

30th Annual Spring Number

CHRISTIAN NATION

"RIGHTeousNESS EXALTEth IN A NATION."

In which is merged

The Reformed Presbyterian Standard and also Our Banner

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The Paramount Purpose of The Covenanter Church.

**Would Not the Synod Act Wisely in Appropriating \$10,000 to
\$15,000, and Appointing Six to Eight of the Church's
Fittest Men to This Work for Their Whole Time?**

(Extract from the Covenant of 1871.)

Persuaded that God is the source of all legitimate power; that he has instituted civil government for His own glory and the good of man; that he has appointed His Son, the Mediator, to headship over the nations; and that the Bible is the supreme law and rule in national as in all other things, we will maintain the responsibility of nations to God, the rightful dominion of Jesus Christ over the commonwealth, and the obligation of nations to legislate in conformity with the written Word. We take ourselves sacredly bound to regulate all our civil relations, attachments, professions and deportment, by our allegiance and loyalty to the Lord, our King, Lawgiver and Judge; and by this, our oath, we are pledged to promote the interests of public order and justice, to support cheerfully whatever is for the good of the commonwealth in which we dwell, and to pursue this object in all things not forbidden by the law of God, or inconsistent with public dissent from an unscriptural and immoral civil power.

We will pray and labor for the peace and welfare of our country, and for its reformation by a constitutional recognition of God as the source of all power, of Jesus Christ as the Ruler of Nations, of the Holy Scriptures as the supreme rule, and of the true Christian religion; and we will continue to refuse to incorporate by any act, with the political body, until this blessed reformation has been secured.

AROUND THE OLD ARM CHAIR.

"I love it, I love it,
And who shall dare
To chide me for loving
The Old Arm Chair."

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AMONG THE INDIANS

Never-Before-Told Leather Stocking Tales in a Missionary's Life Among the Comanches and Apaches.

By the Rev. W. W. Carithers, D. D.

THE MAN WHOSE EAR HAD A LITTLE CHILD.

Within a month, a man of unusual abilities and experiences died at his home near Lawton, Okla. His rather checkered career had been connected with the Indian country since war times, and it may be before. He was a scout, and personally acquainted with a number of the old-time Indian fighters such as Sheridan and Custer. When I first knew him, twenty-five years ago, he was married to an Indian woman, and had several children. A large, bony frame over six feet high, exceedingly deliberate and slow of speech and motion, so that he was known as "a very low geared" man, and the estimate has been made that his pulse rate was not over sixteen to the minute. Near the lower part of one of his ears there was quite a prominent mole, and the Indians gave him his name from that, calling it "The child of an ear," or, "The ear with a little child." So he was known as E. L. Clark among the white people, and among the Indians his name was "Nok'-ah-tua."

He spoke the Indian language well. In fact, the Indians themselves said he spoke it better than any of the Comanches, and his English was of exceedingly well chosen words, although he had very little training in the schools. One time when talking to him about the different parts of speech in the Comanche, I used the words "verb" and "noun" and he said, "I have an idea what you mean by those words but I am not sure." Nature had given him the ground work for a great linguist; in fact I have often thought of him as being intended for a professor of language and literature in some University. Instead, he drifted into this country in the days when it was a common remark that there was neither law nor taxes, and he saw much of the lawlessness that was the rule and not the exception.

Many times I have enjoyed his hospitality, and occasionally, when the mood was right, and you had time to wait for the long pauses in his speech, he would give you some wonderful accounts of what he had seen—in much of it he had had a part.

His home was an old adobe building, erected, it is said, by some ambitious school man, who calculated on a large institution for Indian youth along industrial and literary lines. I think the school never had materialized. It had been so long ago that the building was falling into decay, and in this rambling old one-story structure, Clark and his family lived.

Some remnants of Government supplies still remained: old plows, ox yokes, and machinery lodged in various shapes. The building was used for many purposes: corn, medicines, hay, machinery, were stored and scattered through many of the rooms. It was also the home of rats and mice and smaller

living things. Many a night I have stayed there and always had a warm welcome. If the weather drove you indoors, there was always hay or some other material that could be used as bedding; and by moving enough stuff you could get a floor space big enough to serve as a bedroom. Frequently, along in the night, Nok'-ah-tua would come prowling around through the building, sometimes with

HE IS RISEN.

Edward V. Belles in S. S. Times.
In the grave he lieth lowly,—
Christ the Lord, the High and Holy,—
Wrapt in gloom.
Not a sign of his awaking,
Cheering hearts with sorrow aching;
Not a whisper of his breaking
Death's dark tomb.
All the world is sleeping,
Burden'd ones are weeping;
For the Lord of life is dead.

But the grave could not retain him,
And the power that had slain him
Fled with night.

Lo, the Son of God is waking,
Bonds of death and prison breaking,
While the very earth is quaking
With his might.

Hail the dawn of glory!
Angels tell the story:

He is risen, as he said.

a smoky, grimy old lantern, and it was at such times that you were likely to get the most interesting bits of reminiscence from him. Especially if it were a stormy night, and everything loose was banging around the old castle, he would be likely to stop and recall that a storm like this struck them when he was out with Sheridan, and of how a number of men were frosted, some of them seriously frozen in the morning.

He had a great sense of humor, and while he seldom laughed, yet there was a certain little smile and twist of the mouth that usually accompanied his stories in the places where the fun was enough to call loud guffaws of laughter from the ones who heard the stories. It was not hard to find many people who could tell you laughable stories about Nok'-ah-tua, usually based on his extreme slowness and the certainty that he would be so far behind time in everything that he was even accused of only expecting to get on when things came around again. I heard a man who witnessed the scene tell about one time when a young fellow abused him with all the language that he could muster, calling him every abusive name that he could think of, and Clark looked off over the landscape and paid no manner of attention. The next day Clark showed evidences of anger and went up to this young fellow and said to him, "Now yesterday you called me names that I will not take from any man." As Clark talked, he grew more angry and all

the bystanders thought that he would kill the young fellow, but by this time the young fellow had cooled off entirely, and when he saw Clark's rage he was thoroughly frightened and made all sorts of apologies and so avoided a collision.

And yet this man, who was so slow, is reported to have at one time by his quickness put down serious trouble at the Agency. The Indians were in a very ugly humor and had decided to kill the agent and loot the Agency with all its supplies. They had their arms concealed under their blankets and while the Agent had been warned that trouble was brewing, yet it was in the days of the Quaker rule, and he would not accept any of these stories as against his confidence in kindness being able to overcome all dissatisfaction, and so while the Indians in a state of great excitement were outside, he was quietly sitting at his desk writing, with E. L. Clark, his interpreter, in the room behind him. One of the Indians, hiding a knife under his blanket, came into the room and going up behind the Agent drew his knife with the intention of stabbing him to death as he sat writing. While in the act of striking with the knife, the Indian was caught by this great brawny giant and flung through the window, carrying sash and glass with him as he went out on the ground. The Indians outside were waiting for the signal that the Agent was dead, and when their bravest man that was to dispatch the Agent came sprawling out all mixed up with sash and glass, they laughed, and the rebellion dissolved in jeers at the unfortunate brave, and a general sense of the ludicrous side of the situation.

A number of times Clark's own life was in imminent danger. Once he was making hay for the Government, with three men helping him. There was an outbreak among the Kiowas and all the whites that they could reach were killed. Some men from the Agency knew that this hay camp would probably be attacked before they knew of their danger, and so four men started out to warn them and help them to get in. Three of the men at the hay camp started on a load of hay and came in safely and only then became aware of their danger. Clark was riding leisurely along on one of the work horses when he rounded a little hill and came in sight of the Kiowa war party. They motioned to him to come to them and he knew at once that there was trouble, but knew also that his only chance was to appear perfectly at ease; so he rode up to the company and asked them what they wanted. One of them spoke up and said, "I want that horse you are riding." Clark said, "All right," and got off the horse and started off on foot. He had gone but a little way when another one called to him to come back. Clark walked back and asked what they wanted now, and another Indian said, "I want your pistol." Clark gave it to him and turned to walk away a second time. After he had gone a little distance, he reasoned that if he went away on foot they would wait until he was far enough away to make the chase worth while and then they would follow him on their ponies and throw ropes over him and drag him to death; and he thought if he had to die then, he would prefer to die some other way, so he turned and walked back to the Kiowas, and as he was nearing them he heard one of them say to another, "There comes that fool again and we are going to have to kill him to get rid of him." When he came up they asked him

what he wanted. He said, "I want my pistol," and walked up and took it out of the hand of the Indian, and then he turned to the other Indian and said, "I want my horse," and they gave it to him, and he mounted the horse and with some light remark rode off. This was not far from the Agency and a field of corn lay between, about a mile from the band of Indians. Clark rode toward that field with no sign of haste, but carefully calculating the distance, and when he reached a point where he thought his farm horse could reach the edge of the field before the Kiowas would overtake him on their swift ponies, he laid whip to his horse and started for the field. This was the signal for the Kiowas to break into a chase after him. He rushed up to the fence with the arrows whistling around him and went headlong over into the weeds and corn. Upon this the Kiowas circled away because in the shelter he would have the advantage, and after an awful day of thirst and fear he escaped after night across the river to the Agency. It was a curious coincidence that the four men who started out to rescue the men in this hay camp were all killed by the Indians.

Another time he was fastened up and they were ready to set fire to the wagon train and burn up all concerned, when an old Kiowa woman said to let him go, that she would adopt him as her son, and so he cheated death again. He always called that woman "Mother," and I have heard that she never appealed to Clark for anything that he did not grant it.

One time as I was riding with him in the camp we passed an old Mexican. This old man had lost two fingers, and as General McKenzie had also lost two fingers, the old Mexican was called "McKenzie." He was a hard case along many lines, and as we passed him, Clark said, "What do you think of McKenzie?" and I said that according to the best lights I had I did not count him a good citizen. I then asked Clark what he thought of McKenzie, and he said, "When you have looked down a gun barrel with a man's finger on the trigger you never feel just the same to him again;" and after a long pause he added, "I have done that with McKenzie."

When Clark was guide to Sheridan and they were hunting the warriors who had broken away from the Agency, they were following along the north fork of the Red River, and the question came as to whether they would cross the river at a ford or not. It was finally decided that they would not cross at that point. Afterwards it was known that the Indians were lying on the high ground on the opposite side of the river watching them, and the soldiers would have been compelled to follow a narrow valley after crossing the river and the Indians on both sides of this valley were waiting until the soldiers were entangled in the crossing of the river and in this defile, when they expected to attack them, and considering the matter in view of these facts there seemed little doubt but that such an attack would have wiped out the command. Little Tony, who was long an interpreter at the Mission, was in charge of the beef herd at this time, for the soldiers took a bunch of cattle along with them for their meat supply, and little Tony has told me with great excitement and many gestures how near they were to death, and how they passed on and did not know it.

When order was a little better established, Clark lived with one of the Indian women

as his wife, and his children attended the Mission school, and his friendship and helpfulness never failed. His wife and oldest daughter became members of the church, and a number of their relatives also connected with the church, and while he would interpret and give help to the Mission work, yet he never came out with any profession of religion. Certain habits that held over from the old days remained with him to the end. He never was able to shake off the appetite for drink contracted in those earlier days. The last time I saw him he was so under its influence that it seemed as if body and mind were falling into ruin. Cancer developed, and he went to Kansas City, where some doctor proposed by a plaster to destroy it. In

SPRINGTIME.

THE DAY when the Prince of Life with his pierced hands broke asunder the fetters of death, and on those broken fetters wrote our title to immortality.

THE DAY which declares the grave a vanquished foe, that narrow bed being now only a chamber of peace whose window opens toward the sunrise, where, like Bunyan's pilgrim, the bodies of our sainted friends sleep until the morning breaks.

SPRINGTIME indeed, thou blessed day, when songbirds are heard in the inner world of thought, and when the flowers of faith and hope and love appear in the garden of the heart.—Thomas J. Villers.

a letter written at this time he said that he thought the pain was as much as any being could endure, but he did not know, for he had never been in hell. He lived only a little while after he returned home, and I did not know of his death until after his burial.

