it at \$2 a ton and get the money himself? Certainly; why not? All useful labor is ennobling, and \$2 in the hand is better than 25 cents covered into the Treasury. The Quaker philanthropists saw that it would be necessary to provide Charley with a mower before he could cut the grass, and thereupon the Administration was asked for money to buy one. Certainly; that was a proper appropriation to make, especially as Reform Secretary of the Interior Lamar was to see that the money was properly used. The mowing machine was purchased. It was a good one; but once more the Baxter Springs people laughed in devilish glee, while the Quaker philanthropists had cause for tears. The machine arrived at the depot at Baxter Springs late in October. The order to issue it to Charley arrived during the last week in December. They do not make hay on the Quapaw reservation during

the holidays. Meantime Charley's machine has stood, and is now standing, where the rains and snows have full sweep at it. What its condition will be on the last of next June, or whether Charley will be able to use it then or not, the Lord only knows.

Meantime during all these years, although occasionally somewhat discouraged by the failure of their efforts to enable Charley to ennoble himself through physical labor, the Quaker philanthropists had been unceasing and tireless in their attentions to the souls of Charley and his family, and to their mental culture as well. Preachers in abundance were sent to him, so were teachers. It is true that the preachers were neither learned nor eloquent, although Charley, in spite of his savage condition, is thoroughly capable of distinguishing the learned and eloquent from the ignorant and commonplace. The one now laboring with Charley is even afflicted with a disease which leads Charley's younger and less sedate neighbors to call him "Old Plum Eye." Nevertheless, all of these preachers are eminently devout and pious, and are willing to sacrifice themselves to save the souls of savages like Charley; and Charley is thankful that they come. He does expect men who are learned and eloquent to come, because they would have to sacrifice much more in the coming than the ignorant and prosy do—much more than any one has any reason to expect of them. The preachers have succeeded in making an impression on Charley, but just what the impression is Charley will not tell.

Then there are the teachers. There is a school house handy by, say four miles, from Charley's cabin. Although located on the reservation, it is considered as one of the institutions of Baxter Springs by the village people. It is one of the places to which the stranger with money is taken when the advantages of Baxter Springs as a place of investment are to be exhibited. This school is paid for by Uncle Sam. It is called the Quapaw Industrial Boarding School. Superintendent E. K. Dawes draws \$800 a year. The matron, Mrs. E. K. Dawes, draws \$480; the teacher, Anna E. Boone, \$600 a year; Thomas Baker, industrial teacher (i.e., farmer and Jack of all trades), \$400; Jennie Clark, seamstress, Mollie Drake, cook, and Louisa Drake, laundress, each \$300 a year. Here twenty boys and twenty girls were found by a SUN reporter. They were fed and clothed and taught after a fashion to pray, to read, to write, to cipher, to sew, to cook, to wash, to make garden, and to do general work required about a farm. When the Quaker philanthropists come along and take a superficial view of this school they draw a breath of relief, but the cynical men from Baxter Springs, who know it better, laugh as when they saw the wagons, the harness, the lumber, and the

mowing machine. In the old Republican days this school, which had but thirty pupils, was credited on the books with 200 and supplies for that number were obtained from the Interior Department and stolen. No one says there has been any direct stealing under Democratic rule. Why, then, should the Baxter Springs men laugh?

Because the school is a farce.

“Is your school and your teaching solving the Indian problem?” was asked of Anna Boone, the teacher, a lady of some eight years’ experience in reservation schools.

“No,” she said. “The instructions do some good, perhaps, but not much. We send the best of our pupils from here to Carlisle. We sent one of the Quapaws there. They taught him the harness maker’s trade. Good trade for an Indian, you will say, for the Indians at least have ponies with saddles and bridles. He became an expert. Then they sent him back to the reservation. He went back to his father’s old hut, and once more entered upon the old life—now and then fishing in Spring River; now and then hunting a little; now and then locating and cutting a wee tree; now and then chopping a little wood for some white man who owned a team to haul it away. When the good clothes obtained at Carlisle were out he dressed in rags as his father did. He never touched an awl or a waxed end after he came back to the reservation. One reason was that he didn’t have any to touch. Another was that even if he had been supplied with tools and material there was no work to be done on the reservation. When the Quapaw breaks his bridle, he mends it with a string.

“There was one young girl who had enough white blood in her to be handsome and capable of learning. We took off her blanket, dressed her in white folks’ clothes, and she graduated here. Then we sent her to Carlisle. She graduated there. Then she came back to the reservation, put off the garb of the whites, and wrapped herself in a red blanket. The next time I saw her she was sitting on the ground at the agency awaiting her turn to draw her annuity. The next I learned after that she was the consort of a white horse thief. Worse than that, and it is enough to break one’s heart to think of it, her education had taught her to realize the degradation of her fate, and had done no more for her. Her education was a curse to her. Why did she go back to the blanket Indian life? Where would she go, if not to her home, after she left school? Could she help being homesick when at school? Could she help dreading the taunts of her uneducated sisters

and neighbors on her arrival home more than she dreaded the blanket garb? Was not a white horse thief, with *some* appreciation of an education, a more congenial companion than an uneducated red horse thief?"

