ONE DAY AT A TIME.

NE day at a time! That's all it can be;
And days have their limits, however we
Begin them too early and stretch them too late.

One day at a time! Every heart that aches
Knows only too well how long it can seem;
But it's never too-day which the spirit breaks—
It's the darkened future, without a gleam.

One day at a time! But a single day,
Whatever its load, whatever its strength;
And there's a bit of precious Scripture to say,
That according to each shall be our strength.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

(From the Home Mission Monthly.)

TRUE STORY OF AN ALASKAN INDIAN BOY.

(Continued from last week.)

For an hour or more they waited, while
Darkness gathered; then the old man started
Up, saying:

"We must hasten. They may soon be here.
Here, Unkala, take these furs to wrap about
Us, for the wind will blow cold when once we
Get out of the shelter of the shore; and I will
take this bit of dried venison, for we will need
Food by the way. Come quickly and take care,
For they will surely put you to death if they
Catch you, and I am old and cannot do much
to save you."

Poor Unkala shivered with fright as they
Cautiously ventured forth, crawling for some
distance on their hands and knees under the
trees and bushes, pausing now and then to
Listen, until they became convinced that they
Had not been observed; then making their
Way rapidly to the shore, they found the
Canoe undisturbed, and were soon afloat.

They knew that Skula and his friends, find-
ing the hut empty, would guess that they had
Started for some of the neighboring islands,
and would hasten in pursuit. Therefore, it
was of the utmost importance that they
should make good use of all the time at their
Disposal, for, unless they should be well un-
der way, their enemies would easily overtake
them, as with so many to row they could go
much faster.

Desperation nerved the old man's arm with
unwonted power, and the boy seemed to have
the strength of a man as the canoe sped
through the water in this race for life.

At length, after long continued exertion,
they both showed signs of exhaustion, and the
old man said:

"Unkala, we must make for some of the
smaller islands. We can never hold out un-
less we stop and rest a little. Let us halt
awhile on one of those two little islands that
lie over yonder."

"Where are they?" said the boy. "I see
nothing but shadows, and I am afraid if we
stop, those dreadful men will overtake us, and
then they will catch me, and dig a hole in the
ground and cover me up so that I will smother.
Oh! I know just what they will do. Did I not
see them take old Lakasa and put her in just
such a hole when the chief's mother was sick?
And they left her there. I can hear her beg-
ing them to let her go, now! Oh! do let us
go on!"

"But you cannot go much farther, my poor
Unkala, without stopping to rest. You will
be stronger then. Come, I know just where
the island lies. I have been there to catch
the salmon."

Thus persuaded, the lad said no more, and
they soon moored their canoe to the shore,
and jumping out, pulled it aground.

"They will not think we have stopped here,"
said the old man. "They will keep on, think-
ing to overtake us in the inlet, below. But
I have a plan. We will stay here all the night,
and when the morning comes we will watch
for the big boat that, with belching of fire and
smoke, ploughs through the deep waters. It
is now the time of the moon when it passes
this way. We will go out to it when we see it
coming, and ask the white people to protect
us from our enemies."

Comfited by the words of his uncle, Unka-
la sank down on the ground beside the old
man, and they wrapped about them the skins
of fur which they had brought. They were
both too much excited and in too much dan-
ger to sleep. About mid-night they heard

(Continued on the Fourth Page.)
EID bY The-man-on-the-bandstand, who is NOT an Indian
touched to aid in the education of the Indian.
give expressions of gratitude for blessings re­
er, and upon this topic he would have us re­
chered. We do not realize how much we have

prayer. AH over this land good peo­
opportunities that God gives us. If you have

have been lazy. Under such circumstances

supplied. He would have us pray from the

Confession is a part ol prayer, and so is sup­

than to receive it for no labor. He

read about it, have already; become so filled

impressed, and the smaller ones who will yet

famous to ask for help. If a party

the scene as to make any word picture

impressive pray­

you why did you not get more knowledge

will not last long. As you go on through life

you had the chance? It is a part of

been bestowed upon us The Commissioner

An Historical Treat.

Last Tuesday night the whole school piled

into six first-class Cumberland Valley coach­
es and were taken over to Harrisburg to look

upon the representation of a city that existed

nearly two thousand years ago. As we entered

the amphitheater, in front was the city of

Pompeii with its bath-houses, palaces, temples, 
lakes, and the sea to the fore-ground, while grand old Vesuvius with her foot hills

stood well to the back. Never was artificial

mountain scenery more natural. The real

moon which hung in mid-air over the made

mountain; Venus off to the west, with Mars

in the eastern sky, so mingled the real with

the artificial as to make the effect truly grand.

As the evening shades gathered and the play

of electric-light illuminated the scene, three

hundred actors dressed in robes began the

Olympian games, the dancing and the proces­sions, in the very midst of which came the fearful eruption of Vesuvius which

destroyed the city.

This part was frightful to look upon, but

even the smallest enjoyed the wonder of it

and were not very much frightened. The

fire-works that followed were superb. When

one of the largest rockets burst high in air

sending out hundreds of beautifully colored

balls, Richenda looked up and said, "Why,
papa, your fire works on the Fourth were a

failure, weren't they?" The Last Days of

Pompeii will ever be remembered. Those

who have read the story have been doubly

impressed, and the smaller ones who will yet

read about it, have already become so filled

with the scene as to make any word picture

however realistic seem tame.

