SKIPPER TOBIAS AND THE LIGHT MONEY.

By GEORGE S. WASSON.

Throughout the length and breadth of that once flourishing settlement known as Brandon's Cove, Skipper Tobias Perkins was noted for his faculty of seeing through fog, and was, on this account, esteemed a most valuable man to have on board any of the numerous sail of fishermen then owned at the Cove.

While at all times his eyesight was remarkable, it was generally understood that a moderate quantity of old New England rum sharpened his vision to a marked extent; and as the vessels were then always provided with this commodity, Skipper Tobias, though seldom if ever really drunk, was commonly prepared for encountering the densest vapor produced in the Bay of Fundy. But the worthy mariner had still greater local fame as the hero of a most wonderful affair in the Gut of Canso, while on a codfishing trip in the pinkey schooner "Chanticleer," of which he was half owner.

At that time it was the custom of the Dominion authorities to collect what was known as "light-money" from all American vessels visiting those waters; the cash thus obtained going toward the support of light-houses, buoys and the like on the coast. This practice, together with some others, was the occasion of endless friction between the Yankee crews and their provincial neighbors. The lighthouse tax was levied at so much per ton of the vessel's capacity, and in the case of the "Chanticleer," would only amount to some twelve dollars; but what rendered its exaction especially galling to the fishermen was the fact that the lighthouses were few in number, small, and, as a rule, but poorly equipped, so that the officers collecting the tax were often taunted with burning dog-fish oil in their lights!

Buoys were to be met with only at rare intervals, though in some harbors private individuals attempted to eke out their incomes by placing spruce poles on certain obstructions to navigation, and soliciting their reward from visiting vessels. As our government exacted no such lighthouse tax from foreign vessels, it was generally considered the proper thing to evade it possible, and in order to do this, it was only necessary to keep out of hailing distance of the boat's crews stationed here and there to collect these dues. Could a craft manage to do this, she was not liable to the tax—just as is to-day the case on our own shores in regard to collecting pilotage fees.

Now Skipper Tobias, having recently been fleeced, as he regarded it, had on this trip made a solemn vow never to be caught napping again; he was determined to balk the officers by maneuvering his vessel so as to prevent their approaching within the necessary distance. On this occasion he had worked his sturdy little round-bowed "pinkey," without mishap, to a certain point in the Gut of Canso, when just at dark the wind failed him entirely, and he was obliged to anchor in a position which, as he well knew, exposed him to a visit from one of the detested government boats. Being so far advanced into that moisture-laden clime, it is but reasonable to surmise thta he had taken his usual method of cleaning the cobwebs from his eyes; and on this particular night, with the laudable design of frustrating any visit from the greedy hirelings of Her Brittanic Majesty, he doubtless deemed it expedient to sharpen his vision by an extra dose or two of the well-known prescription. Fully realizing the danger of his present anchorage, he decided to keep strict watch on deck himself, and to get under way again the instant there was breeze enough to warrant it.

But the weather, though overcast and threatening, remained perfectly calm until just after daylight, and the skipper had about made up his mind to be mulcted of light-money again with as good grace as possible—though in imagination he already heard the jibes and jeers of the brother skippers whom he expected to meet in the Gulf of St. Lawrence on joining the Yankee fleet there.

For the fiftieth time in the night he levelled his old canvas-covered spy glass and peered anxiously towards the shore. Holy Smoke! There she was at last—a four-oared boat with a man in the stern, just starting off in the direction of the "Chanticleer"! But while he was taking a second long look at her, a great drop of rain struck the back of his hand, followed by the loud pattering of others on the deck. Almost at the same moment, from the black bank of cloud in the Northwest, there came a heavy gust of wind, lashing the water into miniature white caps and causing the halliards to beat a lively tattoo upon the masts.

In a half dozen bounds Skipper Tobias rushed forward, seizing as he went the loose thwart from a boat on deck, with which he delivered a couple of resounding whacks upon the fore-scuttle, just over the heads of the sleeping crew.