Another link between the past and the present is gone. Another heart whose every beat was filled with kindness toward his fellow men is stilled. Turbulent surroundings were his for the greater part of his life, and I could have hoped that he might have had a quieter end. I wish that a voice of more compelling love than mine had spoken to his heart and that the loyalty which he so freely gave to men he might have learned to bestow upon his God. Kindliness and sorrow fill my thoughts as I lay this last tribute upon the grave of my friend.

"REVIVAL AND REVIVAL METHODS."

THE INCITEMENT TO PRAYER FOUND IN ATTEMPTING DIFFICULT WORK.

By Dr. J. M. Wylie.

It is natural to a child of God to attempt difficult work. It is in harmony with his new nature to undertake tasks which, from a human point of view seem impossible. Paul said: "I can do all things in him that strengtheneth me." Prayer is the atmosphere in which the believer works. Out of this atmosphere every Christian duty would be impossible.

This topic has been placed under the general heading of "Personal Piety and Personal Work." One could perhaps imagine a follower of Christ undertaking a task without prayer and being driven to prayer in order to complete it, but the topic is not to be interpreted in that way.

There is a mutual relation between prayer and attempting difficult work. Prayer leads to such undertakings and the nature of the enterprise in-

cludes to further prayer. All Christian work has its inspiration in fellowship with God, but we also turn again to Him for wisdom and strength to do what He has placed in our hands. The "attempting" is not to be thought of as a merely human undertaking; nor is it to be implied, as the word may indicate, that there is a thought of possible failure. The work which leads to prayer is the Christian duty assigned us by the Master which we realize can be done only in His strength. One who would attempt work in any other spirit than that of fellowship with Christ would not be likely to go to Him for help in case of failure. There are two aspects of prayer which make its use a necessary element in all Christian work. It is the means which God has appointed for releasing the power which is stored up in Jesus Christ, and it is the means by which the child of God delights in the manifestation of his Heavenly Father's wisdom and power, and he equally delights in becoming acquainted with the glorious traits of His character. To know God through fellowship with Him is one of the highest enjoyments of the Christian experience. Paul counted all things to be loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, his Lord. There are manifold powers of God released by prayer. The first which one realizes is God's power over the mind of the petitioner.

"When troubles overwhelm my breast;
Then lead me on the rock to rest
That higher is than I."

There is nothing like prayer for producing calm self-possession. How quieting it is to get into the fellowship of a strong character when one is disturbed. "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." Luther spent hours in prayer when he had a specially difficult task. Jesus spent the night in prayer when a difficult duty was before Him. The ability with which we perform any work is largely in proportion to the calmness of mind in which it is undertaken.

Prayer enlarges our vision. To come near to God and have the power of His Spirit in our hearts enables us to see the problem more clearly. When Abraham stood with Jehovah on Mount Moriah and had surrendered his son for the sacrifice he was given a vision which he had never before enjoyed. From the understanding of the man he came to have the understanding of the believer. From having his son in the flesh he received him back in the spirit as a son of God; and from a vision of an innumerable seed which would be only his fleshly descendants he came to see the day of Christ and the Kingdom of God. This man of prayer had gladness in the power which Jehovah displayed in answer to his prayer, and he had intense joy in knowing such a God.

Through prayer the believer knows that his faith will be increased and that he will be able to accomplish anything which the Spirit leads him to undertake. The more difficult the work, the greater is the opportunity for God to display His power. "Is anything too hard for Jehovah?" the works accomplished by the Lord in the foreign fields be the answer, where the agency is most frequently in inverse ratio to the greatness of the task.

Prayer leads us to center our efforts on the most important work to be done, and to definitely ascertain from God's word that it is His will that it shall be done, and then to give Him no rest until we see that He has done what He has promised to do.

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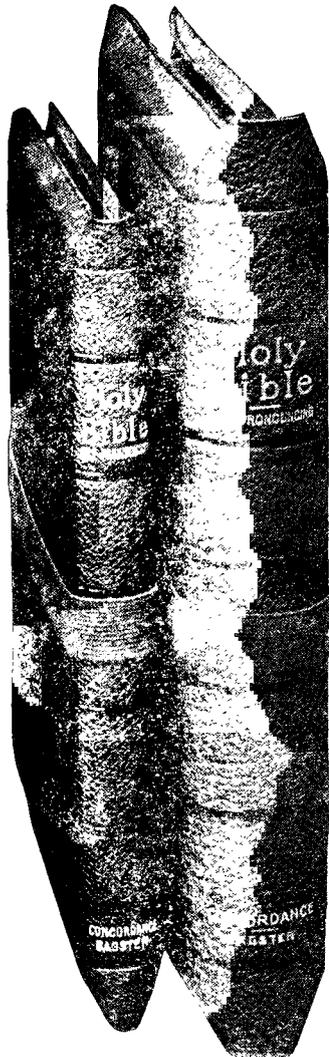
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AROUND THE OLD ARM CHAIR

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Never-Before-Told Leather Stocking Tales in a Missionary's Life Among the Comanches and Apaches.

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LITTLE TONY.

I am certain that it was Little Tony who furnished the arguments that led to his going along with his father that morning. There had been rumors of Indians from the north raiding down in Old Mexico where the father lived, and that day he was to visit his brother who was herding their sheep a distance away from home, and little Tony went along. He didn't know himself how old he was at this time, but he could remember his mother's name, and also the names of his sisters. They were to stay at the sheep camp that night, and as they sat by the camp fire the alarm was raised that the Indians were coming. Little Tony's uncle said to him, "Take hold of my blanket, and I will run and you will swing along and keep up that way." And so they scattered, with the Indians after them. Little Tony hung on for quite a while, until his hold was loosened and he dropped to the ground. There was a little brush or plants of some kind beside where he fell, and he rolled under this, thinking that the Indians had not seen him. The chase swept on and Little Tony lay hidden as he thought, in safety, but in great fear. One of the Indians in the chase had seen Little Tony roll under the brush, and being assured that the child would wait there, did not stop at that time, but as they came back he hunted him out and took him along with them. From blankets and various things that the Indians brought back, Little Tony believed that his uncle and his father were killed.

The next morning the Indians put him on a horse with another little fellow, and started on the return. They could not talk to the lonesome little fellows, but they gave them to understand that if they kept on crying they would kill them, and Little Tony said he held back his sobs, but the other little fellow cried, and Little Tony told me that very soon he was riding alone. He was brought along with these Indians to their camps and soon adapted himself to their life, but as he grew older, drifted away from them and fell in among white men. He engaged himself to one of these who was a freighter, and from some point in Kansas he started with oxen and a load of goods in a long train and went across the Rio Grande aiming to get into the country where his people lived. He was convinced that he was nearing the place, and was about to find his people, when they came to where men were fighting, and they re-

fused to let them pass, and as near as Tony remembered, he thought that the goods were confiscated and the cattle eaten by the men who were fighting.

Tony was left afoot and drifted back into the country of the only people he knew. Here he fell in with the Kiowas and Comanches and settled down and lived among them the rest of his life. He married a Comanche woman and had two boys. His wife's death occurred a little while before I met him, and my first visit to his home was to see about getting his two boys to come into school.

Of a short stocky build, with an active and alert air, he met all comers as friends, and was a very companionable man. He talked a number of Indian languages well, and also the Mexican and English. I have often heard him offer prayer in Comanche, at another time when it seemed best, he would offer prayer in Mexican and at other times in English. His boys came into school, one of them dying when the small-pox visited us, and the other is still living.

Tony married again, and at our first Communion, both the boys and Tony and his wife united with the church. Tony was our reliance in those days as an interpreter and he gave his very best services freely. Regular in his attendance at church although he lived quite a distance away, loyal to every interest of the Mission so far as he knew them. Every worker at the Mission counted Little Tony a friend.

You could hardly measure my sur-

prise when one balmy afternoon in early spring a messenger rode up and handed me a dirty piece of paper on which was scrawled the sad news that Little Tony was shot and to come and bring beards with me to make a coffin. Distressed and wondering, I made the trip and found it all too true. It was night fall when I reached Little Tony's home and I stayed there over night and by the lamp light I found the bullet holes, a number of them over the body, and washed and dressed the abused little form wondering how it had all come about and who the coward was that had shot him in the back and abused him so. It turned bitter cold in the night and everything froze solid. The next morning the Chief of Police from the Agency came and we found that Tony had started away from home on some errand concerning a plow and we followed the track of his wagon—the track that, made in the mellow soil of the day before, had hardened in the night. And we saw plainly written there how the whole scene had been enacted. A horseman had ridden up behind him and we saw the point where the first dastardly shot had been fired into his right shoulder from the back. The marks of the horses' feet showed how they had been startled and the way they ran showed that the shattering of the shoulder had turned the lines loose and they were running wild. The horseman riding alongside, and the holes in the wagon-bed showed that he had been emptying his pistol at Little Tony. The horses tried to pass between two trees where there was not room for the wagon and they tore loose and went back home, thus alarming the people. We saw the place where Tony had gone out head first and landed in the sandy soil, and where, with his left hand he had evidently tried to use his own pistol in defending himself. A little distance we found the tree behind which he had sheltered himself and where the blood from his shoulder raised against the tree had

marked one side, and the bullets from the assassin's pistol had scarred the opposite side. And then he seemed to have tried to move away for a little distance, for we saw where a rope had been dropped over his head, and catching him by the feet he had been jerked and dragged over brush, and this explained the scratches and marks upon his body at which I had wondered the night before. We knew then that it was some Mexican that had managed the whole affair, and had dragged him thus at the horn of a saddle, and the Chief of Police, with clenched hands turned to me and said, "I would give ten years of my life to have been here five minutes with a gun." God mercifully spared me such a temptation as that would have been, but I know it would have been of little use, except I had been able to get rid of the lump in my throat and the smart that persisted in my eyes.

And so in bitter cold we turned back with sorry hearts to the home and prepared to bring the body to the Mission graveyard. An awful blizzard of snow set in that afternoon and as we moved across the prairie, people were nearly perished with the cold. On the way a rider caught up with us, saying that the Agency physician, who was, I believe, the coroner, wanted us to stop till he could come and examine the body. We drove some miles farther into the shelter of Cache Creek and stopped there, setting a pile of drift wood afire and putting up such shelters as we could so that the party would not be frozen. After a time the doctor came and we opened the coffin and he examined the body, deciding that it was probable that the first shot through the shoulder had pierced an artery, and that all the while Little Tony was making his fight for life, he was bleeding to death; and also deciding that he was living, and the blood was circulating when the scratches were made on the body as he was being dragged by the feet.

The body was dressed again and put in the coffin by hands that were numbed with cold and in a swirl of snow that blinded everything except the little circle just about one, we started to travel the remaining miles to the Mission. I had a team of half broken horses and a light wagon in which was the coffin, and headed the procession. As we drove out of the shelter of the creek, the storm seemed to have redoubled its fury and the company soon were scattered and out of sight of one another, all battling with the storm and trying to follow the road and reach the Mission.

The coffin lid had not been fastened well with the screws that held it in place, and soon it became loose, making a noise that scared my team, and they broke into a run. The farther they ran, the worse the wind was pounding the coffin lid, and in my efforts to hold it down, the team had almost their own way with things. After a little the coffin lid blew loose and went off. Giving now my whole attention to the team, I brought them

Woman's Fascination

This is the matter of the possession of many natural qualities, foremost among which may be counted the radiant beauty of a natural complexion, such as is assured by the regular daily use of

Pears' Soap

Nature dowers almost every woman with a more or less beautiful complexion. To begin with it is soft and smooth, and fair to look upon, but perhaps by the use of ordinary, impure toilet soaps, or other neglect, the skin gradually loses its natural beauty and becomes colorless and inanimate.

To guard against a disaster like this, the skin should always be washed with Pears' Soap, which by its complete purity and its unique emollient qualities,

preserves the skin in its natural condition from infancy to old age, keeping it soft, smooth and beautiful.

around and headed back to secure the lid, I was directed so I found it quickly, but it was no easy task in the cold to hold my team and get the lid replaced, for the cold was numbing everything. I found the road again and the whole procession reached the Mission, some touched by frost, but after warming we started to the graveyard and as the dusk came on we laid the body in the ground.

