

FIRST INDIAN PRIEST TOYING WITH FAITH

REV. FATHER NEGAMQUET IS A FULL BLOODED POTTAWATOMIE.

At His Own Request, He Has Been Assigned to Work Among His Own Tribesmen in Indian Territory, Where His Influence Is Potent.

Until Rev. Father Albert Negamquet completed his four years' course in the propaganda at Rome, during the present year, there had never been a full blood Indian admitted to the priesthood in the Roman Catholic church. Since the first days following America's discovery this church has ever been zealous in converting the Indians and through education placing them in a position to advance in civilization. There have been, too, many zealous converts, but none have ever before reached the priesthood.

Father Negamquet was born in 1874, on the Pottawatomie Indians' former reservation, near St. Mary's, Kan. Through the untiring efforts of Jesuit missionaries the Pottawatomie tribe nearly a century before, had been converted to the Catholic faith. The oldest of ten children, Negamquet was taken at a tender age to the Church of the Assumption at Topeka, Kan., for baptism. Soon afterward his parents removed with other members of the tribe to the Pottawatomie reservation, then in the central part of Indian Territory. He attended the government school for Indians, and his unusual intelligence as a pupil attracted the attention of the teachers. They encouraged him to go further with his studies and he therefore entered the School of the Sacred Heart, maintained for the Indians by the Catholics in southern Pottawatomie county, Okla.

While attending Sacred Heart this Indian student came into the notice of Mother Katherine Drexel, a member of the celebrated Philadelphia family of that name, and seeing his excellent qualifications she interested her sister, Mrs. Morell. Through the influence of these two women in particular Negamquet completed his studies at Sacred Heart, and at their expense, and was then admitted to the Indian school at Carlisle, Pa. Afterward he was transferred to the Catholic university at Washington to enter upon his studies for the priesthood proper.

Finishing at Washington, a scholarship was secured for Negamquet in the propaganda at Rome through the influence of Bishop Theodore Meyer of Oklahoma. With a large class of students from all parts of the world, the young Pottawatomie devoted four years studiously to preparation for his future work. At the close of their studies the students of the propaganda were asked to deliver an address in their native tongue. There were forty-eight languages spoken on the occasion, early last summer, when Father Negamquet gave his address in the tongue of his fathers, that of the Pottawatomies, the first time its sounds had ever been heard in historic Rome.

Negamquet was consecrated to the priesthood in Rome by Cardinal Ros pighi, cardinal vicar of Rome, on June 6, within the Church of St. John Lateran, the resting place now of the late Leo. Negamquet said his first mass at the holy column of the Church of Santa Prasseda and at the altar of Santa Coloma. It was only a few days before Pope Leo XIII. was stricken with his fatal illness that Negamquet, along with other members of his class, saw the pontiff. They were to have received his blessing, but in the mean time the pope's illness interfered, and Father Negamquet sailed for home to begin the work to which his life had been consecrated. His first mass in America he said at St. Joseph's church in Oklahoma City in August, the first mass ever chanted by a Roman Catholic clergyman who was a full blood Indian. He is now located at Muskogee, I. T., as assistant pastor of the church there. It was at his request that work among his own people was assigned him. He anticipates doing great work among the Indians, and he undertakes the work for his church with the highest prospects.

There is a story related among the Catholic Indians that two members of the Onedagas entered the propaganda in the early forties with the intention of completing the course, but one sickened and died; the other became discouraged, quit the school and, it is presumed, returned to the wild life of his tribe. Negamquet is modest regarding himself and of rather a taciturn disposition, asking that it be made known that it is not he claiming himself to be the first and only Indian priest.

Negamquet is still young, of a fine physique and bearing, probably somewhat undersized when the general stature of his tribesmen is considered, but he shows strength and endurance. With a well modulated voice, not too strong, and of a modest demeanor at all ways, he gives the impression of intense earnestness in his chosen life work.