"Turn out, ye bullies!" he roared. "All han' turn out an' make sail! Here's them Blue-nosers chock aboard on us, an' a spankin' breeze blowin' right off'n the lan'!"

In a moment or two every man was on deck, assisting in getting the schooner under way—one or two out on the bow sprits casting loose the jib; others heaving wildly at the windlass, and still others casting the stops from the mainsail and seizing the halliards.

"Don't bother with no fores'l!" cried Skipper Tobias. "There's more win' whar this come from, an' I don't cal'-late to lose no sticks on them blame herrin'-eater's 'count! Now git the mainsail onto her, b'ys, quick's ever the Lord'll let ye!" and the excited skipper rushed aft to overhaul the main sheet. "We'll fill her away to the East'ard!" he roared again. "Give her the jib, there fo'ward, an' sing out lively the minute your anchor's broke out! We'll git out o' this like a scalt hog, an' show them bloody piratse what kind o' trees make shingles up roun' our way!"

"Here, Uncle 'Siah!" he continued to a grizzled old shell-back near him. "You're better 'quainted through this here 'tarnation guzzle-hole 'n I be! Take the tiller, an' don't you show her no mercy! I'll jis' slack up that air toppin' lif' a grain!"

Just then a hoarse shout of "Anchor's broke out!" came from forward, and the bluff bow of the "Chanticleer" fell off rapidly under a vicious flaw which at that moment struck her. Down, down she went, scuppers to, lee-rail under even, while an ominous clattering of crockery ware issued from below, succeeded immediately by the startling cry from several throats—"The ole man's overboard!"

"Let her come to!"

"Heave him a kid-board, or somethin'!"

The greatest confusion prevailed; some rushing to launch the boat, some to do this and some that, while Uncle 'Siah shoved his tiller hard down and eagerly scanned the water astern in the dim morning light.

But to the utter astonishment of every man on board, at this moment the well known voice of the skipper was distinctly heard bellowing from the schooner's wake.

"Keep her off! Keep her off agin, you blame ole fool! Sock it right onto her I'm all right; got a roun' turn o' this here line chock under my arms. Don't you 'tempt pickin' of me up—not yit awhile!"

And so, under these explicit instructions from the skipper, the "Chanticleer" was allowed to pay off again and gather headway under the howling nor'wester. Upon investigation, it turned out that the line by which Skipper Tobias was then towing astern was the main sheet, which he had somehow managed to seize as he lost his footing when the vessel careened under the heavy flaw. But what was now to be done? Obey his insane orders and probably drown him, or pick him up at once and risk being hailed by the light-money men? Their boat had got alarmingly near, and the crew were tugging desperately at the oars in a last attempt to head the schooner off and so get within speaking distance.

Now, Skipper Tobias was a most powerful man, and with a temper by no means under the best control, even when not prepared for penetrating fog with his eagle eyesight—as he undoubtedly was on the present occasion—so that in case his immediate rescue involved the disbursement of the light-money, the probable consequences were not pleasant to contemplate. It was indeed a try'ng situation. Meanwhile the Captain continued towing astern, and under the vessel's increased headway was breaking the water like a Dutch galliot, at times disappearing altogether, only to roll in sight again, blowing, sputtering, wheezing, but at intervals managing to articulate such cheering words as "Give it to her!" "Cart it onto her!"

"Blow my shirt!" at length declared Uncle 'Siah, with determination. "These here fool works is gone fur 'nough. We'll drowned the ole man yit, this way, sure's death an' taxes, an' then there'd be a pooty kittle o' fish up home thar! I'm jes' goin' to let her come to, this minute: an' you fellers stan' by to gaff him aboard!"

So saying' Uncle 'Siah shot the vessel into the wind, and in spite of his remonstrances, the doughty skipper was in a few minutes dragged on deck, minus his sou-wester, it is true, but otherwise, as he himself declared, "in A No. 1 shape," after his remarkable tow of nearly half a mile. Moreover, to the great relief of all concerned, the Dominion government failed of being enriched on this occasion by any contribution from the good schooner "Chanticleer."