"But hadn't she been taught that she was putting her immortal soul in peril?"

"Bah! What does that signify under circumstances like hers? The religious training that Charley Quapaw and his people get—what is it? So long as the whites offer the Indian a Bible in one hand—and that hand not over attractive, either—and with the other hand steal his annuity, his land, and everything else that he has, he must be forgiven if he has little faith in their religion, and follows his instincts instead of instructions."

Incredible as the dealings of the Government with Charley Quapaw may seem to the uninformed, only historical facts have been related in this chapter. Other apparently less credible and still less creditable to the intelligence of the American people could be gathered.

CHAPTER III.

MR. GOULD BUYS A COAL MINE.

The Indian Territory is rich in mineral resources. No one knows just how rich it is, and so there are all sorts of wild stories afloat about it. Nevertheless, it need not be doubted that coal, lead, zinc (even silver and gold) are to be found, though whether the veins of precious metal will really pay for the working is another question. That there is a margin—some might call it a full breadth—of profit in mining coal here has been abundantly demonstrated; that is, there is some profit for the operators of the mines. As for the owners, the Indians, no one seems to care very much whether they make anything out of them or not.

One of the coal mines now extensively worked in the Territory is located at McAllister, on the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway. It has a thirty-six-inch vein of good soft coal fit to cake. In the year 1871 one Jim McAllister came down into the Choctaw Nation and became a squaw man—married a Choctaw squaw. Having thus become a citizen of the Choctaw nation, he located the claims to which he and his wife were entitled where the present village of McAllister

stands, and over the outcroppings of the vein of coal now known as the Osage Coal and Mining Company's mines. Jim came there to establish a store. The taking of the coal mine claim was incidental, and only according to the white man's instinct to take everything within sight. Two years later Jim began to work the vein a little. McAllister's store was located on the old trail that ran from Fort Smith to Fort Gibson and thence to Fort Arbuckle and Fort Sill, also down to Sherman, Texas, which was in those days a great trading point. The traffic of the store was good, and the knowledge of the existence of coal there spread so that a demand for it from the blacksmiths many miles away was created.

The working of the mines was insignificant until the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad was built. When this road became a probability, a company was organized to work the mine on a scale commensurate with the opportunities which the road would afford.

Now, it appears that under the laws of the Choctaw Nation, as well as the laws of the United States, no one not a Choctaw can own or lease any land or mining right in the Choctaw reservation. The company, then, to have a legal existence had to be composed of Choctaws. But the Choctaws had no capital and so the white man had to be taken in. In this emergency the Choctaw company hired certain capitalists as laborers, the labor to be performed being the signing of checks for capital to run the mine, and the pay to be commensurate with the risk of putting capital where there was no law worth mentioning to protect it. The Company had, of course, to make a contract with the Choctaw nation, who owned the land, and with Jim McAllister, the squaw man, who owned the claim. The contracts provide that the nation and the squaw man shall each receive a shilling for every ton of coal mined. The interest attached to these figures is in the fact that the squaw man gets just as much as all the rest of the nation together, and that the nation's share is an insignificant fraction of the price realized for the coal.

The day the rails of the new road were laid to McAllister's claim, now called McAllister's station, the Osage Coal Company began to boom. It cost the company twenty-five cents a ton royalty to buy the coal in the ground, \$1 a ton to dig it, and perhaps five cents a ton to get it to the surface of the ground. They sold it to the railroad at prices which they refuse to reveal, but the villagers at McAllister say the figure was \$5.

That it was a bonanza no one need doubt, for in 1879 Mr. Jay Gould, the power in the Missouri, Kansas and Texas, gave it his attention. Mr. Gould would like to buy the stock of the Osage Coal and Mining Company; would the owners sell? No; they didn't care about selling. Well, but Mr. Gould wanted the stock. All right; what would he give? Mr. Gould named his price. The villagers at McAllister say the price was less than one-fourth the value of the stock. The stockholders didn't think an offer of that size was worth replying to. They continued to dig coal and sell it to Mr. Gould's road and to other good customers, and to divide the proceeds without replying to the offer.

Mr. Gould's road and the other good customers continued to order the coal, but by and by a new sort of letters was found in the mail of the Osage Coal and Mining Company. They were letters of inquiry and reply.

Q.— Why don't you send that coal ordered two weeks ago? Signed, ———.

A.— We are sorry, but we have been unable to get the cars.