Many years have passed since the grass clasped hands above his grave, but pleasant memories of a loyal friend will always rise in my mind at the mention of the name of "Little Tony."

WHAT THE NEW YORK BIBLE SOCIETY IS DOING.

Congregations or Individuals Contributing to This Great Work are Requested to Send the Money in Care of The Christian Nation, or to Rev. George William Carter, Ph.D., General Secretary, 64 Bible House, Astor Place, New York City.

We are now approaching the season when many go to cool breezes and airy lanes for the summer. Do not forget that our work goes on all during the warm weather. The poor we have always with us.

Would you not enjoy your vacation more if you left some joy behind you in the shape of a donation to the New York Bible Society for its summer work?

A lady wrote us:—"I am going abroad but I want to send you a donation before I go."

Remember now, then when you are away your memories will be pleasant.

We will soon be wanting to arrange to help supply Bibles to those who plan for the summer tent meetings, so send your donation in time.

During the quarter, January, February and March, we have distributed 73,671 copies of the Scriptures. More than 20,000 of these volumes have been furnished to the immigrants landing at Ellis Island and nearly 4,000 volumes have been given to seamen in our Harbor. In the City during this time more than 40,000 volumes in many languages have been circulated in institutions, needy homes, hotels and on the street. Nearly a thousand copies were given to those employed in the Barnum and Bailey Circus and over 500 to those connected with the Wild West Show. This was done while these companies were in New York. Over fifty copies of the New Testament in several Indian languages were presented to the Indians.

A letter from a City missionary says: "I know it will be of cheer to you to know that many of the Scrip-

ture portions given out by me from your Society are not only read but have a direct and observable influence for good in the lives of our colored people in the neighborhood of 62nd street. Some have definitely accepted Christ and I have had many a 'Thank you' which I pass on to you."

We have not lately referred to the work among the colored people as our space is limited. We know neither race, creed, nor color in our distribution of the Scriptures.

If you wish your donation to be applied to any branch of our work, you may so designate and we will be glad to follow your wish.

In the ten years following 1809, the

circulation of more than 60,000 copies for every single day in the year. No book can compare with the Bible in circulation and translation.

One of our missionaries was accosted by an immigrant who said: "Please take this Bible back; my friend says there is nothing in it about the Mother of Jesus." The missionary found the story of the Virgin in Luke and the immigrant went away satisfied. He had just been converted from Catholicism and the words of his friend hurt him. He hurried gladly away to show his Catholic friend the story of the birth of Jesus.

A Polish immigrant who had been in this country before, recently

the means of his conversion and he recorded the fact on the fly-leaf of the little Book, which came into our hands recently as a little encouragement to us in our work. It was the "Bread cast upon the waters," which had returned, "after many days."

The Chaplain of the Tombs received the following letter from an convict: "I am now a sea-faring man, running on the City of Columbus from Savannah to New York. I come in contact with a good many bad people and I ask you, sir, to send me a copy of the Holy Bible to keep my mind still on God and to hold my head above the high water, so that I can do some good for sinners that I meet."



THEIR FIRST VIEW OF THE LAND OF PROMISE.

Every year nearly a million natives of the Old World enter the New by the open gateway at Ellis Island in New York Harbor. This photograph was taken on the Emigrant Pier looking toward the sky-piercing towers of the American Metropolis.

New York Bible Society Missionaries every day in the year are engaged in furnishing the Scriptures to these strangers.

year in which the original New York Bible Society was organized, there was an average of less than a quarter million copies of the Scriptures circulated each year throughout the world. These were distributed in less than seventy languages. At the present time the total circulation of the Scriptures by the various Bible Societies aggregates more than 18,000,000 copies per year in over 500 languages. In addition there are the issues of the Scriptures by private publishing firms which will add several million copies more to the annual output. On a very conservative estimate, the total distribution of the Scriptures is at least 22,000,000 copies per year and more than half of these volumes are printed in the English language. This means a

brought to one of our missionaries at Ellis Island a Polish Gospel, saying that the book had been given to him four years before. He had read the book through repeatedly and wanted to learn more about the story which it told. Our missionary gave him in exchange for the Gospel a Polish New Testament and then sold him a Polish Bible.

Our Marine missionary would like to supply each sailor who leaves here for Mexico with a copy of the Scriptures. Some of these men will never return and we want to do our best for them.

Reposing in the safe of the New York Bible Society is a small Testament which was carried by one of our soldiers through the Civil War. It was

The city prison has over 14,000 prisoners committed every year to await trial. These people include representatives of every race, profession and trade. Many of the prisoners are friendless and have violated the law through ignorance, or have only technically offended, and two-thirds of them are discharged either before or after trial; contrary to the generally accepted opinion they are not all vicious or depraved. Many of them are the victims of circumstances or strong temptations which have overtaken them and caused them to fall. A helping hand extended at the critical moment often brings many of them back to honest living and the Christian faith.

(Continued on page 8.)

30th Year

CHRISTIAN NATION

"**RIGHTEOUSNESS EXALTS IN A NATION.**"

In which is merged

The Reformed Presbyterian Standard and also Our Banner

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MY JULY OFFER IS WHOLLY NEW

— IT WAS —

UNEXPECTED AND SURPRISING EVEN TO ME

There were 300 copies of Dr. George's first volume, "The Covenanter Pastor," on hand a short time ago. At the close of the June offer there were only 50. This offer had been withdrawn, and the Christian Nation for July 1 was ready for press, when the opportunity came to give away the two volumes of Tarbell's "Life of Lincoln," and our forms were held back while the "July Offer" was hurriedly prepared and put into type, making you the offer of

AN OUTRIGHT GIFT

**Dr. R. J. George's "Covenanter Pastor" and
Ida Tarbell's "Life of Lincoln," 2 vols., Boxed**

When these 50 bound copies of "The Covenanter Pastor" are gone, the supply will be exhausted. If you are a new subscriber send me \$3 for the Christian Nation for a year and a half, and if you are an old subscriber, send me \$6 to pay for the Christian Nation for three years in advance of your present date; and in either case you will receive all of the above books as a gift with every charge prepaid. The Christian Nation, "The Covenanter Pastor" and the 2 vol. edition of the "Life of Lincoln," will be sent to three separate addresses if preferred. Read further particulars and find blank coupon for ordering on page 12. Address John W. Pritchard, President, 1105 Tribune Building, New York.

AROUND THE OLD ARM CHAIR

"I love it, I love it,
And who shall dare
To chide me for loving
The Old Arm Chair."

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AMONG THE INDIANS

Never-Before-Told Leather Stocking Tales in a Missionary's Life Among the Comanches and Apaches.

By the Rev. W. W. Carithers, D. D.

THE COW-BOY.*

It was near the close of the holiday season, and the Indians had been busy all day getting their tree ready for the meeting in the evening. For some time they had been arranging each year for a tree of their own at the Mission. They would attend all the other "Trees" and "Treats" given by mission people or others, and afterwards buy things to furnish a "Tree" for themselves. They aimed to have this so well supplied that everyone present, whether Indian or white, would get a share; so the day had been a busy one for all at the Mission, for getting the tree in shape meant that a certain amount of help would be given. Late in the afternoon a disquieting telegram came in, calling for an early start and an anxious journey, and a little later a man came in saying that he had known me over twenty years ago. A good straight look in his face, and I answered him, "I do not remember you except that you are Williamson," and he said, "I am Williamson." Then I remembered well the cow-boy, considerably younger than the man before me, a good hearted, reckless fellow, ready to ride anything, no difference how wild or dangerous it might seem, ready to do a kindness, especially if he could do it on horseback. Liked by everybody, especially attracted by the children that were at the Mission when he was living in the cow camp near.

So Williamson told me of what he had been doing in the years that lay between. He stayed with us that night, and of course went to the "Tree." I think he received a handkerchief, a lead pencil and a bag filled with fruit and candy. Filled with amazement at the developments the Indians had made, he insisted over and over that he never would have believed that the Indians could have gotten up a thing like that themselves if he had not seen it, and that he wished some of the other boys could get back here and see what the Mission had done for those Indians.

The other workers at the Mission were rather disappointed in this close view of an old time cow-boy. They saw only a man, somewhat grimy and weatherbeaten, with the rolling gait of the cow-boy, and not especially attractive to them. Then it dawned on me that an essential element in the cow-boy picture was the atmosphere which could not be reproduced in the midst of civilization, but had to have the breadth and the freedom of the prairie that the plow had never touched—a rolling sweep reaching as far as the eye would carry, unbroken by fence or other marks that man would make. The cow-boy riding along the street may appeal somewhat to people, but does not stand in the same class with the old-time cow-boy any more than the mangy lion of the show compares with the king of the forest.

As it proved, Williamson had come back to look

for gold that he believed some of the outlaws that used to harbor in the hills near the Mission had hidden there, but when he went to look for the place, houses had been built back in the hills, and patches of alfalfa and lines of fence confused him until he could not find the place, and he said he expected to come back in the summer time when he could go out in the hills and sleep at night; and in the silence and the shadows he thought the place would seem more like it used to and he could locate the place where the treasure was hidden.

Williamson came into this country with a drove of cattle that were brought up from Midland County, Texas. I knew when I first saw the cattle that there were a great number of different brands in the herd, and after the cattle were in this country a few months, they were sold to another cow-man, but Williamson still lingered on in the neighborhood for months, loafing around and often coming to visit us at the Mission, and in talking to him while on this latest visit he told me why he stayed.

The herd of cattle was small when they started from Midland County, and the man who proposed to own the herd had stolen them nearly all, and was getting the herd out of the neighborhood. The man who directed the herd seems to have also been directed to add every loose animal he could gather along the road, and this explained the multitude of brands. Williamson had been connected with the gathering of this bunch from beginning to end, and the people who had lost stock knew enough about the circumstances to be very anxious for Williamson as a witness and the man who had taken in the money for the cattle when they were sold was even more anxious that Williamson would keep out of sight. There was no law by which he could be compelled to go back to Texas if he wanted to stay here, and so he was paid a good round sum for months to keep out of Texas. To pass his leisure time he frequently visited the Mission, came to church, and in general, managed to enjoy life quite well.

The cow-boy had a certain code of morals, varying in several points from the one that we have been taught to consider unchangeable. It was not one of strict conformity to the laws and customs of well ordered society, but rather suited to the frontier where your nearest neighbor was twenty miles or more away. For instance, to appropriate an animal that was not branded was perfectly proper and even commendable; but to take an animal with a brand on was a serious offense.

A large proportion of the cow-boys had run away from home when they were in their teens. On many of them the restraints of school life had been irksome, and so they knew little about books. They had been inclined to a wild and lawless life when in their parents' home and had not improved in their mind or manners by being transplanted to an atmosphere that they liked better. Some were expert in handling the rope, some were expert in riding horses, a few were expert shots. Some of them had many manly qualities, many of them had numerous yellow

streaks, but without exception all were decidedly lonesome.

Perhaps very few of them reasoned out what they lacked, but after months of work on the range, the rough sport of the round-up showed how hungry they were for contact with human beings, and when they brought a herd up to a border town, few places were open for them. Refined homes did not want them, and they did not want anything that a refined home had to offer, and so the places that were open were crowded, and the exuberance that the change brought, found vent in the rough play of which we so often hear. Then, satiated with the only associations that he could reach in the town, and with his money gone, he turned back to the lonesome ranch, only to have the long days and nights fitting him for a carouse of a like nature when he came back and met the kind of civilization that the border afforded.

Once when a white woman brought a little baby to the Mission, a stray cow-boy happened along, and by some unexplainable baby philosophy, the child showed a great readiness to come to the cow-boy. He was anchored right here at the Mission at once, and if the mother of the child had shown him the least encouragement, he would have stayed on indefinitely, and I am sure would have been willing to have paid for his board. He insisted on holding the baby practically all the time. It was in long clothes, and like any mere man he managed early in the proceedings to get its clothes up around its neck. He held the baby with both arms hugged around it, but that seemed to suit both the baby and the man. He kept it with him at the table, and was ready to feed it anything that came along, until the mother was quite reconciled when we managed to pass him along.