"There She Was at Last--A Four-Oared Boat Just Starting for the 'Chanticleer'."

Ice-Yachting Not Dangerous.

The danger of ice-yachting has been greatly exaggerated. True, in times past the yachts often cut grotesque capers and threw out their occupants with scant ceremony; but now yacht designing has become a science, giving the fleet flyers of the frozen surface so true a balance as to center of sail effect and center of lateral resistance, that they can be handled with comparative ease. I cannot understand why so many competent men in the country will prefer sailing over the heated floor in the mazes of the german or tacking around the club heather, when their clubmates are reveling in a snorting nor'wester and rushing over the ice at the rate of a mile a minute, every nerve tingling with enjoyable excitement.

This glorious pastime is also thoroughly appreciated by the up-to-date American girl—and small wonder. All ice-yachtsmen are not fur-clad bears, whose whole thoughts are concentrated on racing. In every fleet are several boats with ample accommodations aft for a small party, and although these are not phenomenal for speed, they furnish great enjoyment. If you doubt it, observe a bevy of pretty girls on their return from such an outing. Note the bright eyes of the fair crew, and the rich wintry glow on every face—then ask them if they enjoyed it!

The Vilge Choir.

Members of a rustic congregation were heard by a "city chap," while on a visit to his country cousin, lustily proclaiming their defiance of the decalogue in "I love to steal—I love to steal," while all they meant to do was "to steal a while away" to some imaginary realm of spiritual blessedness. "Stir up this stu-stir up this stu," was only the "fuging" form of "Stir up this stupid heart to pray."

And so with "take thy pil—and take thy pilgrim home." My poor pol—my poor pol—my poor polluted heart." "And more eggs—more eggs—and more exalt our joys." "I love thee bet—love thee better than before." "And catch the flee—and catch the fleeting hour," and many more entertaining instances of perverted sense in song.

The choir once started in on these lines with the following effect:

With reverence let the saints appear
And bow before the Lord.
..And bow-w-w-wow, and bow-ow-ow,"

and so until treble, alto, tenor and bass had bow-wowed themselves hoarse and preceptibly apopleptic.

Unsatisfactorily Answered.

Five-year-old Dickey had been instructed that whenever he wanted anything he should pray for it.

He had prayed long and earnestly for a bicycle, but his father thinking him too young to ride one, had bought him a tricycle. When he awoke, on the morning of his birthday and found the tare-wheeler by his bedside, he was disgusted.

"Doesn't the Lord know the difference between a bicycle and a tricycle?" he whimpered.—Chicago Tribune.

GOSSIP OF GREATER GOTHAM

Pierre Lorrillard a Real Though Unintentional Humorist.

MISS HELEN GOULD'S USEFUL LIFE.

She is Neither Extravagant Nor Stingy—Her Ideas on Suffrage—A Good Story on the Old Commodore Vanderbilt.

NEW YORK, Jan. 28.—There were not wanting plenty of persons to declare last November, when Pierre Lorillard, the millionaire of snuff and chewing tobacco, returned to the United States with abuse of this country on his lips, that he was getting to follow in the footsteps of Waldorf Astor, Jim Whistler, Bret Harte and other Americans of artistic temperament in forswearing his native land altogether. Mr. Lorillard now confirms the prediction by announcing that the manners of his countrymen are so bad, the cooking of our chefs so defective and the newspapers of the United States so free with their comment, that he must really go and live elsewhere. And the worst, or the best of it, is, that he adds to his announcement the information that his mind is fully made up and cannot be changed.