For some unexplained reason there had been such a demand for coal cars at other points on the Missouri, Kansas and Texas road that it was well-nigh impossible to send half enough to McAllister to supply the demand there. This was somewhat irritating to the stockholders in the Osage Coal and Mining Company. They wrote indignant protests to the traffic manager of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas road, and received suave replies, but no increase in the number of cars. Within three months they received news that not only irritated but greatly depressed them.

A small vein of coal cropping out at Savanna, a few miles south of McAllister, was to be opened by Mr. Gould's Missouri, Kansas and Texas road. It was useless to try to stand in the way of swarthy, black-eyed, black-whispered fate. Mr. Gould wanted the stock of the Osage Coal and Mining Company. It was better for the owners of the stock to accept one-fourth its value than to lose it. Mr. Gould got the stock and gave it to his son George.

The capacity of the shafts now open is 1,800 tons a day. There are eighty coke ovens for working up the slack. During the year 1888 an average of 1,200 tons of coal were mined and sold every day, at a cost of \$1.30 a ton. It was sold to Dennison, Fort Worth, Dallas, and other near-by towns in Texas for \$6.50 a ton.

In Kansas towns the price was \$7 to \$7.50. There is a margin between \$1.30 and \$6.50.

Since the beginning of the year the amount mined has been less—a good deal less. It is not unknown to those who buy and sell stocks that for some time past Mr. Gould has not been one of the managers of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad. This is also known at McAllister. The Osage Coal and Mining Company once more finds an unwelcome sort of letters in its mail. They are letters of complaining inquiry and deprecatory reply:

Q.—Why don't you send that coal ordered two weeks ago? Signed, ————, one of the other good customers.

A.— We are sorry, but we have been unable to get the cars.

The village of McAllister is strung for four miles along an unworked road that varies from solid rock to mud hub deep. The mud covers the greater part of it at this season of the year. The houses can in no way be so well described as by the Kentuckian's adjective, sorry. They make the stranger feel depressed. The great man of the village, Jim McAllister, lives in a big white house modelled like a Yankee barn. There are three or four other large houses, and the rest are shanties. There are long rows of them built by the company, and all very much alike. They all have peak roofs in front and shed-roofed kitchens behind, so that if they were only painted black it would take but a small stretch of the imagination to think them long rows of monstrous ravens sitting there ready to caw dismally. They are ill kept and run down. The miners pay from \$2 to \$4 per month rent, according to the size shanty. Small as that sum is it yields a handsome return on the cost of the shanties.

The miners can make as high as \$100 a month when the cars are plenty, but out of 1,500[?] men employed at such times about the mines not a dozen make so much. There is neither savings bank nor any other inducement for the men to lay by a part of their earnings, and in consequence very few save a cent. More than half the miners are Italians, and some of them are saving their money. How the rest manage to spend their money there, however, would puzzle a stranger until it is learned that all sorts of creature comforts are for sale to the initiated just the same as in larger places. The stores are large and do a thriving business. There is a company store where Mr. Gould's agent sells all sorts of goods and takes pay in company scrip.

There has been but one strike at McAllister worth mentioning. It was squelched very promptly by the Indian Agent. White men on strike have no right to remain in the Indian Territory. White men not on strike may be permitted to come in in spite of the statute.

If anybody were to believe all the stories told in the States about the immorality of the Indian women he would expect to see the greater part of the Choctaw nation camped about McAllister, where reckless young men and money are plenty. The fact is that the Choctaws keep away from McAllister. The Choctaw women are different from the women of some other tribes: they are at least as virtuous as white women. The lewd women of McAllister are white instead of Indians.

There are a couple of schools—little ones—in McAllister and a couple of churches. The Catholics are doing more for McAllister people than all the other denominations combined. It should be remembered by the reader that while each of the civilized tribes provides free schools for the children of citizens, there is no provision for schools for white children anywhere in the Territory except as church organizations establish mission schools. If anxious to supply actual need, the churches should send missionaries and teachers to the poor whites rather than to the Indians.

There are valuable mines at Bushyhead and other stations along the Frisco road in the Cherokee Nation. The Wichita and Indian Territory Coal Mining Company of Wichita, Kan., has a ten-year lease of the mines. They pay the nation 10 cents a ton royalty. G. W. Palmer, a stockholder, told the reporter that the coal could be loaded on the cars for 50 cents a ton. A road is to be built direct to Wichita and the coal sold there at \$3 a ton.

The coal mines are the only ones worked. Other mines have been prospected and opened. There are lead and zinc in unlimited quantities in various places. The Ozark range of Missouri and Arkansas, that is everywhere full of these minerals, extends into the Territory. The ore crops out in hundreds of places. It is said that the old Cherokees who remember how they were forced out of Georgia because the white men had found gold in the Cherokee Reservation, will even now cover up the outcroppings of lead ore lest silver be also found in the vein.