There was one quality that was generally noticeable in the cow-boy's language, and that was an exuberance of expression, using large words that fill the mouth quite well, and often were coupled with great picturesqueness.

I remember once when they had the cattle rounded up near the Mission, and we went out to get a beef with some of the Mission horses and riders, and we thought we would go in and get one out as we saw them doing, but when we worked at it a little while with very poor success, one of the cow-boys riding around to where we were said, "Get out of here with your Sunday-school horses. You can't do nothing with them Sunday-school horses. Just show me the beef you want and I'll get it out for you." Our poor success made us willing to take his advice.

Another time there was a fellow that claimed to be a Cherokee Indian, stayed around the Mission for a few months and then drifted beyond our horizon for a time. One day he came riding back and informed me that he had a Chicasaw maiden ready to join her fortunes with his and wished me to come and perform the marriage ceremony. Because of the distance, I declined the honor, and so, after borrowing some money from me to set forth the marriage feast, he drifted out again, and has not since appeared over the horizon. One of the cow-boys had heard something of what was going on and asked me, "Is that Joe going to get married?" and I told him what Joe had said, and he wanted to know if I knew the woman that he proposed to marry, and I said that I had not that pleasure. "Well," he answered, "when that woman gets Joe, she will be legally married without a husband."

Often when an officer in the army was ordered to some other point from the Ft. Sill Post, he would put up some of his possessions to be raffled off, the sale of chances and the throwing

(Continued on page 5.)

*This is the third story in the series. In the issue of April 8 appeared the first one, "The Man Whose Ear Had a Little Child," and in the issue for June 3, appeared the second one, "Little Tony."

one bit prettier than the Indian ones. In one place I saw hundreds of gray ducks along in the bushes by the river-side, and asked one of the officers if they were wild ducks. He told me no, that is a "duck farm," they belong to the men in that boat. These duck boats, are built with overhanging sides, and often carry as many as 3,000, which are kept until ready for the market. The duck raisers move about the river, and put their ducks ashore to feed. They are walked ashore over a plank and men left to guard them as they feed along the shore. At night they are put on to the boat again and the ducks are so trained they know when to make a rush for the plank.

Now we are nearing Tak Hing, and I shall leave the account of my visit to the Mission for another letter. I am so well and I am enjoying every minute of this. With much love, your sister,

EMMA DEAN ANDERSON.

(United Presbyterian Missionary to India.)

THE LESSON IN THE CLAFLIN FAILURE.

It will be the wish of everybody that the huge Clafin firm may soon be restored and set upon its feet again. The collapse of an enterprise of that magnitude can do nobody any good, but may leave in its wake a vast amount of distress. The failure of this immense dry goods firm with its chain of 30 or more stores throughout the country carries with it several powerful sermons on business economics. One is this: A business may allow its size to outrun its efficiency. It has been proved in many manufacturing instances that mere bigness does not necessarily mean a cheaper method of producing or of selling. Thus a concern like Cambria Steel can live and prosper in the very shadow of United States Steel which is 20 times greater. Small banks often earn quite as much on every dollar of capital as the largest banks. Little railroads very frequently earn much more than the lordly trunk lines. More than one railroad like the Rock Island or the New Haven or the Wabash system has been wrecked by a desire to grow great at a rate faster and more expensive than the increase in efficiency for handling newly acquired properties. Chains of banks in more than one instance have crumbled to their ruin, because economy of management did not keep pace with the too rapid increase in magnitude. A business that grows stupendous in one spot, like Baldwins or Cramps or Stetsons, avoids the risks which follow in the train of growing great by the absorption of widely scattered properties. A compact property remains steadfast to its principles of economic efficiency, and it continues under the immediate and constant eye of its master; whereas a company like the Clafins must depend upon a too diversified talent in management and an unwieldy mass in its personal clientele. Often has it been urged, and with much weight, that only in the rarest instance can any real monopoly exist. A trust is ever in danger of falling of its own weight, just like the Quebec bridge, for the simple reason that the larger it grows the more difficult it becomes to keep all the links in the chain sufficiently strong to carry their share of the burden. Thus the Clafin failure comes like a dismal mockery of the craving at Washington to promote smaller business. Business makes itself small enough, and all too readily, when it expands too fast to keep each link in its chain up to the highest mark of efficiency and its capital down to the smallest point of necessity.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE WITH RESPECT TO OUR CHURCH'S POSITION ON INDUSTRIAL ILLS AND THEIR REMEDY.

The Committee appointed by Synod to report on Industrial Ills and Their Remedy, offered the following, which was adopted:

The Church being divinely appointed to teach the truth of God, cannot neglect truth in any sphere. The economic wants of men are so vitally related to character that to neglect the one is to neglect the other. "Man cannot live by bread alone," but neither can he live very long without bread, and the way in which he procures bread often determines many of his relations of life, among them his relation to the Church. The Church should not make a specific program of legislation; that is not her function. She should search after and find the truth, and place it before lawmakers. The Church is a teacher, and not a legislator in civil matters. What, then, are the moral implications or economic truth?

All wealth is a gift from God, and is to be held in trust for God and one's fellowmen. Particularly, land is a gift from God, and should not be monopolized. Private ownership of land without monopolization rests upon social expediency and is justified. To work is a command of God which was delivered to our first parents before the Fall. Adam was to dress and to keep the Garden. Sin brought death-dealing labor but not the principle of work.

Child labor should be abolished. The interests of the family should determine whether or not married women should be allowed to work, and the conditions. The hours of labor should be sufficiently short to permit of rest and improvement. The Sabbath should be sacredly observed as a day of rest and worship. Workers should be protected from dangerous machinery and from deadly occupational diseases. Factories should be well lighted and sanitary, and adequate provision made for toilets. The sweat shop system should be abolished. Provision should be made for old age and for those injured. Workmen have the right to organize, but not to use secret methods nor to enter a conspiracy to injure property. The principle of arbitration and conciliation in industrial disputes is moral and reasonable. Capital is productive, as is set forth in the parables of the Talents, the Pounds, and the Wicked Husbandmen. Capital used in public service is subject to special public regulation. Large combinations of capital in restraint of trade are immoral. Interest, being the return from productive capital, is justified, but interest should not be charged on a loan to a poor brother who is in personal or family need. Our people should be encouraged to accumulate capital, by proper methods, for it is by means of capital that any large enterprise, as foreign missions, or Christian education, is carried on. The socialist denies the right of interest on the ground that labor alone is productive. Rent is a differential due to the superior productivity of one grade of land over another. To confiscate land because man does not create land implies the labor theory of value. But the labor theory of value is wrong. Value depends upon scarcity and utility. Therefore, a man may own what God has created if it be for social expediency. Wages are a return for labor and should be paid in proportion to productivity. Men should be worth a living wage, and the abolition of the liquor traffic, more general education, restriction of immigration, and a wider spread of the Gospel, would make men worth a living wage, and they should not receive less. In the interests of decency and justice, shop girls should receive a living wage.

Finally, social justice, in regard to land, labor, capital, rent, wages, and interest, will be at-

tained only when the spirit of Christ shall fill the hearts of both employer and employee, lifting men above the plane of material goods to the higher values of personality and soul worth; when the law of Christ shall be placed upon our statute books and in our Constitution; and when Christ shall be crowned King of the nations of the earth. By laboring and praying for this glorious consummation the Church is contributing to the solution of the pressing economic problems of the day.

Signed: W. HENRY GEORGE.
J. M. COLEMAN.
R. C. WYLIE.

SETTLEMENT OF A BRITISH CLAIM AGAINST UNITED STATES, AFTER 100 YEARS.

The Anglo-American Pecuniary Claims Commission on May 7, finished a long session in Washington, D. C. While a number of cases have been disposed of, many awards still remain to be made, and the Commission will arrange later for another meeting. The most interesting case decided is one dating back to the War of 1812. It concerned the seizure of the Canadian schooner Lord Nelson by the American Navy. The representatives of the estate of the original owner asserted that the seizure was made a fortnight before the outbreak of war, and demanded \$5,000 (£1,000) damages, with 4 per cent. interest. They won their case with ease, the American Government recognizing the truth of their statements. The case has had a long and curious history. The claimants first got a favorable judgment in one of the Courts of New York State in 1817, but the clerk of the Court absconded with the damage money in his pocket, and nothing happened. Since 1815 the case had been constantly before Congress; the injustice of the British contention has been repeatedly admitted, and two Presidents have urged the payment of the damages in Presidential Messages.—The Times.

THE COW-BOY.

(Continued from page 2.)

of dice and transfer of property being conducted at the Post Traders' Store. One night the drawing was to take place that was to settle the ownership of a very expensive music box, and all the allotted number of chances had been sold except one, but there was no buyer that wanted it until a cowboy rode in, and the crowd at once set out to convince him that he ought to buy this last ticket, and finally he did so and in the throwing that followed, he won the music box; a number of friends escorted him to the miserable shack that passed under the name of HOTEL, and helped him carry the music box, and after they had installed it in the corner of the main room, they proceeded to wind it up and make it sing; the music box responded joyfully and they kept it up long after the cowboy owner had wrapped his blanket around him and laid down in the corner of the same room and was trying to sleep.

But the racket kept him awake and he gave them order after order to quit the noise and let him sleep. The enthusiastic concert makers paid no attention to his orders and kept the machine running on high speed. The owner rolled over enough to get his pistol out of his belt and emptied the revolver into the music box, and with the remark that he thought now it would keep quiet, he rolled over and went to sleep. The next morning he mounted his horse and rode gayly away, leaving the splintered rosewood sides and the mute machinery of the music box to anyone that wanted the wreck. I have slept in the room with the remains of the box and I never heard a sound from it that indicated what it

thought when the bullets began coming, in such an unannounced way, into its harmonious soul, nor what it was planning to do with the music that must have remained, stored up in its startled system.

The tales of endurance that might be told and of desperate risks taken to save a friend, and of exposure in holding the herds with which he had been intrusted, speak of a nobility that never had yielded to its environment.

One time we went out for a beef and one of the cow-boys shot at one and only succeeded in shooting him through the nose and making the steer wild with pain and anger. He started off on the run with a couple of cow-boys sweeping after him and they threw a rope on his horns and aimed to stop him, but the rope broke at the saddle-horn and the steer was loose again. In the meantime, I had jumped out of the wagon and with a gun ran along after the procession. As they turned the steer back, he saw me and at once started with the intention of punishing me for all his troubles. The cow-boys came chasing along after him, and while riding hard, one of them reached down from his saddle and picked up the trailing rope and wrapped it around his saddle-horn. I knew that the steer had broken the same rope only a few minutes before, and also knew that the cavalcade was dangerously near where I was standing with the gun. I had the gun ready to shoot, but knew that if I shot just a fraction too high, I would cut the rope with the bullet and turn the steer loose on me, but the cow-boy slowed the steer down very carefully, holding his horse off to one side of the line of the shot, and bringing the steer's head by this so high that I was afraid I could not make the shot, but there was nothing else to do, and you may well believe I was glad to see the steer crumple up and the wild rage fade out of his eyes.

Behind many of the cow-boys there was a past that included the memory of a mother, and sometimes you got a glimpse into his real life. Mrs. Carithers talked to one young fellow that was around the Mission very frequently, and he told her of a mother away in some Northern State, and that he had not written to her for many years. Mrs. Carithers urged and insisted until he wrote his mother a letter, and soon after that he left our country. Sometime afterwards a letter came, telling of the mother's joy that her boy was back home again and of her unbounded gratitude for the interest some unknown woman had taken in her boy, and a letter afterwards came from the boy himself, sending his picture, and expressing his satisfaction in the home to which he had been restored.

The old order has changed, and the cow-boy rides the range only in smaller circles and at farther isolated points. He will not come again; for homes, with children playing around the doors, cover the land where the long horn used to range; but the cow-boy had his part in helping to feed the westward marching host that was destined to overthrow his kingdom.