Whether the English will fall over each other in their eagerness to welcome this recruit from Yankeedom as a permanent resident of their Island is a question that time alone can solve and is, of course, far more important to the recruit himself than any one else. He had little luck in winning a place in society on the other side until he was taken up by Lord William Beresford, the present husband of the American woman, born Price, who has been so prominently before two hemispheres for some years because she was willing to spend dead Louis Hamersly's money freely at Blenheim in order to wear the title of Duchess. And he had to take Beresford in as racing partner before the least social countenance could be won.

LORILLARD A HUMORIST.

Pierre Lorillard is a true humorist. Not always intentionally, to be sure, but more genuinely, perhaps, for that very reason. It would be difficult to say when he began to win the reputatio nof a mirth-maker. The public knew little about it until those memorable days and nights when he and his friends in the exclusive Union Club were too audibly joyous over their amusements to please the late lamented Auntie Paran Stevens

Later, now nearly ten years back, when James Brown Potter, since quite well-known as the husband of Kyrle Bellew's dramatic star, invited Bellew to the Tuxedo Club, and actually exhibited him as a guest at its house, Lorillard came out strong.

First he ruled Bellew out of the house as promptly as horses are sometimes ruled off the rack track. That was not particularly funny, however, especially to Mr. Potter or Mr. Bellew. But when the latter protested against the ruling, old Lorillard's justification thereof, and the frantic letters it brought out from the actor, were funny enough to keep the newspapers busy with the matter for nigh a month. Bellew declared, with much waste of ink and paper, that he was spoiling to fight a duel with the snuffmaker and there were some of us who hoped that the two might casually encounter one another while the row was going on. Or course we understood that a "meeting" in the technical sense was not to be expected, but we did long for the fun that might have ensued had there been an accidental collision. But though Pierre made the break of explaining the reason for Bellew's expulsion, he kept his head pretty well, after that, even refusing to answer Bellew's frantic appeals through the newspapers for more explanations, and there were no really picturesque happenings in the whole episode.

DETECTIVES IN EVENING DRESS.

The season of the year when certain detectives from Mulberry street headquarters are to put on evening dress and pr the merrymakers of high society from thieves several times a week is at its height. An ex-member of the force, who has been present in his official capacity at many an exclusive social function, told me this story of old Commodore Vanderbilt the other day:

Some sort of social gathering was held at the Commodore's house and my detective friend was assigned to watch out for crooks while the festivities were on. In the course of his rambles through the house the sleuth descended to the kitchen. There he saw a youth, clad like the waiters employed by the well known caterer who served the feast, but who seemed to feel not entirely at home. Calling the head waiter to him the detective inquired as to the youth's personality.

"Why," said the serving man, "that fellow said he was one of your chaps. I don't know him—never saw him before."

After that the detective's action was prompt. He gathered that young man in without ceremony, and, though, he hadn't yet taken anything, appearances were so manifestly adverse, that he confessed promptly that he was there to steal. Of course the detective lost no time in notifying the Commodore that he had used his eagle eye to advantage.

"Well," said the Commodore, "let's do all the guests here a good turn. Let's make them acquainted with this young man's appearance."

So the detective led the self-confessed would-be thief through all the rooms, the delighted Commodore following in the wake and explaining to every one why the man was thus exhibited.

Gossip about Helen Gould became the general order as soon as the Gould residence at Fifth avenue and Forty-seventh street was put in the hands of the furbishers to be prepared for habitation again. But it is only fair to say that none of the gossip has been ill-natured, for no one thinks badly of the late railroad king's elder daughter.

Helen Gould was introduced to society on the day after Christmas, 1891. Her coming out party received much attention from all the newspapers and was attended by many of the most notable people in New York. Contrary to general expectation, although there was no lack of expense in the entertainment of the guests, neither was there splurge nor vulgar display. This caused comment in certain quarters, but it is hard to say why, since Jay Gould had never shown the tendencies towards ostentation that are so often exhibited by the very rich.