It is also generally believed in the States that a Cherokee law provides the penalty of death for anyone who discovers and reveals to the whites the location of either a gold or a silver mine. There is no such statute in any law book ever issued by the Cherokees, but it is possible that such executions may have taken place in former years under the general charge of treason. Chief Justice Scalers says he never heard of such an execution, but Senator Guthrie told the reporter that he had no doubt men had been killed for saying that they had found silver. That the silver, and gold as well, is here may not be doubted, but the value of the pay dirt is practically undetermined. J. P. McNaughton, who is a practical miner and a white man, now a citizen of the Peoria nation, told the reporter that in exploring the old Spanish mines, which were worked there on a branch of Spring River in the time perhaps of De Soto, he found good-paying veins of silver ore. Some of the ore assayed 60 ounces to the ton and some 700 ounces. A company that he organized to work the mines failed in getting recognition at the Interior Department, because the department had all it could do to quiet the clamor over the cattlemen's leases.

Flowing springs of petroleum are found from the Illinois River to the Wichita Mountains. The Standard Oil Company records tell all about the location and volume of these springs. That company has thought so well of the output that it has been at work for over a year to get hold of the whole Territory. Although it is contrary to the statute for any Indian agent to enter into or engage in any business among the tribes for which he is agent, Mr. Robert Owen, who, by the way, is a Cherokee Agent for the five civilized tribes, organized an oil company in each of these tribes in which certain Indians were figureheads and the Standard Oil Company the real concern. The Cherokee Council granted a lease to the Cherokee Company, but afterwards repealed the act on the ground that it was too great a monopoly.

Some of the Cherokee coal veins crop out not far from the Kansas line. The royalty on the coal mined there is ten cents a ton, and this goes to the support and education of Cherokee orphans. Nevertheless, people from Kansas come down and steal this coal every year, steal the food out of the mouths of Cherokee orphans. There is nothing too low, or too mean, or too cruel for white men to do to Indians.

CHAPTER IV.

J. P. M'NAUGHTON BECOMES A SQUAW MAN.

McNaughton's father was a Scotch sailor, his mother a Charleston Irish girl. Both of them died before their son had become a man. This was soon after the war. Thrown on his own resources, the lad came to Fort Smith, and at 18 years of age became a freighter, driving mules from that place over the various trails into the Indian Territory and across Arkansas and Missouri. Here he learned to talk Cherokee, and what was of more importance to him, the sign language common to all the tribes. From freighting he went into the employ of the railroads that were then building in the Southwest. His business was to cut ties in the Territory. From that to mining in Arizona and New Mexico. Eventually he drifted back to Fort Smith, but finding life very dull there he determined to pull his freight and go to the mountains and so bought a ticket.

Meantime, however, the story of the old Spanish silver mines on Spring River, which he had heard when a freighter at Fort Smith, had been running in his mind. The story had fascinated him, although he had never believed it fully. To add to its hold on him he had gotten hold of two or three old volumes relating the experiences of the Spaniards years ago in the southern part of what is now the United States, and had even been able to identify certain parts of Arkansas as the country where some of them had been.

However, he got his ticket for the West, and one day boarded the train at Fort Smith. The train started with him, and away he went, pondering all the time on the Spanish mines in the northeast corner of the Indian Territory. By and by, say in twenty minutes, the train stopped at the next station. The moment it stopped McNaughton picked up his valise and left the train. He had determined to prospect the old Spanish mines.

The site of these mines is on Webster Creek, a branch of Spring River, in the Peoria nation. The country is a natural park. Open prairies blend into groves and groves into forests, but the forests are so open that when McNaughton drove the reporter over the ground the handsome team of bays was seldom off a trot. Deer, turkeys, prairie chickens, quail, squirrels, and rabbits abound. With a double-barreled shotgun, some fishing tackle, a dog, and a grub stake McNaughton went to Webster Creek and built a camp, and began what the natives supposed solely a hunter's life. He fished in every hole and from every

rock along the creek and Spring River. He kept one eye on the fish line and the other on the rock. Now and then he took a fish from the stream. Now and then he broke a piece from the rock with a hammer always carried for the purpose. In one place a patch of forty acres had been dug over and many shafts sunk. That this was done is plain to this day, although trees grow over the old heaps of debris. One shaft 100 feet deep remains infilled. McNaughton examined it critically and drove a tunnel or two from it. Then he sunk a shaft himself. By this time the natives knew what he was doing, but he had made friends with them all meantime. Finally, he got such samples of ore as induced rich friends in Texas to go to the Interior Department and strive to get recognition for a mining company. While they labored there McNaughton cultivated the friendship of the Peorias.