SYNOD'S PROCEEDINGS.

Tuesday, June 9.—Adjournment.

REPORT OF STATED CLERK.

Statistics May 1, 1913, to May 1, 1914.

There are reported this year eleven Presbyteries, 111 Congregations, 7 Mission Stations, 134 Ministers, 13 Licentiates, one of whom is a Greek and one a Syrian; 11 Students of Theology, 6 of whom have been licensed, 451 Elders, 359 Deacons, 9,315 Communicants, a decrease of 510 and an increase of 707, 239 Baptisms, 9,770 enrolled in the Sabbath Schools and 2,099 in the Young People's Societies.

Total contributions \$236,972, or \$27.74 per member. Syrian Mission Contributions \$20,379.51, and Mission in China \$14,240.09, or \$4.05 per member for Foreign Missions, an increase of 26 cents over last year.

Congregations.—84 have pastors, 27 are without pastors. Robstown, Texas, Mission was organized Nov. 5, 1913. Winnipeg, Canada, Mission on May 22, 1913. Hemet, Cal., Congregation was organized July 17, 1913.

Ministers.—There are 134 Ministers. There were 12 installations, 1 ordination and installation, 12 dissolutions of the pastoral relation. 3 pastors have double charges, 4 Stated Supplies. M. M. Pearce was installed pastor of 1st Philadelphia, Pa., Congregation, Sept. 30, 1913. J. S. Thompson installed at Hemet, California, Oct. 20, 1913. A. M. Thompson installed at Utica, O., April 3, 1914. Elmer Russell at Dennison, Kansas. C. A. Dodds at Topeka, Kansas, April 17, 1914. F. E. Allen at Superior, Neb., April 17, 1914. W. C. McClurkin at Coulterville, Ill., May 19, 1914. H. G. Foster at Sparta, Ill., June 10, 1913. J. M. Coleman at Bloomington, Ind., June 2, 1914. J. M. Johnston at Youngstown, O., May 30, 1913. E. M. Elsey at Little Beaver, Pa., Jan. 16, 1914. J. Boyd Tweed was ordained and installed pastor of 1st Beaver Falls, Pa., Congregation, Oct. 28, 1913. The pastoral relation between S. R. Wallace and Belle Center, O., Congregation was dissolved Sept. 19, 1913. J. M. Faris and Bellefontaine, O., Congregation, Sept., 1913. J. G. McElhinney and Quinter, Kansas, Congregation, Nov. 5, 1913. H. G. Foster and Billings, Okla., Congregation, May 23, 1913. D. Bruce Elsey and St. John, Canada, Congregation, May 3, 1914. F. E. Allen and Lake Reno Congregation, May 27, 1913. F. F. Reade and Greeley, Col., Congregation, March 29, 1914. M. M. Pearce and East End, Pa., Congregation, June 12, 1913. E. M. Elsey and Bear Run and Mahoning, Pa., Congregations, Dec. 31, 1913. Jas. McCune and McKeesport and Monongahela Congregations, Oct. 28, 1913. W. O. Ferguson and Slippery Rock Congregation, Jan. 13, 1914. S. M. Morrow and New Alexandria, Pa., Congregation, May 12, 1914.

Deaths.—M. A. Gault died at Oakdale, Ill., Dec. 18, 1913. Louis Meyer, July 11, 1913, at Monravia, Cal. C. D. Trumbull at Morning Sun, Iowa, Jan. 21, 1914. J. A. Black, at Chicago, Ill., Jan. 21, 1914. D. S. Faris, at Sparta, Ill., Feb. 13, 1914. E. G. Elsey, at Glenwood, Minn., Feb. 24, 1914. H. H. George, at Beaver Falls, Pa., March 25, 1914.

Of the ministers without charges, 4 are stated supplies, 10 Foreign Missionaries, 3 in Reform Work, 1 in Sabbath School work, 4 in Home Mission work, 5 at Geneva College, 2 in the Theological Seminary, 7 in Secular callings, and 14 unable to engage actively in the ministry.

Communicants.—The total number is 9,315. Colorado Presbytery reports a net increase of 2; Illinois 11; Pacific Coast 36; Philadelphia 30 and Pittsburgh 17; Iowa Presbytery reports a net decrease of 3; Kansas 2; N. B. and N. S., 4; New York 20; and Rochester 2. In the home church there are 8,542 members, in the foreign church 773. Twenty-seven congregations had not a single accession. There was a net increase of 55 in the home field and 142 in the foreign field. Hemet, California, Congregation reports the largest increase: viz., 31; Second New York Congregation has the largest membership, 234; 41 congregations contributed to all the schemes of the church.

Contributions.—Increased contributions are reported for all purposes, of \$3,625.00. Syrian Mission, \$4,528; China Mission, \$1,658; Domestic

Mission, \$2,464; Jewish Mission, \$595; National Reform \$764. A decrease of contributions to Southern Mission of \$895; Indian Mission of \$1,169; Theological Seminary of \$191; Church erection of \$2,491; Witness Bearing of \$83; Aged Ministers, Widows and Children of \$1,690. The number of parsonages is 28, Tithers 1,412; \$62,757 was contributed to Home Mission work, or 7.32 per member, an increase of 36 cents per member. Certified copies of 1912 were received from the clerk of Synod and filed, also the old minute book of Colorado and Lakes Presbyteries.

Respectfully submitted,
Stated Clerk.

Dr. J. S. Martin introduced the following resolution, which was adopted:

To the Senate and House of Representatives, in Congress assembled: Whereas, The Mormon Church continues to teach, and its prophet and priests continue to practice, polygamy, in defiance of the law of Christ, the King of nations, respecting marriage and also in defiance of the law of the land and in ungrateful violation of their pledge made to this country;

Now, therefore, We, the Synod of the Reformed Church in the United States, do respectfully urge upon the Congress the speedy adoption of the pending resolution—introduced in the House by Mr. Gillett of Massachusetts, and in the Senate by Mr. Weeks of Massachusetts—to amend the federal constitution as follows:

"ARTICLE XVIII.

"Section 1. Polygamy and polygamous cohabitation shall not exist within the United States or any place subject to their jurisdiction.

"Section 2. Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation."

Synod took recess till 1:30, Rev. W. W. Carithers leading in prayer.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON.

Synod convened at 1:30 and was led in prayer by Rev. J. M. Coleman.

Rev. John C. Slater read the report of the Committee to prepare a new edition of psalm selections. The report was adopted and the publication of the book placed in the hands of the same committee with J. S. Tibby added.

A new set of statistical blanks was ordered printed.

Rev. J. Boyd Tweed, Rev. F. F. Reade, and Elder McArlis, of Philadelphia, were made the committee on Bible Reading Folders.

Rev. F. D. Fraser read the report of the Committee on Signs of the Times. This report was printed in the Christian Nation of May 6.

Rev. W. C. McClurkin read the report of the Committee on the Sabbath. This report will be found in the Christian Nation of May 27. The first recommendation was stricken out and only the first part of the second recommendation was retained.

Dr. D. B. Willson introduced the following resolution, which was adopted; "Resolved, that since the Inter-Church Federation on Temperance has been merged in the Federal Council of Churches in Christ, this Synod drops its connection with the work thus far carried on in this channel."

The thanks of Synod were extended to the good people of Bloomington and to the pastor and officers of the Methodist Episcopal Church for all the many courtesies extended to the Synod. Synod likewise extended its thanks to Moderator Hargrave for the uniform courtesy and fairness with which he has performed the duties of his high office.

Synod adjourned with prayer by Dr. A. I. Robb and the singing of Psalm 133. The Moderator pronounced the benediction.

31st Year

CHRISTIAN NATION

"**RIGHTEOUSNESS EXALTETH A NATION.**"

In which is merged

The Reformed Presbyterian Standard and also Our Banner

Volume 61, Whole Number 1566.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 7, 1914.

1105 Tribune Building, New York.

Published Weekly

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The reason for making this unusual proposition and radical departure in method is that I wish to make it just as easy and convenient as possible for every Covenanter in the world to become a constant reader of the Christian Nation, because every vital feature of our church life is carefully reported in its columns, and as Dr. W. P. Johnston keeps urging people, "you cannot do without your church paper!"

By sending your postal card order at once, you will receive the Christian Nation's Thirtieth Birthday Number, the cover of which is, by the way, to be printed in four colors—the always beautiful Thanksgiving Number, and what I hope will prove to be a very useful Foreign Mission Number which has been in preparation for months.

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2. But OLD subscribers can also have the Lincoln volumes free. Any old subscriber residing in America who will send me \$6 to pay for their paper for three years in advance, will receive the 2-vol. Tarbell Life of Lincoln as an outright gift.

Address John W. Pritchard, President, 1105 Tribune Building, New York.

AROUND THE OLD ARM CHAIR

"I love it, I love it,
And who shall dare
To chide me for loving
The Old Arm Chair."

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AMONG THE INDIANS

Never-Before-Told Leather Stocking Tales in a Missionary's Life Among the Comanches and Apaches.

By the Rev. W. W. Carithers, D.D.

A CATTLE THIEF'S CHANCE IN THE LAWLESS DAYS.*

The course of Cache Creek for nearly fifty miles is almost straight south to where it falls into Red River at what is known as "The Hole of the Cache." This is the natural line of travel from north to south through southwestern Oklahoma. Perhaps the name of the creek arose from the fact that heavily loaded teams would frequently pass along this valley, and when they found themselves overloaded would be compelled to hide, or "cache" (pronounced cash) part of the load until they would be able to return and get the part that had been hidden. About midway on this stretch of Cache Creek the Medicine Bluff Creek comes in from the west, draining the main body of the Wichita Mountains, which is now a forest reserve. Where the Medicine Bluff Creek falls into the Cache Creek, the Post of Fort Sill was established soon after the close of the Civil War. Not far from the same time, a treaty was made with a number of Indian tribes, at Medicine Lodge, Kansas, and a reservation was set apart for them with Fort Sill as the military centre. The Indians were under the supervision of an Agent, whose headquarters was at Anadarko, which was located on the Wichita River; and a road from Fort Sill to Anadarko followed up the line of the Cache for perhaps twenty miles, and then bore away to the northeast over the higher ground into the valley of the Wichita, while the headwaters of the creek, coming from a range of mountains lying to the west, was made up of a number of smaller streams that came out of the mountains, where among the

rocky valleys great springs sent clear, cold water over their gravelly beds. Cache Creek itself is deeply cut into the valley, the bed of the stream being often twenty to thirty feet below the level of the country, and these branches, which form the headwaters coming out of the mountains, have worn their beds down in many places quite deeply, and together they form a series of valleys whose annual crop of grass made it a veritable paradise for cattle men. A fringe of timber almost invariably grows along the banks of each stream, and among these valleys, on the headwaters of the Cache, the Mission is located.

According to the terms of the Medicine Lodge Treaty, the Indians were to have supplies of beef furnished them at intervals, and cattle men entered into contracts for the furnishing of this beef to the Agent at Anadarko, and he was to issue it to the Indians, and this story concerns a contractor who was furnishing the beef the year when this occurred.

He had to get a fresh supply of beef from the Texas cattle ranges, and along in the early spring, the contractor, accompanied by a boy to help in driving, started north with the head of cattle. After passing through Fort Sill and up along Cache Creek on his way to Anadarko, he met a man some miles north of the Fort who told him that he was in charge of a bunch of cattle that he was holding along Cache Creek, and for some reason, probably sickness among the cattle, he wished the contractor to drive around his herd. The contractor could do this by turning to the west and following up along the mountains. By this route he would find plenty of water and good valleys of grass, and would avoid all danger to both herds by this arrangement.

The stranger even helped him to turn his cattle in this proposed direction and rode along with him

for several hours in a very friendly way. The contractor camped that night, finding matters as the stranger had promised him, and the next day brought his bunch of cattle up to another herd, where he was confronted by his visitor of the day before and three companions, all well armed, and he was told to turn his cattle into the bunch with theirs. They enforced their demands by a brave show of arms, and the contractor then realized that this cattle thief had induced him to drive his bunch of cattle to this out of the way place in order that he might more easily steal them from him. There was nothing to do in the face of such odds but to ride off and leave his cattle for the thieves.