According to those who know Helen Gould, her life has been as nearly ideal as may be in this vale of tears. Her father left $10,000,000 to her, and, while she is not understood to be unduly close with her money, she has yet never been recklessly extravagant, so that there is every reason to believe that her fortune has increased rather than diminished, since it was put in her hands. A great deal has been said concerning the various charities in which she has interested herself. Perhaps the most engaging of these is her home for crippled children and fresh-air farm at Tarrytown. The house on this farm is known as Woody Crest. It was the property of the late Jay Gould, and is located about a quarter of a mile from Lyndhurst, Miss Gould's country place. Clumps of pine trees stand not far from the house, shielding it from observation and furnishing its name.

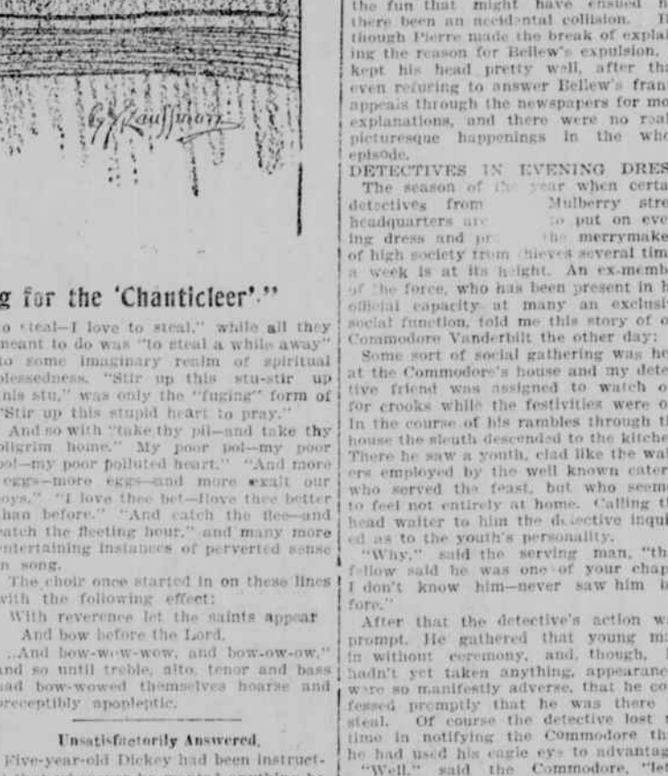
Those who have visited Woody Crest describe it as one of the most beneficent private institutions to be found anywhere. In 1893 its mistress gave a Christmas dinner there to a lot of Bowery newsboys, and it is a question whether she or the boys enjoyed the feast most.

Like most sensible young women, Helen Gould is exceedingly fond of flowers, and the greenhouses on the Lyndhurst estate are marvellous to see. In the summertime flowers are made to blossom all about the place, but the work of the twenty gardeners employed is by no means confined to floriculture. They are all said to be skilled in the art of landscape gardeury, and by Miss Gould's direction they devote a large portion of their time to the general beautification of the grounds.

Despite her gentleness and many womanly qualities, Helen Gould is an ardent advocate of woman's suffrage. So true is this that while she hesitates to talk for publication on most topics, she has more than once spoken freely on this one; and, when you come to think about, it, there is nothing surprising that the present order of things, under which one of her stablemen can have a voice in the government while she cannot, should seem incongruous to her.

Miss Gould is as much in favor of muscular femininity as she is of equal suffrage, and one of her favorite forms of physical exercise is rolling ten pins. The bowling alley at Lyndhurst is described as a model structure of its kind and Miss Gould as an expert bowler. She likes horseback riding as well as bowling, and moreover, she likes horses too, though she does not take an interest in the race course. She is a good pedestrian and thinks nothing of walking distances that would appall most women.

OSBORN SPENCER.



Betrayed by His Awkwardness.

Commerce of the Lakes.