The most influential member of the tribe was David Peeri, a Frenchman by birth, who had married the daughter of the old chief, Baptiste Peoria, another Frenchman. Peeri had several children, among them a daughter. She was, of course, one-fourth Indian and three-fourth French. She was a handsome brunette, who would have attracted attention anywhere. She had been well educated in Kansas schools. McNaughton, though not so well educated as the girl, was intelligent, good looking, and of good address. The two young people got acquainted through visits made to Peeri's home by McNaughton, who at first had in view only the winning of a leading Peoria to a scheme of leasing the wires to a mining company. When, after a while, the mining scheme fell through because the boomer raids into the Indian Territory had called attention to the illegal leases of cattlemen and other companies already operating there, and the Interior Department did not dare to countenance further leases. McNaughton continued to make his visits to the Peeri home. He had fallen in love with the pretty squaw who was three-quarters French.

In November, 1881, they were married, and McNaughton, who had been working as clerk in a Baxter Springs store for some months, left that job to rent eighty acres of Peeri's claim and become a farmer. Peeri offered to give him a part of it, but the young man was looking ahead, and refused to accept.

While he farmed the eighty acres during the ensuing season he busied himself erecting a substantial house on the east side of Spring River, where there was ten-acre patch of good bottom land ready for the plough and well sheltered by the tree-covered bluffs of the river. Old Mr. Peeri, who didn't know what the

young man had in view, protested against this work. Why should the young people settle so far from the old? They shouldn't. When the house was done McNaughton took the old three-quarter blood Peoria, who occupied but did not work the claim adjoining Mr. Peeri, over to the new house.

"I'll give you \$100 and this new house for your claim next to Mr. Peeri's," he said. The Indian would have gladly have traded even, and McNaughton knew it, but he was making himself solid with the tribe so that later he could have good backing when he needed it.

Having made his crop on the eighty acres he moved into the shanty he had obtained of the three-quarter blood, and began to fence in his claim. It is worth mentioning that beyond this claim was the broad open prairie, at that time wholly unoccupied, because the Indians thought it valueless except for pasture. The Peoria Indian loves the timber. McNaughton knew better, and he knew he could take in as much of that prairies as he could use.

There were at that time three families on the Peoria reservation doing pretty well as farmers, one of them being Mr. Peeri. The tribe numbered over 200. The few fences were either made of rails or hedges. McNaughton brought in barbed wire. The rest would have objected only that he was so far off on the prairie. He fenced in his claim, and then set out, as he says, to turn a Jack.

The Southwest was alive with cattle. Everybody was wild on the subject. There was the open prairie beyond McNaughton's claim. It was unoccupied except by a few Indian cattle. Why not fence it in and take cattle to pasture? Certainly, this could be done, only the rest of the tribe would object. McNaughton thought he would try and see. The land had all been surveyed, and McNaughton paid \$50 to a Government clerk at Washington to make a copy of the Government plot of the reservation. With this he went about among the friends he had made and got them to locate claims on the open prairie beyond his. Then McNaughton leased these claims for 10 cents an acre for the year. Having gotten leases for 6,000 acres, and these leases were bound to be recognized by the Department of the Interior, being made by one Peoria to another, he fenced in the whole breadth of prairie. He built miles of fence in a day by hiring many wagons to draw the wire and many men to string it to posts driven by other men. He did not let even the workmen know what they were to do after he had hired them until the day set to begin the work had arrived. Even the teamsters were ordered to report on the reservation, and were driving into the Territory on

that morning when McNaughton met them, and sent them back to the Baxter Springs depot for barbed wire, previously purchased secretly and consigned to a fictitious address. The fence was built before anyone knew what was going on.

Then he released the whole pasture for 60 cents an acre. That made a howl. He was clearing 50 cents an acre off the Indian. A petition for an investigation was sent to the Interior Department quickly. One Indian, too impatient to await the arrival of the agent, started to open the fence and let the cattle out. McNaughton caught him at it, rode up beside the buggy in which the Indian was driving, cut the lines, and lashed the horse till it ran away and threw the Indian out. A few days later this Indian got arrested over in Missouri for some misdemeanor. McNaughton, on hearing of it, dropped everything and rushed off to Missouri, and not only got bail for the Indian, but got the charge dismissed. The Indian enemy thereby has made a solid friend.

An agent to investigate McNaughton arrived. He found that every acre under fence was claimed by Peorias, who had made leases to McNaughton. The fence might be unpopular, but no one had a right to interfere.

Next year McNaughton decided to go out of the pasturing business. So he spread the story that he was considering the advisability of releasing the whole 6,000 acres for a long period in order to work it as a great farm and stock ranch. The other Peorias were up in arms against the project. There was but one way to stop it, however, and that was to go out there and occupy the claims themselves.