In this connection it should be said that his tribesmen revere him and yield gladly to his advice and teachings.—Guthrie (Okla.) Letter in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Papal Chair in St. Peter's.
The papal chair in St. Peter's cathedral is, it is claimed, the oldest and most interesting relic of antique furniture in existence, having been in use since the days of ancient Rome. The strongest structural parts of the great chair are of acacia wood. It is to these supports that the massive rings are attached through which staves are run when the pontiff is borne shoulder high through the great church when he pronounces a blessing on the kneeling multitude. The chair is ornate with carved panels and ivory plates and is kept in a wooden case almost as elaborate as itself.

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH'S ATTITUDE TOWARD CATHOLICITY.

Contradictory Positions That Emphasize the Wavering and Instability of Protestant Reasoning and Action.

It is a pity that such a potent social force as the Episcopal church should show unmistakable signs of mental confusion.

It assumes contradictory positions in reference to the Catholic church without seeming to recognize its pathetic inability to make up its mind definitely. This awakens the scorn of the on-looker who has a lingering reverence for logic and fixity of position.

It is sad, it is regrettable, for no one knowing the conservative attitude of Episcopalianism, the quality and position of its clerics and laymen, can deny that it is one of the strongest powers for social progress in the land. It has wonderfully preserved certain vestiges of its Catholic ancestry and has dimly held to opinions and traditions which newer sects have carelessly and foolishly cast off. Its clergyman of the stamp of Bishop Lawrence are not rare; its preservation, however mutilated, of the beautiful services of the Catholic church endears it to men and women who love beauty and are striving for faith.

But its attitude, if a point of view so changeable as to be called kaleidoscopic can be termed an "attitude," toward the Catholic church is one of the solemn jests of a century that is rather rich in humor of that sort. At times it has attempted eagerly to "arrange" historical connections with the Catholic church. Only last year Bishop Satterlee of Washington, when the question of the official title of the Episcopal church was mooted, stated that the word "Protestant" was the "bar sinister on the arms of the church."

His view met with general acceptance too. But the winds of thought are now blowing in another direction. The intellectual fashion has changed. All connection with Rome must be indignantly repudiated. Cranmer must have at least a stick of incense; the reformation must be bathed in a halo of red fire; Henry VIII. and his matrimonial eccentricities must be carefully defended by the methods that Froude made popular with a certain class in the infant class who need their history carefully broken up before they can digest it.

The Episcopal bishops in session at Washington a few weeks ago fairly revealed in "Protestantism." Rome was to be admonished "charitably, though firmly." The pure light of the gospel must dispel the darkness with which Rome has enveloped the Filipino mind. And then came the arguments usually so potent with that sort of American who believes that the International Sunday school lesson and mothers' meetings and chicken pie socials and all the other paraphernalia of evangelical dissent will make of the Philippines a little paradise.

A few years will perhaps see the swing of the pendulum Romeward again.

But every change of base makes clearer the lack of a central teaching authority in the Episcopal body and thus invalidates any position assumed by an organization which proves itself a wheel without a center.—Boston Republic.

Prophetic.

M. Francois, formerly a sergeant major of Spahis, has told in the Paris Figaro a curious tale about the new pope. Being quartered at Tunis in 1878 the sergeant major happened one day to meet the late Cardinal Lavergne when out walking near Carthage. The cardinal engaged him in conversation and presently introduced him to a prelate who was with him, "the bishop coadjutor of Mantua."

After some time it began to rain when the soldier, taking off his scarlet Spahi's burnoose, wrapped it around the bishop, who had no cloak. "Ah," exclaimed the cardinal, "the red robe suits you! I should not be surprised if you were its son some day."

The prediction has been verified—and more than verified—for the bishop was destined to become a cardinal and eventually to exchange the red robe for a white one as Pius X.

The soldier who tells the story adds a word of regret for not having preserved the prophetic burnoose which had covered the shoulders of a future pope.

The Will of God.