There are 20,000 vessels, including 6,500 steamers and 13,500 sailing craft of all classes, under the American flag. While American shipping in salt water districts has not been increasing materially there has been a very large gain in the commerce of the lakes, a gain so large that the figures are surprising. In ten years, for instance, the lake commerce of the city of Buffalo has almost doubled, increasing from 98,000,000 to 195,000,000 tons. The shipping business of Detroit has increased from 100,000,000 to 175,000,000 tons in ten years. The shipping business of the Michigan peninsula has increased from 45,000,000 to 100,000,000 tons in the same period. Chicago's business has fallen off somewhat, the gain being made up in Duluth and Milwaukee. The lake business of Milwaukee and Duluth ten years ago was 80,000,000 tons; last year it was 180,000,000.

But compared with these increases, large as some of them are, the growth of Cleveland as the chief lake port of the United States has been almost phenomenal. In the year 1887 the tonnage of the port of Cleveland was 125,000,000; last year it was 500,000,000, and there is every indication that this increase, based on geographical grounds, has come to stay. The position of Cleveland as a shipping port is certainly remarkable. It is a shipping centre for bituminous coal. It is the receiving point for the largest share of the iron and lumber of Michigan, and it furnishes a safe and excellent harbor for vessels of all sizes. The commerce of the great northern lakes is largely in the hands of Americans, and the profits arising from the business are increasing year by year.—New York Sun.

The King and the Gamekeeper.

Victor Emmanuel, of Italy possessed a far better temper than people were wont to believe from the apopletic and fierce look on his ugly though honest face. Not even when his gigantic gamekeeper, Borretta, while carrying him on his back across an Alpine torrent, rendered impatient by a sudden movement of the King which almost capsized him, growled out, "Tente su, bourie," (Hold steady, you jackass) did His Majesty betray the least irritation. For he quietly replied: "You apparently ignore, friend Borretta, that the jackass is the one who carries the load."

Enough for One.

Rapturous Youth—Darling, my salary is $20 a week. Do you think you could live on that?

His Affianced—Why, yes, George. I can get along on that. But what'll you live on?—Chicago Tribune.

RHEUMATISM is due to lactic acid in the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla neutralizes the acid and completely cures the aches and pains of rheumatism. Get sure to get Hood's.

HOOD'S PILLS are easy to take, easy to operate. Cure indigestion, biliousness. 25c.

WILL THE RED MAN REGAIN HIS LOST DOMINION.

The astonishing statement is now made by one of the best known of Indian authorities that the American Indian, instead of decreasing in numbers, is increasing, and will surely become a factor in the nation. This, too, despite the fact that thousands, says the missionary, die in infancy because of the lack of knowledge on the part of the parents of how to care for them.

In view of the widespread belief that the Indian has no future, this statement is sensational. The circumstances, because the fact that the utterance is that of a most conservative man, are such that the alleged facts must be given earnest consideration.

Reverend N. B. Rairden, superintendent of missions and district secretary of the American Baptist Home Missionary Society, is the authority for these statements, and in an article prepared for this paper says over his own signature:

"The Indian is not to become extinct, and the Indian will be a factor in this nation.

"The only way to lift up an Indian is to appeal to his manhood.

"Christianity and Christian influences are the only hope of the American Indians. With the influences of Christianity they will be taught to care for their children in an intelligent way, to avoid the temptations and indulgences which shorten their lives, to care for themselves and their sick. This done, instead of becoming stationary as converts or decreasing, they will largely increase.

Christianity and education must go hand in hand, if the Indian is to be saved, both in this life and the life to come.

"The United States Government is doing a grand work among these Indians in the matter of education, though there are many weak points, one of which is that the graduates from non-reservation schools are not properly cared for when they return to their tribes. I have seen scores of these Indians, who have been educated but who have returned to the tribe and gone back to their old life; and when they do this, they are much harder to reach. They become the most conservative, as a rule.

"Of course, there are notable exceptions to this. My own judgment is, that there is every reason to believe that it is the duty of the Government to furnish sufficient educational advantages upon these reservations, so that the children and young people may be educated without entirely removing them from the environment which they are to have when they are through school.