“But there is my wire fence; what are you going to do about that?” said McNaughton.

“We’ll buy it,” said they. And they did, every rod of it except what McNaughton wished to keep for use on his own claim. Having bought the wire, as McNaughton had wished them to do, they felt obliged to build houses of some sort on the claims thus partly fenced and to finish fencing the claims. Then, since McNaughton was ploughing up scores of acres, they thought they would do the same thing. He seemed to make money out of everything he did. Perhaps they would make money by imitating him. He planted corn, so did they. All made good crops.

It is worth telling that McNaughton did not give up all the great breadth of prairie he had fenced in. He has at this time "all that he is entitled to, and perhaps a potato patch more," as he said to the reporter. In all, he renewed the leases for over 2,000 acres.

The money made out of the cattle lease was all put into improving this tract, such as completing the fencing, breaking prairie, &c. When it was gone he set about getting some more, and got it.

Among the Peorias were four young people who owned the fee of a certain farm up in Kansas, near Paola. A white man had squatted on the land and had lived there for ten or eleven years, and neither the young people nor their parents before them had dared assert their rights. McNaughton's success with the wire fence business led the young people to think he might help them to their own. They came to him. What would they take in cash for the farm? A hundred dollars each. They should have it. At that particular moment McNaughton had just \$1 in cash. Next day he left the reservation without telling even his wife where he was going. He got a ticket to Paola and back on credit, and went there. He paid cash for his dinner—50 cents at the best hotel. Then he went to a reputable land agent, who contracted to buy the farm for \$2,500, and who made out a deed which would convey the farm from the rightful owners to McNaughton. To make the conveyance lawful it was necessary that the farm be appraised by disinterested parties, and the farm sold at the appraised price by the owners in the presence of the Indian agent, who had to count the money and deliver it to the sellers in person.

By using his credit at home, McNaughton got the farm appraised (at \$2,500, a low price), and the papers into the hands of the Peoria agent. Then he went to a Baxter Springs banker and asked for the loan of \$2,500 for one day and \$400 for a week, and, after explaining the case, he got it by deputy. The banker sent a clerk, who, at the proper time, with fear and trembling, gave the money to the agent, who gave it to the Indians. The Indians and McNaughton and the clerk went out of the agent's presence, and there McNaughton took \$2,100 from the Indians and gave it to the clerk, who had expected never to see it again.

Then McNaughton went back to Paola. The land agent was ready to buy the farm, provided the squatter were ousted. McNaughton got a team and driver and drove out to the farm. The squatter came out when hailed:

“Oh, you are the --- —— —— who has been buying this place, are you? Well, I swore I’d kill you and now I’m going to do it,” and he went into the house for his shotgun. McNaughton had been knocking about among shooting men for a good many years and sized up this fellow as one who wouldn’t shoot. When the squatter came out McNaughton had him covered with a six-shooter before he was fairly out of the door. Then McNaughton took the shotgun from him and invited him to come to town and buy the farm. The man came and he bought the farm for \$3,500.

The profits in this transaction and another of the same sort went into the big claim on which this squaw man lives. Part of it went into a good house, in which he placed a tenant, while still living himself in the old shanty the three-quarter blood had built. That tenant the next year raised 45 bushels of corn on each acre of a patch of 300 acres that he planted. McNaughton’s share, 4,500 bushels, sold for \$1,125 cash. The tenant’s house cost but \$520; the land was simply part of the claim.

To go further into the details of this squaw man’s farming operations would be interesting but unnecessary. He will this spring, is even now, preparing to plant a cornfield, three miles long and half a mile wide, which will not show a break in a furrow. He has the finest sort of a house, the finest sort of stock, and three of the finest sort of boys—all as the result of having become a squaw man in November 1881. That is not the only result. From the beginning, when the Peorias, to keep him from cultivating the whole prairie, began to move out there and cultivate themselves, the number of farms has steadily increased. Half the Peorias are now very successful farmers. The rest soon will be. More than that, the Peorias over a year ago unanimously asked Congress to allot their lands in severalty, and are still petitioning.

There are a plenty of enterprising squaw men among the various tribes who are developing big farms. There is A. H. Wright, a parson, who took a Cherokee to wife, and then some thousands of acres of Cherokee reservation to cultivate. He lives like a baron on a lordly estate, surrounded by many vassals. In the Cherokee nation any citizen is allowed to fence in and claim all the land he will cultivate, and no one may build a fence within a quarter of a mile of his claim without his permission. A good many Cherokees are imitating this pious squaw man; a good many are content, and always will be, to live in a log hut and work a little now and then for the enterprising.

CHAPTER V.

JIM CHARLEY GOES A HUNTING.