We can realize the desire of life, we can attain into perfect happiness only in so far as we give ourselves to the doing of the will of God. There is no other way. Everything must be made subordinate and contributory to this one supreme aim—to do the will of God. Everything that conflicts with the will of God as revealed through Jesus Christ must be given up without question if we are to enter into the fullness of life. Such is the gospel of Christianity.

In Our Father's Arms.

A child in the midst of a crowd is conscious of nothing but immediate surroundings. Crushed and stifled, it can see and feel only the objects actually touching it. But let the father take it up in his arms and hold it aloft, what a difference the elevation will make! So we, too, are in a crowd, in the dark, finding often no meaning in what is stirring around us, but should God deign to raise us to his point of view, what a change would come over us!

The Blessed Sacrament.

The Blessed Sacrament is not one thing out of many, but it is all things and all in one, and all better than they are in themselves, and all ours and for us—and it is Jesus.

WIGWAG'S FATE

By C. B. LEWIS

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We were heading off the Indians as they raided the Kansas frontier when we found Wigwag concealed in the willows along the banks of a creek. He was a boy of twelve, and his father, mother and two sisters had been massacred. He was handed over to a teamster who had a lingering reverence for the excitement of campaigning he would have been sent off somewhere soon. As it was, he hung about with the teamsters for several weeks, no one giving him any particular attention, and then a sutler took him on. Wigwag was not enthusiastic over horses, guns or uniforms; but, queerly enough, he took to the signal corps. From the first moment he saw the men talking with each other through the medium of the signal flag his admiration was excited, and he began to pick up the system. He got little encouragement from any one, as all had enough to see to, but he had a head for the work, and he picked it up until within four or five months his flags could "talk" as well as any.

Spring came, and we set off G.W. strong to give the Indians a rub. No one was greatly surprised after we had left the forty miles behind us to find Wigwag on hand. He had "jumped" the sutler, "lifted" a mule and followed after, and there was no sending him back. There wasn't a private soldier or teamster who wouldn't have shuddered with him, and such officers as knew of his presence winked at the breach of orders and said nothing. The boy had made signal flags for himself and had them with him, but they were looked upon as playthings by most of the troopers.

We swept across the valleys of the Big Fork and the Big Salt, scattering the hostiles whenever they made a stand, and at length crossed the Canadian river and forced the red men back on the Wichita mountains, down on the Indian Territory line. We had them on the run and meant to keep them going. Just at sundown one evening as we were almost under the shadow of the mountains Wigwag was cut off and captured. His mule had gone lame and was lagging behind. An effort was made to rescue him, but his captors got away with their prisoner, and many a heart sorrowed that night over



HE HAD CAUGHT SIGHT OF FLAG WIGWAGGING IN THE CLEAR ATMOSPHERE.

the boy's fate. Our long and fierce pursuit had maddened the Indians, and they would certainly put their prisoners to the torture.

In flanking the mountains the redskins must fall back through Trapper's pass in the foothills. We knew it to be a bushlike gorge, and at the south end it debouched upon the plains. We made camp within half a mile of the entrance of the pass, and every trooper knew that we had driven at least 2,000 warriors ahead of us. Would they continue their flight or wait for us on the plains beyond and have it out? The general idea was that the morning would witness a big fight, and daylight had scarcely dawned after a night without alarm when our camp was astir. But for the Indians being too cute we should certainly have fallen into the trap they had set for us. We were almost ready for boots and saddles when a score of warriors came riding out of the pass to defy and taunt us. A troop was sent against them, and they retreated in haste, but as soon as the bugle blew recall the warriors were mocking us again. It was a scheme to get the entire command on the move and after them without having taken due precautions. It was so interpreted by the general, and he ordered a scout to climb up a spur of the mountain and see what could be seen. When the man had reached a height of 1,500 feet he signaled for a flagman to come up to him. Looking away to the south, he had caught sight of flags wigwagging in the clear atmosphere of the morning.

The person waving them was stationed on another and higher spur, and for some time it was looked upon as a mysterious proceeding. The signal man had scarcely climbed up beside the scout when the mystery was solved. It was our Wigwag trying to open a "talk" with his flags. When his signals were answered he went at it and spelled out the words:

"I got up here last night. Don't let the pass. There are a thousand Indians in ambush there. The whole force is about 1,000 strong."