Stopping after they had gone some miles, the contractor and his helper camped, and took account of the odds against them. He had neither time nor money to go back to Texas and get a new supply of cattle and get them to Anadarko in time for the next issue of rations to the Indians. The only thing that stood between him and ruin was in some way to get hold of those cattle that had been stolen. Along with this was a desire to get even with the man who had tricked him so unmercifully.

By morning he had his plan laid, and leaving the boy at the place where they had slept, he moved cautiously back along the valleys, keeping out of sight until he found where the stolen cattle were feeding, and saw that a man was taking care of the cattle, and drifting them toward one of the streams where they would drink.

Following up this stream, and only peeping over the high banks at times, the contractor was near enough when the cattle came to water, to shoot the thief that was herding them. Slipping out and securing his gun, he made his way back to camp. The next day, the contractor got another of the thieves in the same manner, only in this case the dead man became entangled with the bridle, and he secured the horse and equipment.

The next day the cattle scattered badly, but along toward evening a man, evidently very much afraid, came out and rounded them up, doing this so quickly that the contractor did not get a chance to shoot him.

The following day, however, the thief was a little bolder,

and in keeping the bunch of cattle together had to spend more time and ride in wider circles, and this compelled him to come near where the contractor was hiding along the creek, and thus he had an opportunity to shoot this third man in the same way that he had killed the other two.

The cattle after this, by the fact that they scattered in all directions, showed that no one was paying any attention to them, and so the contractor began to look for the camp where the thieves had their headquarters. This, after considerable search, he found in the mountains. They had selected the place for this camp among the stone-flanked valleys with reference to the natural fortifications, and had also erected a certain amount of barricade, probably expecting that they might be called on to stand a siege if owners of the stolen cattle were to locate them.

After he had discovered their camp, the contractor studied the situation and decided on his line of attack. He stayed near the camp of the thieves through the night, and in the morning, just as it grew light, from his position behind the stones he fired off his Winchester and immediately threw another cartridge in and pointed his gun at the door. The shot, echoing among the hills at this time in the morning, must have greatly startled the men in the thieves' camp, for in a place where visitors were not expected nor allowed, the shot meant that some one was there to interfere with their plans.

Immediately one of the thieves jumped to the door with his Winchester in his hand, ready to take

(Continued on page 12.)

SEVERE RHEUMATIC PAINS DISAPPEAR

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*This is the fourth story in the series. In the issue of April 8 appeared the first one, "The Man Whose Ear Had a Little Child," in the issue for June 3 appeared the second one, "Little Tony;" in the issue for July 8 appeared the third one, "The Cow-Boy."

A CATTLE THIEF'S CHANCE IN THE LAWLESS DAYS.

(Continued from page 2.)

the next shot which would be at the unwelcome visitor who had discovered their den. The contractor from his place of concealment recognized him at once as the man who had induced him to turn his cattle into this trap, and he immediately shot him dead in the door of the shack.

Soon after this a stick was poked out from the opening with a white rag on the end of it, and the contractor ordered whoever was in there to come out with their hands up. One man came out and at the contractor's orders came over to him, and on their exchanging information, the facts as I have related them were brought out.

As it proved, this last man was the cook, who was an honest fellow and had been employed by this gang under misrepresentations that led him to believe they were honest-dealing cattle-men. He had not been with them long, however, until he found that they were thieves and from that time he was very anxious to get away from them, and very much afraid for his own life, for if those who had lost cattle came upon them he knew he would suffer with the rest, and if he tried to escape from among the thieves he expected they would kill him.

The contractor got together his bunch of cattle and moved them on to Anadarko. The cook turned back to Texas, where he belonged, and worked for years on a cattle ranch with the man who told me this story, and he assured me that this man, who had been the cook for the camp of cattle thieves, was reliable, and the story true; and the way the land around the Mission is arranged, I could see at once that the stage setting for the tragedy was complete.

No account seemed to be taken of the herd of stolen cattle. Probably because the cattle was branded, and no one cared to be found with a bunch of cattle that carried another man's brand.

Among the duties of the earlier years of the Mission was the working of roads so that we could travel with loads across these valleys. One day, in working at a crossing, we had occasion to move the surface a little and came to an old wreck of a boot. Such a thing dated back to a time when people

that wore boots were scarce in that vicinity. We looked a little farther and found bones that told us a human skeleton had gone to decay there. And I thought of this story of the cook in the camp of the cattle thieves, and wondered if these bones were all that was left of one of the cow-boy thieves. As I ate my dinner that day near the scene, the picture of it all came to me, and I wondered what had brought the thief to a life like that, and if there was a home, back somewhere in "God's country," that may have failed sadly in raising the boy, and yet loved him with an intense, continuing love; and if there was a mother that many a night wondered where the boy was that had gone out years before and had lost himself in the wilderness and roughness of the frontier. The wreck of the few bones that were left were only a picture of what it would have been to the mother had she known of what the end really was.

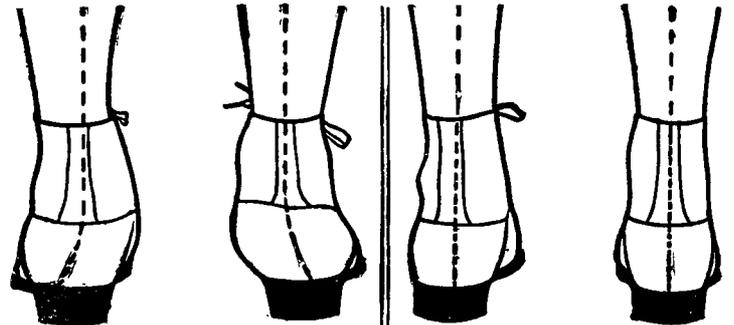
DO CLOTHES MAKE THE GENTLEMAN?

Clothes do not make the gentleman. But a gentleman will always strive to be at least neat in his appearance, and this is almost impossible without suitable clothes. The trouble with many of us has been the lack of funds to buy a real dressy suit. The Christian Nation feels that it has gone a good way toward removing this difficulty for its readers, however, for we have secured a special price for you from the New York Apparel Company, a reliable house of nineteen years' standing. Write them for samples of their goods and instructions as to how to give your measurements, for these are not stock suits but made to your own measure. You no doubt have seen many advertisements of clothing houses with freakish looking suits which cannot prove satisfactory. But this firm offers conservative cuts such as shown in their illustration on page 9. We have investigated this offer before we made it to you and now give it with our hearty approval. To have a successful appearance is half the battle won, and we assure you that these clothes will certainly give you a refined and successful appearance; and the price is ridiculously low. This has been accomplished by offering you the savings made by not having to employ a large number of salesmen, large store rent, light, etc. Be sure to mention the Christian Nation so as to demonstrate your claim to this splendid offer.

OLD FRIENDS.

Our old friend Mr. Bungay is back again this week. Did you see him? He's on page 9. Bungay treated the Christian Nation readers so well two years ago that he had a larger percentage of sales from us than any other paper. We all wish him good luck for he has been a good friend to us all. He has the best offers in men's hats that you can find anywhere; and for good treatment of his customers he has no superior. Have you bought your fall hat? If not, buy a "Bungay" and do it today. Mention Christian Nation so as to show yourself to be a reader of this paper.

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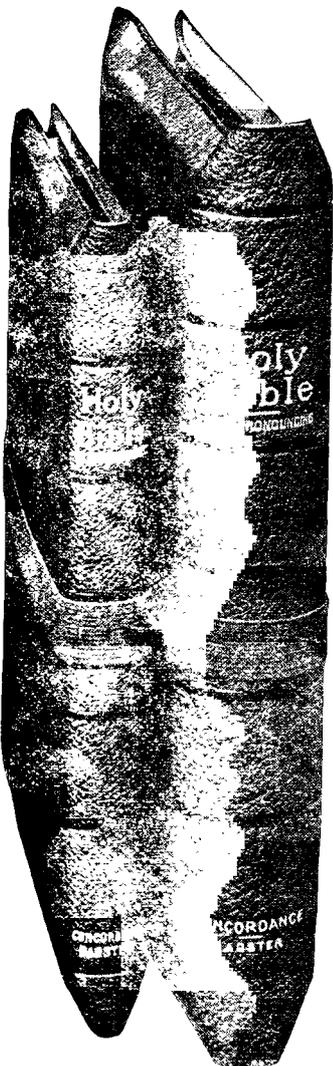
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AROUND THE OLD ARM CHAIR

"I love it, I love it,
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TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AMONG THE INDIANS.

Never-Before-Told Leather Stocking Tales in a Missionary's Life Among the Comanches and Apaches.

By the Rev. W. W. Carithers, D.D.

SOME CANDIDATES FOR THE INDIAN MISSION HONOR ROLL.*

The Indian pony has some very fine qualities. He has an eye and a foot that are the envy and despair of many horses with aristocratic pedigrees. He has an endurance equalled by very few of his more high-stepping kindred, and like his Indian owner, he has to be studied at close range and through a long time to come to an appreciation of his many good qualities. He will take any amount of abuse, and serve his owner with a faithfulness whose limit is only reached when he falls, and his best effort will not get him to his feet again. He has not always been the servant of the Indian tribes, for history tells us very clearly that the dog was formerly used for transportation when a camp had to be moved, and in fact some of the tribes continue to use the dog to some extent, and the people are noted runners, some of the men performing feats that are above the possibility of the average horse. At first one is led to wonder about the Indian pony, until he traces its history back a little, and then much of his wonder gives place to admiration. The Indians themselves claim that they got their horses from Mexico, and it was an easy matter, no doubt, to induce the Indian who had been used to travel on foot, to mount the pony and to stay with him as long as the pony could be induced to travel. This readiness to mount created a demand, and this could only be met by frequent visits to Mexico, and these were easily recruited from the men who

were still afoot as they saw bands coming back from raids all mounted and travelling easily as the results of their captures. Texas was the ground over which these raids passed, and of course it was difficult for a stranger passing through the country to distinguish between a Mexican horse and a Texan, and so frequently Texas horses were brought back and mingled to some extent with the pure bred Mexican pony. If you follow the Mexican pony back, you come to troublous times in Mexico, when the Spanish were seeking to subdue the Mexicans, and the Spanish, to aid them in their conquest, brought large numbers of horses from Spain, and we are told that the native Mexicans when they first saw men on horse-back thought they were some new animal that the Spanish had trained to fight them. If the little Spanish barb horse be traced back, its lineage will be found to reach to the Arab horse, and so as a man riding an Indian pony is sometimes surprised at its performances, he has another proof of the old saying that blood will tell.

Large numbers of these Indian ponies were acquired by thrifty members of the tribe. A curious bargain was made by two Comanche brothers who agreed to hold their herd of ponies in common. One brother was to have all the white or spotted ones, and the other brother to have the ones of solid color. Any pony being white as far back as where the collar works, was to be counted white. This arrangement answered all right until the brother who owned the white horses became very sick with some disease, probably dropsy, because they relate that his body became of great size. He was not able to gather his ponies, nor to attend to them in any way, but when he knew that death was near, he ordered the ponies to be driven up into the open place before him and the division of the herd took place there. After

the number that belonged to him were gathered in this place, he ordered that they all be killed in order that he might have them in the land where he was going. This was done, and the ponies were soon lying dead in great heaps in the camp. He then ordered them to bring a Mexican boy that he had captured and brought home with him, and kill this boy that he might have a servant to take care of the horses in the spirit land; but the friends evidently thought this Mexican would be of more use to them if he served on this side, and so they were not able to find him until after the old man was dead, and the Mexican boy lived for a number of years afterwards, and I numbered him among my acquaintances.