Jim Charley is one of the most affable and hospitable of the Peorias. He has had a college education. He lives in a comfortable log cabin down on the Spring River bottom. Not so many years ago, a real estate agent up in Kansas City, in looking up the title to a piece of property, found that although it apparently belonged to a white man there, it was really the property of this Peoria. Thereupon the white occupier gave the agent the job of getting Jim Charley to sign off. The Indian was taken to the city, he was lodged at the best hotel, he was taken to the best theatre and to the best of every sort of resort to which a handsome young brave would like to go. He was made much of—"much fool," he says now. He signed away property worth over \$100,000 for \$11,000 in cash. Still, that sum looked as big as a cord of wood to him, and he came home and lived like a lord for a while. He dressed—but no matter.

One day he invited J. P. McNaughton, the squaw man told of in the last chapter, to go hunting. It was in December, and the deer were still fat. McNaughton accepted the invitation, and was at Charley's cabin door before daylight the next morning. They crossed Spring River in a boat. About four inches of snow had fallen early the night before, and they walked along noiselessly. It was a fine day for the sport.

By and by it got light enough for McNaughton to see Jim Charley. Behold the Indian! He was dressed in a silk hat, a swallow-tail coat, a white shirt, fashionable trousers, silk stockings, and patent leather shoes. The outfit had cost \$78. He had learned that that was a proper evening dress in Kansas City, and had dressed in that style the evening before. When morning came he resumed his evening dress because it happened to be handier to get at than any other when he got out of bed.

After a walk of about four miles, during which, McNaughton says, a number of deer were lost because Charley's conspicuous black clothes frightened them over soon, a big, fine buck was fired at and badly wounded. Away it went straight from the home the Indian had left, and with the Indian on the trail, like

a sleuth hound. McNaughton followed, and after a race of twelve miles a buck was killed.

They dressed it, and Jim Charley shouldered it, all bloody as it was, and they started for home. They did not travel so rapidly on the back track as when going, but they travelled steadily. Meantime, the weather had turned piercing cold, and the soft snow had got a crust over it. When they reached Spring River ice had formed over nearly half its width.

They stopped on the bank and the Indian dropped the carcass. Then McNaughton, for the first time since the race, looked down at the Indian's feet. They were bare and bleeding. The shoes and the lower part of the silk stockings and the black trousers had been worn away, and the snow crust had cut his feet. Charley saw the look and laughed. Then they looked for the boat. It had become loosened and gone adrift.

"I will go and get it," said McNaughton.

"No," said Jim Charley. "We will go home." And they did. Jim Charley picked up his companion and seated him on his shoulder. Then he walked into the stream, breaking the ice with his bare feet, never noticing the icy water that wet him to the waist. and set the white man, dry shod, on the home side of the stream. Then he went and brought over the buck.

Jim Charley has a good barn, a good rifle, and a good shotgun, and nothing else out of the proceeds of the Kansas City windfall. However, some white men would not have even as much as that.

CHAPTER VI.

SEQUOYAH INVENTS AN ALPHABET.

Sequoyah was the greatest of the Cherokees. It is to him that the Cherokees owe their intelligence and general superiority over all other Indians. Sequoyah was of humble birth, for there are social grades among Indians quite as distinct as among pale faces. He was what is called a full blood in these days, the term now meaning those Cherokees who speak no English, instead of those who have no

white blood in their veins. He was really a half breed. His mother was a real full-blood Cherokee maiden. There are two stories about who his father was. The books say it was one Guess, or Guest, a German peddler. The late John Ross, the greatest of Cherokee chiefs, who knew Sequoyah well, told his nephew, the venerable Col. W. P. Ross, that Sequoyah's father was a Col. Gist, a well-known Virginian of the latter part of the eighteenth century. That a man of Sequoyah's brains and courtly bearing should have been the son of an ignorant, unambitious German is incredible. The English name of Sequoyah, for the Cherokees have an Indian and an English name, is commonly written George Guess. It should be written George Gist. Sequoyah was born out of wedlock. Col. William Gist of Virginia, by his sin, conferred a lasting benefit on the Cherokee.

One day in January, 1822, Sequoyah and a number of companions were standing in the little Alabama hamlet Sauta. They were talking about the white man's wonderful talking leaf. The white man could talk to the leaf and then send the leaf far away, where another man could, by looking at it, tell what the other had said to it. All save Sequoyah agreed this was far beyond the ken of the red man.

Sequoyah listened in silence. He had often pondered on the subject; more than that, he had been groping like a blind child for the wisdom that would enable him to solve the mystery of the talking leaf. As he listened to their hopeless admission that it was beyond the power of the Indian mind to do so wonderful a thing, the inspiration came to him out of which grew the light he sought.