"Have you escaped?" asked our signalman.

"No, not yet," came the reply. "The Indians are below me, and I can climb no higher."

"Can't you get away to us before we move?"

"No, but I shall hide here until the Indians leave."

"What sort of an ambush have they prepared?"

"Indians in the bushes on both sides of the pass. If you ride in not a man will get out alive."

"Is there any other way to attack them?" was asked.

"I think I can make out a pass two or three miles to the left. If it is one it will bring you in behind the reds."

It took an hour or more to get this information, and then we acted on it and flanked the Indians out of the pass and smote them hip and thigh as they streamed out on the plain. When the fight was over we went up the pass to look for Wigwag, but our search was in vain. We found, however, that his flags had prevented a slaughter. Every rock and bush for two miles had a clered an Indian, and once into the trap we could not have retreated. Though we had to ride away without news of the lad, we hourly hoped to be joined by him, but he did not come. It was a year later before we knew his fate. What we got came from one of the Indians who were there. The only good news was that they had not tortured the boy, being too busy with other affairs. In the night he had managed to cast off his bonds, work his way past scores of sleeping warriors with his flags under his arm, and, knowing that he could not pass out of the gorge, he had climbed up the mountain with the hope of opening communication with us when daylight came. This he successfully accomplished, and he had flagged the information recorded above before the excited Indians below had caught sight of him. When they saw what he was up to a warrior was told off to bring the boy down with a bullet. They feared to discharge more than one rifle at a time, as we might suspect some ruse. The warrior had a fair mark, though far above him, and he had coolly fired a score of times before his bullet found its billet. It seemed as if Providence was shielding the lad until he could tell all he had to say.

"Tell the general that the reds"—he had flagged. And then the white war went down to rise no more. He had lost his own life, but he had saved 900 men from slaughter.

The First Gold Rush.

The voyage of the argonauts, the date of which is uncertain, was professedly a rush for gold, to be collected in fleeces placed in the torrents flowing down the banks of Mount Caucasus. But older much was the westward movement, which Chaldean records of 3800 B. C. chronicle, to the gold bearing land of Melukha, afterward known as Midian.

Later on, but still at a very early period, there was a rush from Egypt to a spot inland from the present Suez. Long afterward this was described by Diodorus Siculus, who left a map, still extant, showing the wells provided for the gold seekers between the Red sea and the mines.

About 1000 B. C. there seems to have been another rush of miners in search of gold into South Africa. Its numbers can only be guessed at from the extensive remains that still exist, but it has been calculated that at least \$350,000,000 was secured by these early adventurers.

In modern times the first rush was that to California in 1848-49.

The Wicked Multiplication Table.

A minister was hearing his Sunday school repeat the catechism one Sunday preceding confirmation when a boy from the class of small children ventured to ask a question of the minister.

Turning to the clergyman, the boy inquired in an anxious tone, "Why does the multiplication table make people wicked?"

The minister thought at first that the child had taken occasion to propound a conundrum at a most unseemly time and was about to reprove him when the earnestness of the expression in the upturned face assured him that the question was asked in good faith and required a reply.

"Why do you ask such a question, John? I never knew it to do so," he said.

John turned to his catechism and read from it with a mystified air the question, "Did man grow worse as he began to multiply?" and the accompanying answer, "He did."

Not a Good Mechanic.

Intelligence is more than books and letters—it is knowledge of the forces of nature and ingenuity enough to use them for human service. The negro is generally acknowledged to be lacking in "the mechanical idea." In Africa he hardly knows the simplest mechanical principles, such as that of the lever. In America the brightest of negroes were trained during slavery by their masters in the handicrafts, such as carpentry, shoemaking, spinning, weaving, blacksmithing, tailoring, and so on. A plantation became a self-supporting unit under the oversight and discipline of the whites, but the work of the negro artisans was "for the most part careless and inefficient." Since emancipation the young generation has not learned the mechanical trades to the same extent as the slave generations. Moreover, as machinery supplants tools and factories supplant handicrafts the negro is left still farther behind.—John B. Commons in Chautauquan.