There was a great temptation to anyone coming new into the country to load themselves up with Indian ponies, because they were worth so little money, and the idea of getting anything in the shape of a horse for five or ten dollars made it seem very attractive. But the fact was, that after a person had as many as he needed, no difference how good material there was in the pony, nor how cheap they were, there was but little profit in acquiring a herd of them. These ponies had lived with the Indians long enough to absorb something of their philosophy, and when they came up face to face with trouble they usually tried to go around it. They were not hard to train or control, and when they found the easy way you might rely on an Indian pony keeping in that immediate neighborhood.

White men who were lovers of horse-flesh drifted into the country, and some of these had the idea that a cross of other stock with the Indian pony would give fine results. One man, who was a Kentuckian,

married a Caddo woman, and stocked his place with the little horses and brought in Kentucky running stock; but the resulting cross was not satisfactory as I could testify, for I bought a team from him and drove them for years. They had all the endurance and persistence of the Indian blood, and the wild, restless and undaunted spirit of the race horse, and the combination hardly made them pleasing companions. They came to me entirely unbroken, and while we modified that somewhat, yet to the end, I suppose many people might have witnessed their performances and would have been willing to declare that they remained unbroken, for they seemed to have an untamable spirit. I think in my experience I never was acquainted with any better horse-flesh, nor, I might add, with any meaner spirit. The only time you were entirely charmed with them was when you would get them safely launched on the road with a trip of from twenty to forty miles ahead of you, when they would carry you with such a sense of power and swiftness that you were filled with exhilaration and delight in their action, and some of their antics when they were being hitched were forgiven every time you made a drive like that. But in every other place they were Ishmaelites—they made no friends and never seemed to care. Every day of rest they had, meant an added hour to get them hitched again, but they had plenty of vigor left so that the driving of them never became monotonous.

One time when I exchanged pulpits with Dr. T. P. Robb, they had the day set for his going out to the station, a drive of forty-five miles, but the women that were going along thought the horses were rather lively, so the day before the men

(Continued on page 10.)

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*This is the fifth story of the series. In the issue of April 8 appeared the first one, "The Man Whose Ear Had a Little Child;" in the issue for June 3 appeared the second one, "Little Tony;" in the issue for July 8 appeared the third one, "The Cow-Boy;" in the issue for Oct. 7, appeared the fourth one, "A Cattle Thief's Chance in the Lawless Days."

WHITE COTTAGE, OHIO.

(Continued from page 6.)

barn. Miss Eva and Rose Thompson recently entertained a number of their friends with a dinner party. Mr. F. R. George's new bungalow is nearing completion. Miss Margaret Perine entertained with a delightful party just recently. Miss Lena McFarland has just returned from a visit with her sister, Mrs. Walter Spencer, of near Frazersburg, O.

WALTON, N. Y.

In accordance with the proclamation of the President appointing October 4th, as a day of prayer for peace, the Walton churches appropriately observed the day, each church having its own service in the morning, and all the Protestant churches uniting in a union meeting at Walton Hall in the evening. Our pastor,

Rev. A. A. Johnston, was chosen to preach the sermon, taking as his text Psalm 85:10, "Righteousness and peace have kissed each other." Mr. Johnston pictured the horrors of the war and called attention to the degeneration of the race that always follows a destructive war. He pointed out the futility of the devices which have hitherto been relied upon to prevent war, such as preparation for war, alliances and treaties, the power of commercial interests, advanced civilization, etc. He declared that the European civilization which is being shattered, is out of harmony with Christianity and he was glad it was being destroyed. His conclusions were that war would never be abolished until nations and individuals humbled themselves before God and conducted all their affairs in harmony with God's word.

LESSON FOR THE CHILDREN.

(Continued from page 7.)

bleeding. Then they clothe him in a purple robe and on his head place a crown of thorns. "They would cut his head!" Yes, but through it all Jesus is quiet. And when these men mock him and spit on him and strike him on the head, still Jesus is brave and keeps silence.

Pilate brings Jesus out again to the people—Jesus torn and bleeding and tottering after the great abuse. "Behold the man," calls Pilate. "Crucify him!" they call back. Again and again Pilate tries to make the Jews consent to Jesus' freedom, and his wife sends word for him to have nothing to do with Jesus, for he is innocent. She has had a bad dream concerning Jesus. But the Jews will not accept of Jesus.

Pilate sends for water. Before all these people he washes his hands and says, "I am innocent of the blood of this righteous man; see ye to it." Could he wash the sin from his hands with water, Jeanne? No, certainly not. The Jews are willing to take the blame and reply, "His blood be on us, and on our children." But Pilate must bear the blame as well as the Jews. They are all guilty. Pilate releases Barabbas, but Jesus he delivers up to the Jews and they lead him away to be crucified. They have rejected their king.

Montclair, N. J.

PRAYER MEETING TOPIC.

(Continued from page 8.)

preaching of the Gospel. Remember the millions today in darkness and superstition and sin who have not the privilege that we enjoy in this land of Gospel light. We have been reared in Christian homes by Christian parents, in Christian communities. What a privilege! How thankful we should be that our Nation is not involved in war and bloodshed like the Nations of Europe.

Youngstown.

SOME CANDIDATES FOR THE INDIAN MISSION HONOR ROLL.

(Continued from page two.)

hitched the team up and took it for a drive of forty miles in another direction to get them quieted enough to take the party to the railroad. One of the cow-boys who helped in this preliminary tryout said, "If the boss were to tell me that I could have them hosses if I would hitch them up and drive them, I would tell him, 'I don't want no hosses. I just got plenty of hosses.'" But all the same, in the long trips that belonged to those days, these

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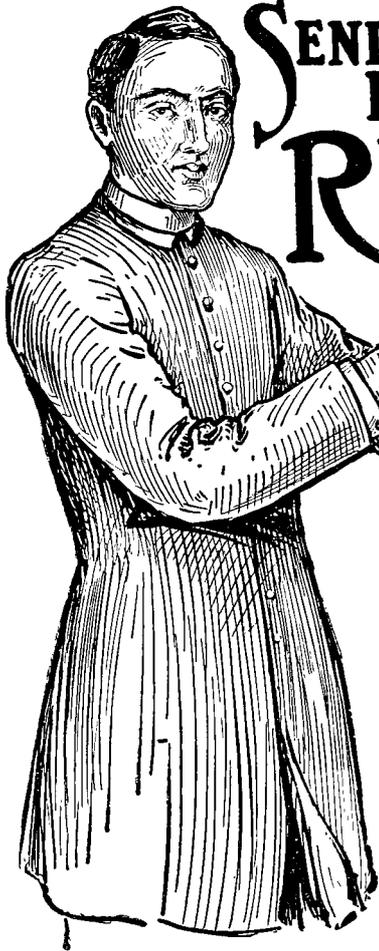
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horses were invaluable, and many a night as we camped and I would go out to see that everything was secure for the night, I would follow the stake rope out to the horses and try to pet them—an operation which was tolerated by them after considerable restlessness, and while they discouraged all familiarity, yet their untamable spirit always called out my admiration, and I really wanted to be their friend, for we took many a hard drive together, and they never failed me, and sometimes when I asked very much of them they responded with a loyalty that was above praise.

Sometimes we called them "Captain" and "General." and at other times we called them "Hiama-wites," which was the Indian name for two things that were just alike. Probably the reason they got this name was that they were not specially alike either in appearance or disposition; but more frequently when under provocation we called them "The Demons," and this might be said to be their common, everyday name. Once on a hard drive over muddy roads to get some friends to the railroad and as I turn-

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ed back on the long drive home one of the horses was sick, and all the way home he lagged and was in pain, and when I unhitched him that night at home it was the last time, and while I had felt many times that I could be reconciled if they were dead, yet I did not care to have anyone with me when I came to the place where I found him dead. I had no mate for the other one, and so I traded him, and he met with harsher owners who must have met his rebelliousness with abuse, for the last time I saw him he was a crippled up old horse, and I felt more pity in my heart for him than for the one that had died before, and I wished he had died and were lying with his mate rather than let him pass through the abuse that must have been visited on him to make a horse of his calibre into a broken down old hack.

For years I drove a little team of Indian ponies that were called "The Sorrels," although their names were "Jim" and "Dandy." They

were willing little fellows and we have travelled many miles together, and I have many times asked them to do a hard day's work and they always gave a cheerful response. The hardest day's work as I remember was on a Saturday. We had landed home from Synod on Friday night. The trip home involved not only the miles of railroad travel, but a thirty-five mile trip by wagon. Coming in from this late Friday night, we found a large bunch of mail awaiting us, and one of the letters was from the Baptist missionary south of the mountains, telling us that one of our members was very sick and there was little chance of her recovery. It meant a drive of over twenty-five miles to her home, but Saturday morning early we started, and had only driven part of the way when we met an Indian who told us that this woman's husband was dead. We were quite confused because the letter had plainly said that the woman was the sick one, but we pressed on toward the home. When near the place, we met another Indian who told us that the woman was dead and that the man was very sick, lying at a camp some twenty miles in another direction. We started across the prairies for this point, and when we had travelled a large part of the way, another Indian met us, saying that the man was dead and his body had been taken to the Baptist Mission for burial, but also told us that the little boy, the child of this couple, was dead. Again turning our team toward the Mission and making all haste, we drove into a ditch that was concealed by the high grass and broke one of the single-trees. No timber was near, but with bits of harness and rope, we contrived to hitch the pony so that he could pull his half of the rig, and so kept on. By the middle of the afternoon we reached the Baptist Mission and found the force there digging at a grave for the dead body which was lying in the church. They were almost exhausted, for the day was terribly hot, and were glad of any recruit that promised them help with the pick and shovel. And so for an hour or two, all hands worked up to the limit to get the grave finished and then the body was laid away. Some repairs were made on the broken single-tree and during our work together at the grave we learned how the woman had first sickened and died, and

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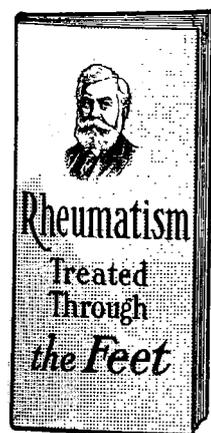
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while she was lying at death's door, the little boy had toddled out and sat down in an ant hill, and they thought he had eaten some of them and the ants had bitten him, and whatever was the cause the boy died very shortly after the mother. Before she was buried, the husband took sick, and it was only a few days after her burial until he was dead and we came on the scene just in time to assist at his funeral. As we turned for home with sorry hearts and greatly stricken, for we loved the people and the work seemed to need their help, the little sorrel team, freshened by the rest they had had, cheerfully took the road toward home.

At that time we had a little camp house at a preaching station we called "Lime Creek" and we decided to spend the night there, and hold a preaching service on Sabbath

morning and then drive back to the Mission for the regular afternoon service. Night fell hours before we reached the camp house. The night was one of unusual darkness when we could not see the team and only knew that they were boring away into that dark wall that was so dense that our faces seemed rushing up against it, and the natural thing seemed to be that we would shrink back from striking our faces against the darkness: but the ponies held the road, and steadily pushed the miles behind until we arrived safely at the camp. The old chief came out and spoke to us and said the

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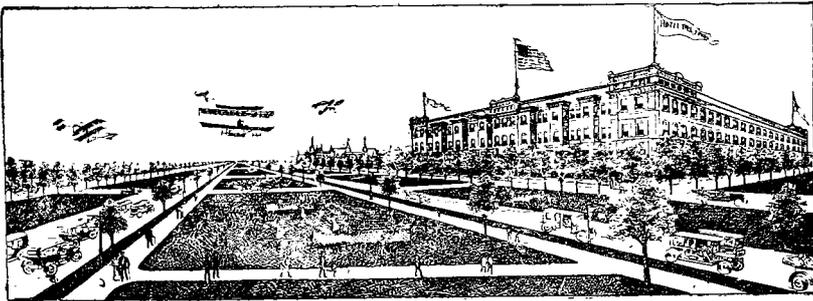
night was very dark. And I said yes, and that my wife was afraid that we would lose the road, and he said, "Why, does the woman not pray?" And I answered him that I thought she had done little else for a couple of hours and so far as I could see, that was the reason that we were there.