"But if the child is taken from the reservation and for six or eight or ten years, or more, is kept away, upon his return the contrast between the environments to which he has become accustomed and the one into which he is plunged is so great that he at once becomes discouraged as to ever bringing about any change in his surroundings. Tastes and inclinations have been developed, which cannot be satisfied.

"On the other hand, the parents see the child go—an Indian boy or girl—only to return to all intents and purposes a white boy or girl; and the change is so great that, in many instances, it awakens ridicule and opposition from the parents, or, at least, fails to find a sympathetic helper in the parents. The result is that the educated young man or woman goes back to the old life and ceases to be a factor in the up-lifting of his or her people. I believe that this is almost the unanimous conviction of those who are not connected with non-reservation schools.

"The chief characteristic of the American Indians, in my opinion, is their intense love for their children. This amounts, in most instances, to a genuine passion. Parents have been known to go without many of the actual necessities of life and even without food, in order to provide some temporary amusement for, or gratify some wish of, their children

"They know little of the art of caring for their children and thousands therefore die in infancy, especially among the Kiowa Indians, who have been a very fierce and war-like people and are, in my judgment, among the finest specimens of the American Indian to be found. The habit of gashing the flesh of the breast and arms, cutting off or pulling out the hair, cutting off or biting off joints of their fingers in their grief and row over the death of their children, has been very prevalent.

"Little Robe, one of the small chiefs among the Kiowas, was very much opposed to the work of the missionaries. A little grand-child of his was taken sick and the missionaries took care of it. Because they had no convenience at the tee-pee, they took it to the missionary's house, looked after it as long as it lived and then when it passed away, gave it a decent burial. The old chief's heart was broken and at the very next opportunity he brought a beef to the missionaries to show how much he appreciated their kindness to his grand-child.

"I have the utmost confidence in the possibility of Christianizing these Indian tribes. There is a great movement among the tribes at the present time, especially in southern Oklahoma, away from the old, heathen idolatry and superstitions of the past towards a pure Christianity.

"The Indians themselves understand and acknowledge that the Indians will come 'into the Jesus Road,' as they call it, and that very soon. Many expressions of this kind are heard in the meetings held at various points during these missionary trips, from those who are not Christians.

"I do not believe that the average Indian, who alleges conversion, really backslides as soon as the missionary influence is removed. And yet, like other people, these Indians need the constant care of religious teachers. I think the Indian human nature is just like that of the rest of the human family. In my experience, for example, with the Kiowa Indians, where we have two hundred converts, I do not believe there have been two per cent. that ever had to be disciplined for failure to live consistent Christian lives.

"Of course, they are not received into our churches until they give evidence of individual regeneration. The constant wonder with me is that they do as well as they do, when we consider that it is but a few years since they first heard of the gospel in its simplicity. I believe there is less disposition to back-slide among the Indians, than among the white converts.

"The influence of the missionary is shown in a hundred different directions. The Indians are taught by the missionaries that they must work. They are taught to cultivate their farms, they are shown how to put in grain, they get ideas of civilization, they are shown how to build houses; the women are taught how to sew, they are taught how to keep their homes clean and neat, and though there were no hereafter, the influence upon the Indian tribes of the missionaries that are sent to them would be worth more than all it has ever cost.

"It is a great deal cheaper, from simply a financial point of view, to Christianize these Indians than it is to fight them. The easiest possible way to control them, is to Christianize them. At a recent meeting in which Cheyennes, Wichitas, Comanches, Arapahoes and Kiowas were present, attention was drawn to the fact that but a few years ago the Cheyennes and Kiowas had "had hearts toward each other," and but for the restraint of the Government, they would probably have gone upon the warpath. Instead of this, however, the introduction of Christianity and the work of the missionaries have brought about such a change, that they have dwelt together in the utmost harmony and love, and in that religious meeting chiefs and leaders of both tribes were eating together and sleeping in the same tee-pee in the utmost of fellowship.

The Indian--As He Was and As He Is.