BY THE HAND OF A CHILD

By MARRIET C. CAMPBELL

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"Martha Raymond ain't changed none since she was twenty, 'cept to get redder headed," the village dressmaker said to Deacon Lindsey's wife.

"I don't know," Mrs. Lindsey replied. "Seems to me she's more independent than ever since her pa and ma died."

"Think so? Well, she's still on the sunny side of thirty-five and got more taste than any young girl in town. She never wears red next to her hair—always black or white or green. I tell you an artist don't understand colors better'n Martha does. I wonder if Phil Gardner's proposed to her yet this spring."

"I guess not. It's usually a little later'n this he asks her—'bout when I'm half through house cleaning'."

Every one in the village knew that Martha Raymond annually proposed to Philip Gardner and was annually rejected, but only the rejector and the rejected knew that old Mrs. Gardner was the cause of Philip's woe. Every year he had said, "Martha, won't you marry me now?" and Martha had replied, "Not if I must live with your mother, Phil."

Strange to say, he had never asked her to be more explicit. He had no idea of her reason for refusing to live with his mother. It was enough for him that she refused.

This year it was later than usual. Mrs. Lindsey had finished house cleaning when he climbed the steep hill road that led to the old Raymond homestead. It was early in the evening, and Martha was busy among her flower beds. She looked up with a conscious smile when the little gate clicked behind him.

"Good evening, Phil," she said. "Did you come to get some violets?"

"No," he replied bluntly. "I came to get you. Can't I, Martha?"

"Not if I must live with your mother, Phil," she said, with an air of finality.

To her surprise, he did not, as before, turn dejectedly away. There was a determined look in his eyes before which she trembled.

"I must go in," she said.

"Not until you've mentioned what you have against my mother." And he deliberately barred her way.

Martha's temper rose. "I wouldn't live with her for a farm!" she cried.



"AUNTIE'S GLAD YOU PUT THE PRETTY 'BYE' POWER IN HER HAIR."

"She's as still as death. I like to sing and laugh and make a cheerful clatter, but your mother's house is as silent as a tomb. You can hear a pin drop there any time."

Philip heaved a great sigh of relief. "Mother wouldn't object to your clatter," he said smilingly. "Is that all?"

"All? Isn't that enough? Besides, I don't believe in living in the same house with my mother-in-law!"

Philip's face clouded. "I can't turn my mother out even to please you, Martha," he said.

"No one wants you to turn her out. I'm sure. But I don't see why she can't live in the city with your brother."

"Mother can't sleep when she's there. It's too noisy."

"That's it. I should have to keep still all the time, and I'd set my heart on having a canary and a piano and one of those talking machines when I was married."

Philip smiled sadly. "If you change your mind about mother," he said, "you can let me know, otherwise I'll not ask you again."

Martha laughed scornfully. "I'm not likely to change my mind," she said. "When I do you'll see me wearing red flowers in my hair, and you know I'll never do that."

A year went by, and spring came again, but Philip, to the astonishment of the entire village, did not "go courtin'" Martha Raymond. The dressmaker exclaimed over the fact when she was sewing for Mrs. Lindsey:

"I declare," she said, "I believe Martha kind of misses it. When I was sewing for her last week she seemed dreadfully quiet like. I noticed she didn't sing much neither."

"Serves her right for givin' Philip the mitten so often. I heard Widow Ramsey's son had been goin' there some."

"Yes, but she wouldn't give no encouragement," for she said, "he wasn't good to his mother," she says a man that ain't considerate of his mother won't be considerate of his wife."

One beautiful evening in the old-fashioned house called her, and she came with her hands full of blossoms. "Pity flowers," she said, "I've picked some in Aunt Martha's back yard. They've climbed up on the broad wall and peeped regularly into Martha's face."