We had not been on roads by which any measurements could be made, but as nearly as I could tell the distance, the little team had covered considerably over seventy miles that day.

Many tasks would have been impossible for the workers here except for the faithful help of the ponies,

and perhaps we all have learned lessons in faithfulness from the patient, shaggy little comrades that brightened with their loyalty and cheerfulness many a weary mile.

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THE FREIGHTER.

The freighter's province begins at the outer end of the railroad. His business is taking goods brought by the railroad and distributing them to remote points. His outfit consists of three or four wagons drawn by six or eight animals, usually mules, sometimes oxen. The wagons are fastened together by chains, the tongues of the hind wagon being sawed off short so that the wagons are coupled near together. At a distance it looks like some kind of a long creeping animal going across the prairie. It is quite remarkable how well they can keep a winding road, and the skill that some of those men acquire is a marvel to those who come in contact with old freighters.

One man, who did some plowing of sod on the Mission farm, was reported to be the champion of the State of Texas in guiding an ox team. It was said that at the State Fair he took four yoke of oxen and three loaded wagons and the judges laid an egg out in the open on the ground, and told him which wagon wheel was to crush the egg, and he guided the cavalcade so that that wheel struck the egg! This was a feat that no other one was able to accomplish and indicates how accurately the clumsy looking train could be guided.

Sometimes in passing across the country this accurate driving saved the wagons from disaster, for frequently in crossing streams, a little variation meant an upset. One time, in speaking to an old freighter about a point where I had been

across a creek where the crossing seemed to me to be especially dangerous, I asked him if he had ever been across that place, and he remarked that he had. At one time he was in a wagon train bringing goods from Fort Riley, Kan., to Fort Sill, that came to one bank, and camped there at night. They spent all the next day in getting across. Several of the wagons that upset had to be gathered up and they and their loads brought up on the bank. After an exceedingly hard day's work they camped the next night on the other bank of the same creek, and his remarks led me to believe that he knew more about that crossing than I did.

Bridges were unknown in all the country traversed by the freighter, and rains frequently made a very small stream impassable, and they had to wait until the waters ran down, for they had been on the road long enough not to undertake the crossing of a swollen stream. The larger the stream, the longer it would take the water to run down, and sometimes the rivers would take weeks before they could cross.

One man, who ran an Indian trader's store for years at Anadarko, told me of the time when he left his store to go to Kentucky to be married. The best way he had of getting out to the railroad was with a freight outfit, and when they came to the South Canadian River, they found it running bank full, and sat down on the bank to wait for it to get down so they could ford it. He sat there day after day with no means of telling people where he was, nor the reason why he could not get on. The proposed wedding day came and passed and many more days before he could cross the river, and was able to take up his journey again. In some way, when he reached Kentucky, he made peace with his intended bride, and they were married, and

he brought his bride back to the Indian country, and the family were very friendly and gave good aid through many years to the Mission.

By having three or four wagons coupled together, when there was a steep place coming down, and a very short distance to where the bank rose again, the rear wagons going down gave great help to the team in the push they gave to the front wagons going up the other bank, and often this would allow the team to pull the wagons out when the load would have been an impossible one if it had all been on one large wagon. In case the team could not pull the load, the arrangement allowed the driver to cut off one or two wagons, and after pulling the lightened load out on the level he could go back for the other ones, and bring them out and couple them on again.

One curious feature was that the teams soon learned to regard the wagons as their home. They looked to it as a horse of more settled habits looks upon its stable. They came to the wagon expecting to be fed. In the morning they came up looking for their breakfast. Many of the men lived in almost the same state of mind. An old freighter came to the Mission with a load, and while we considered the house a very poor excuse, he remarked that it was the first time in over fifteen years that he had slept under a roof!

In the first years of the Mission, the railroad point was over a hundred miles away, and we depended entirely on these freighters to bring in all the supplies and building material. The place chosen for the Mission had building stone convenient, and we burned lime for the mortar, but the rest of the building had to be hauled in, and the freight bill was always larger than the lumber bill, for the regular rate established among the freighters was, one hundred pounds, one mile, for one cent.

The freighter's road was sometimes a long one. He would engage to deliver goods almost any distance, and trips that would take even months were undertaken with perfect composure, but usually in the long trips they aimed to have quite a company, because there were dangers from marauders to whom their load was often attractive spoil. They knew the coun-

try so well that they were rarely bewildered or lost, and while they might disappoint by being a long time on the road, yet they were faithful in staying with the road to the end.

The freighter was a leisurely man; he had all the time there was going, and what he did not get done today, he felt assured there would be a tomorrow and he could work at it then if he felt like it, and so they did not undertake too large a day's work, and frequently their drives were shortened by the fact that water would not be available at every point where it might be they could camp, for universally they wanted to camp beside some stream that had timber growing on its banks. This gave them fuel and water and usually the grass was more luxuriant in the valleys. It was a law of the freighter that when he came to a stream in the evening he would pull across the stream before he camped. This saved him from a hard pull the first thing in the morning, and if he drove mules or horses it assured him that they would not cross the stream in the night and go back along the trail, but would stay on the side with the wagons.

As a general thing the freighter had some kind of an excuse for collars on his team and then chains running along the sides was about all the harness required. At night he would loosen the harness at the animal's neck, and drop the harness right where it belonged in the train. He carried with him a little roll of bedding, and usually would sleep under the wagon, for in the outfit there would always be some enterprising mule who, during the night, tried the wagons to see if there was anything eatable.
(Continued on page 11.)

DO YOU SUFFER FROM BACKACHE?

When your kidneys are weak and torpid they do not properly perform their functions; your back aches and you do not feel like doing much of anything. You are likely to be despondent and to borrow trouble, just as if you hadn't enough already. Don't be a victim any longer.

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*This is the sixth story of the series. In the issue of April 8 appeared the first one, "The Man Whose Ear Had a Little Child;" in the issue for June 3 appeared the second one, "Little Tony;" in the issue for July 8 appeared the third one, "The Cow-Boy;" in the issue for Oct. 7, appeared the fourth one, "A Cattle Thief's Chance in the Lawless Days;" in the issue for Nov. 4 appeared the fifth one, "Some Candidates for the Indian Mission Honor Roll."

THE FREIGHTER.

Continued from page 2.)

ble in the load that he could reach, and so this rogue mule was likely to trample on the sleepers unless they kept their feet and hands under cover.

A number of freighters frequently travelled together and they would pull their loads side by side, and have quite a cheery fire, tell stories, and with the play put in the evening together it was a care-free life that attracted men, and when a man once took it up it seemed to hold him, and he never entirely escaped the lure of this half gypsy existence.

Sometimes things came in to relieve it of its monotony, for instance: When some young fellow wanted to stir things up at night, he would slip out after all were asleep, and very quietly gather up a lot of the chain harness that had been left lying on the ground, and carrying it would come close to the wagons, under which the men were sleeping; he would then begin jumping up and down and yelling "whoa, whoa," and the sleeping men, wakening, would have an idea that a wild horse was likely to run over them, and they would break out from under the wagon, with various bumps and bruises, very often carrying part of their bedding with them, and would run quite a little distance, before they became wakened enough to know that they had frightened them.

They would then come back, usually boiling over with wrath at the one that had raised the disturbance; but he was wise enough to drop the harness and run too fast to come back looking as foolish as he could, and also ready to wreak his vengeance on the one that had stirred up the camp.

One old freighter that I knew who was Scotch-Irish, when he came back to the wagons carrying a blanket, offered five dollars to anyone that would tell him who had played the trick in order that he might fight him.

In many cases these freighters at some point in the caravan a stock of whiskey, for there was always danger of rattlesnakes, though I never heard of one of them being bitten. Yet they always liked to be prepared, and it was often the case that for a consideration they would share this rattlesnake antidote with others

who might feel themselves to be in danger.

One man who did a great deal of freighting for the Mission, and in fact was the most reliable man that ever brought freight in to us, had been suspected in earlier years of doing a considerable business in whiskey, and one time when he was bringing in a load, to some little shack of a store, in the Chickasaw Country, the U. S. Marshals came up to him and demanded that he allow them to search his load. He fussed and fumed a great deal, but had no way of preventing it, and so they went through the goods, and found nothing. Then he began abusing the marshals, found fault with their business and the way they conducted it, and all, and grew so furious with the sense of his uprightness that he asked them why they did not open a barrel of sugar that he had along; that they had searched everything else, and they replied that that was all right, that he could go on without that, but in his desire to prove himself a much abused man, he broke in the head of the sugar barrel, and the necks of the whiskey bottles were standing up out of the sugar! He had supposed them safely buried, but the jolting of the wagon had brought them to the surface. This caused his retirement from the public gaze for two years.

One night this man had brought a load to the Mission, and was sitting in the shack where we were living. We were checking over the record of his load, and settling up for the trip. At this time we were burning a kiln of lime. Mr. John Lee, who helped locate the Mission, and myself were firing the lime kiln. I was sleeping some through the day, and trying to keep things going, and Mr. Lee took care of the lime kiln through the day, and in the evening, after the work was done, I would ride a horse to the kiln, which was about three miles from the Mission, and he would ride the horse back and sleep through the night and then bring the horse back for me in the morning. This night, when I was about ready to start to the kiln, having just closed my business with the freighter, Mr. Lee came in, a good deal excited, for something had bitten him on the hand. We were all new to the country at the time, and had heard the usual number of awful tales

about hoop snakes and Cila monsters, centipedes, scorpions and rattlesnakes, and calculated that if any of these things bit us it was the same as having our death warrant signed; for we had been assured that those things made a great many men's life insurance due. So we were greatly startled when Mr. Lee said he had been bitten. Fortunately, he had killed the beast, and brought it in his handkerchief, and when he showed us what had done the harm we knew nothing more about what the result would be than he did, but the old freighter knew very well, and broke out in most boisterous laughter, for it was what he called "a stingin' lizard" which is another name for scorpion. His haw haws roared out leading one to suppose that he had taken voice culture in a lot with two-year old mules. Occasionally he would get breath enough to ejaculate "Oh, just an old stingin' lizard!" While none of us joined in the laugh, it was a great relief to know that it was a laughing matter to those who understood what the effect would be.

Mr. Lee's relations with this man after the incident were never very cordial.

Anxiety relieved, I was soon on my horse, riding hard for the lime kiln, but found that Mr. Lee, even in his anxiety, had waited after being bitten to fill the kiln with wood, and it was all right.

The railroads have driven the freighter from our bounds. Instead of the loads coming in from two to four weeks after he started for them, we now send out a team, and the man brings back a load and eats dinner at home; but the trails across the country, worn by the wheels of the patient freighter, still mark this land, and show that for many years it was far from the rush and hurry of the incoming and outgoing train.

And as men in these later times seek to mark these trails, they will find it much easier to mark the old trails with suitable stones, than to measure the years of slavish toil, represented by these scars.

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SELMA ALABAMA.

(Continued from page 9.)

are beginning to preach, and the preachers are beginning to practice."

The Christian Endeavor social given at the home of Miss Sophia P. Kingston, was attended by a large company of young people, together with the workers. After a bountiful repast, which was prepared by the social committee, Rev. Sanderson and the pastor, Rev. Kingston, made some very helpful and appropriate remarks. All joined heartily in singing the 23rd Psalm, and departed to their homes after a very pleasant social. The second temperance contest was a complete success. These contests are growing in interest all the time. The Knox Band and Knox Quartette added to the enjoyment of the occasion.

The Belgian Relief Committee have made their appeal to our people, and we hope to respond.

Mrs. Ida M. Echols and Sister Shearer, both members of the congregation, have been on the sick list, but are now recovering.

(Mrs. A. R. Kingston and Mrs. A. D. Sollie are both absent from the city, and their presence is greatly missed in the congregation. They are engaged in teaching. Their schools are largely attended; they are teaching the children to sing the psalms, and have them to commit the Bible verses. And thus the teaching and influence of the mission is far reaching, and being felt in places where the light is much needed. The harvest is truly great.

We observed "Peace Day." Rev. Sanderson and the pastor both preaching on the subject.

S. F. KINGSTON.