At the moment, however, he did not realize what the value of the thought given him really was. Sequoyah was at once a profound thinker and a jester. His stories and jokes, as well as his sunny temperament, had long before made him a favorite among his acquaintances. It was as a jest that he gave his associates the first glimmer of his wonderful inspiration. When one said that to make the leaf talk was too deep a mystery for Indian wisdom, he turned and assuming an air of gravity said:

"Ye are fools. Why, this thing is very easy, I can do it myself."

Picking up a smooth flat stone, he took a pin from his clothing and made a number of marks on the stone. Then he showed the marks to the rest, and rattled off something, not afterward remembered, that made them all laugh, and which he said he had told to the stone.

No sooner was this done than Sequoyah realized that he had found the beginning of a solution of the mystery he had so long pondered on. He had unwittingly made a character or mark for each word he had spoken. Why not make a character for each word of the language, and then teach these characters to his people, so that they might make the leaf talk?

The thought sobered him, and he went to his home in Will's Valley, De Kalb county, Alabama, to give his whole time and thought to the subject. Fortunately, Sequoyah had a good wife. It is a pity that her name is not known, for both she and a daughter were of material aid to Sequoyah. For months Sequoyah worked on his problem. He listened to the conversation of his neighbors and family. He made signs for the words that he could distinguish, and then his wife and daughter, whose ears were sharper than his, helped him to distinguish other words. At last he reached a point where his success in writing signs overwhelmed him. There were so many signs that he could not remember to what words they all applied, and he had to give up the idea of ever trying to teach them to others.

How could the number of those signs be reduced? He thought the matter over for days. Meantime he had neglected his field—for the Cherokees were even then tillers of the soil. His neighbors and friends, who at first laughed at his foolishness, became alarmed at what they supposed was insanity, and finally suspicions that Sequoyah had become a necromancer and was in league with the devil. With a piety that must have been taught by a missionary from Salem, they admonished him that he was sinning against God and his own family. They quoted traditions at him to prove the doctrine that the white man had been foreordained to be superior to the Indian in the matter of the talking leaf. In fact so earnest did they become that, as Sequoyah afterwards said, they would have murdered him for his impiety but for his previous popularity and reputation as a kindly neighbor. Sequoyah never answered their arguments. He listened to them patiently, smoking his pipe the while, and when they were done went on carving signs in smooth bark with his knife, for he had neither ink nor pen nor paper.

He was not a whit discouraged over his apparent failure, and within a short time after abandoning the idea of representing each word by a sign, observed that one sound was common to do different words as spoken by his wife. Further observation showed that combinations of a few sounds made many words.

Then he had indeed solved the mystery. He would represent each sound or syllable in a word by a sign. Aided by wife and daughter he went to work on a new set of signs, and at the end of three days could write the Cherokee language. It took but eighty-six syllables to make every word in the language, and eighty-six characters completed the alphabet.

His daughter was an apt pupil. She could soon write them as well as he. Then he called in the chief men of his neighborhood. They were not a little suspicious of a deep, dark plot to deliver them over to the evil one, but they came and listened to his explanation of what he had done. Then he sent his daughter away down the trail with some of the great men, while those that remained were asked to dictate something for him to write. He wrote their words, sent them to his daughter, and she read them aloud. The great men with her dictated, she wrote, and Sequoyah read aloud the message. The great men were deeply impressed, but only with the truth of what is in English said as a proverb: The devil is good to his own. Sequoyah, they thought, was surely doomed to go to the hell the good missionaries had taught them about.

Sequoyah did go away. He went to Arkansas. A part of the Cherokee nation then lived there on the White River. He had better luck here, for he got some young and not bigoted men to learn his alphabet. They were soon able to correspond with one another to their intense delight. Some of them went back east to where the main body of the Cherokees lived, carrying long messages on the talking leaf for relatives. The new study was taken up on every hand, and pretty soon the great men of the tribe—the aristocrats—found themselves behind their less pretentious constituents in knowledge of what was going on. They were forced to learn the new accomplishment. Thereupon Sequoyah was made a great chief and a plaster counterfeit of his head and shoulders by Vinnie Ream now stands in the Cherokee capitol building in Tahlequah. It is commonly said that there is not a Cherokee above 15 years of age who cannot read and write. This is almost true. Very few of them cannot read and write either Cherokee or English, and this, too, in spite of the fact that the Cherokees have never taught their alphabet in their schools. A smart boy who talks the language can learn to write it readily in three days. But nowadays thousands of Cherokees do not talk their own language. They talk English only.

When the alphabet had spread, that is to say, by 1826, type to print Sequoyah's characters were cast, and a paper, the *Cherokee Phoenix*, with Elias Boudinot, a Cherokee, as editor, was established, one half of which was printed in English

and the other half in Cherokee. It was through this more than any other instrumentality that the Cherokees became the most intelligent and progressive of Indian tribes. The newspaper, part in English, part in Cherokee, has been continued with few intermissions to this day.

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