"Only the blue flowers, dearie—the larkspurs. Auntie doesn't wear 'em in her hair."

"Yeth," lisped the sweet baby, "pity b'm flowers in auntie's hair. And she tucked a crimson ribbon among the soft red coils. Then she slipped her little hand into Martha's, and they went to church together."

Philip and his mother sat directly behind them. The old lady looked at quizzically at the little child, but Philip's eyes sought Martha's hair, just as they had done in vain for two long years. He half rose from his seat, but there was the blessed red signal at last. He rubbed his eyes and looked again, and when the minister read, "What went ye out to see?" he murmured, "A red flower, of course." His mother laid a reproving hand on his arm. "Hush!" she whispered, "just as she had whispered years ago to the restless youngster beside her."

Early that afternoon he climbed the hill road. Martha's brother answered his knock. She was in the garden with little Ruth, he said. He found them there among the roses and larkspurs.

"Martha," he cried, hurrying down the gravel path, "how can I thank you dear?"

"Thank me," she said tranquilly, "for what, Philip?"

"For wearing this." And he took the withered red rose from her hair.

Her eyes opened wide with surprise. "I didn't know 'it was there," she faltered. "I guess Ruth did it."

"Yeth," the baby lisped, "I did. I did—pity b'm flower."

Philip's face fell. "It's all a mistake," he said sadly.

But Martha put her arms around her little niece and held her close.

"Tell him," she said, "that auntie's glad you put the pretty b'm flower in her hair."

Seeing Six Generations.
A generation is admitted to occupy on an average a space of thirty years. Horace Walpole relates the following amusing instance of many generations: "It was in 1744 when I was presented to George I. two nights before he left England for the last time. This makes me appear very old to myself and Methusalem to young people. If I happen to mention the name of them, if I see another sign, what can I but too probable, what shall I say then? I will tell you an odd anecdote. Nearly ten years ago I had already seen six generations in one family, that of Walgrave. I have known and once been in a room with the Godfrey, mistress of James II. I was true she died, then came her daughter, the old Lady Walgrave, then the ambassador's daughter, the Lady Harriet; her daughter, the present Lady Powis, and who has children who may be married in five or six years. And yet I shall not be very old if I live two generations more, but if I do I shall be superannuated for I think I talk already like an old man."

But for a pin-prick there would have been no battle of the Nile. At that moment Nelson was writing his last letter to his wife, the Countess of Nelson, no one to furnish a clue as to whereabout. Next minute the ship was out in a lady's bodice. Sir John Acton, commander in chief of land and sea forces at Naples, was in his wife's room when her maid was putting the finishing touches to her ladyship's dress. The maid drove the point of a pin into her mistress's and apologized. Some one had at that moment handed the maid a letter from her brother, a French sailor, from whom she had just heard, for some time, and it is said had started her. Sir John Acton, foreseeing possibilities, offered to read the letter while the maid continued her attentions to her mistress. The moment he had read it he dashed off to find Nelson. The letter gave all the information as to the whereabouts and intentions of the French. Upon this Nelson acted, and the battle of the Nile resulted from that pin-prick.

Sugar as a Stimulant.
One of the numerous physical culture teachers departs from the 25th of trainers in advising his pupils to eat the sugar they can get. Either in taking off flesh or in putting on flesh the advice is to make sugar in some form or other a liberal part of the daily diet.

"Sugar is a very powerful stimulant and a great producer of energy," he said. "I spent two winters in the Klondike where the miners eat enormous quantities of sugar and alcohol. They even sweeten their porridge with it. Men who simply look themselves as sweets do twice the work of men who eat sugar alone. Some men always carry a liberal supply of sugar in their kits. Negroes in the Klondike grow fat on sugar cane."

"In hot or cold climates a liberal diet of sugar will put a man in the best possible condition. When we see a technician say that he has an art remedy for stress, it is a good remedy for two or three years, but the use of sugar is a permanent remedy for the physical culture teacher."