A letter from a lady at Hillside, Md., says:

"I take pleasure in noting the respectful de­

nument and kind faces of the Indian girls I

meet in the Sunday School at Liberty Grove,

each Sabbath. The girls from Carlisle(twelve

in number) bore a creditable part in the exer­
cises on children's day. Lucy Cloud played

one of the old Carlisle songs, which the whole

class joined in singing, much to the pleasure

of those connected with the school and their

teacher, M. H. Russell!"

The seating gallery at "The Last Days of

Pompeii" is so immense that there were a

number of people there Tuesday night who

claimed they did not see the Indians at all,

and we were there three hundred strong.
Rain at last.

The dry weather has turned the lawn from green to brown.

It will spoil the appearance of our lawn to have bare spots over it here and there.

Shall it be croquet and no grass, or shall we rest a while on croquet to give the grass a chance to grow?

Wonder if we could not find some other place for croquet instead of the center of the parade!

Augustus Foolish Dog went to the country looking puny and pale, but comes back a strong, well, hearty boy.

Mr. Walker and his boys are now painting the gymnasium roof which is a little piece of tin containing only about 8000 square feet.

Miss Botsford's nephew, Master Leonard Botsford, of Newtown, Conn., is with us. He returns to Connecticut with his aunt when she goes on her leave, the first of next month.

Miss Hunt writes that Ambrose and she are having a grand time carriage riding and boat- ing. She says that Chautauqua was never so fine as now.

There is no more patient little boy in the kingdom than Fordy Grinnell when sick, and poor little fellow, he is having quite a siege these days. We don't think it is the California fever he has. Maybe it is, though.

There is a nice lot of photographs of pupils on hand at cheap rates. Apply, to Miss Ely. It is a thing for pupils going home to lay in a supply, then they can interest and intelligently entertain their friends about the school.

The Man-on-the-band-stand's chief clerk had good care taken of her in Harrisburg, Tuesday night. No wonder, for her escort was Jack Standing. What is more, the next morning he brought her a pretty bunch of posies, too.

A number of pupils who came in from country homes to go to their western homes with the party which now expects to start next Tuesday, have returned to their country homes instead, thinking it best to remain in their good places longer until they learn more.

Good words from a farm patron: "We are sorry this is our last report, for we were very well pleased with him. He was a very good boy and pleasant to have around. I hope he will meet with success. As he is going to his home, may he prove all to them that he was here, a true gentleman!"

Messrs. Campbell, Goodyear, McFadden, Given and men enough from town to make a nine-man team expect to play the Indian boys at ball to-morrow. The Man-on-the-band-stand expects something, too, and that is to see them badly beaten, after the round the Indians gave the shoe-factory club last Saturday; but let us all turn out to see the fun!

Mrs. Maggie Jordan Middleton has been visiting her old home.

Miss Cheyney, a friend of our friend Miss Balderston, of Colora, Md., spent a day or two looking Carlisle over.

Levi Levering led the meeting Sunday evening and gave some little account of his experience at Northfield—Mr. Moody's summer school.

The farm house in which the Bennetts live has been kalsomined, papered and fixed up generally inside, so that it is now quite a comfortable and pretty abode.

Miss Stanton who is off on her month's leave dropped in for a day or two on her way from Newville to Philadelphia, where she joins Miss Rote, and the two go to the seaside for their few last days of vacation.

Lois Big Horse and Persis Big Hair have come in from the country looking splendidly. It takes the country air, the country work, the country "eat," in short, the country experience all around to make us active, healthy, wealthy, and wise.

Eugene Tahkapeur, Comanche, who is living in Massachusetts sends his tax receipt to prove that he pays taxes and is a citizen of that grand old State. He says he doesn't know whether he is a D. or a R. but we will see in the Fall. He feels his freedom, his manhood. His letter shows that, plainly, Grand move! Broken the chains which bound him to his tribe and become a MAN.

Many thanks for the lists of names sent by subscribers, to whom we may send sample copies. Let each subscriber forward us ten names for samples. That would make a hundred thousand names, and possibly we might secure four or five thousand subscriptions from them. We do not go begging for help; our paper stands on its own merits. All we ask is the names of people to send samples to, and we are sure the circulation will increase itself.

The Carlisle Indian School, is published monthly an eight-page quarto of standard size, called The Red Man, the mechanical part of which is done entirely by Indian boys. This paper is valuable as a summary of information on Indian matters and contains writings by Indian pupils, and local incidents of the school. Terms: Fifty cents a year in advance. First, 2nd and 3rd subscribers for The Red Man we give the same premium offered in Standing Offer for the INDIAN. A 4TH EDITION P

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voices in the distance and the far-off splash of
water, and their hearts stood still with terror
lest their pursuers should detect them. But
presently the sound of the lapping paddles
faintened, and fainter, and they breathed
more freely as they realized that their enemies
had passed, and they were safe, for the time
being, at least.

When the morning dawned they were quite
faint with watching and hunger, for the old
man had not thought it best to eat of the little
food that they had brought with them, fearing
lest they should have greater need before they
could get more. But they afe a little now, and
then prepared to drag their canoe still farther
ashore, that they might hide it from sight
more completely, when the boy cried out:
"Oh! look, uncle! There comes the big
boat!"

And, sure enough, far off in the distance a
blue line of curling smoke told where the
steamer—one of the vessels for travel and
traffic which ply those northern waters—was
making its way, and at every turn of the
wheel drawing nearer and nearer to them.

Eagerly they watched and waited until it
drew near enough for them to venture forth;
then, springing into the canoe once more,
they pushed rapidly from the shore, and
reaching the steamer, were taken on board.

Some miners on board, on their way to
Juneau, who understood something of the
language of the tribe to which these Alaskans
belonged, learned from them their story. The
passengers, many of whom were tourists,
became much interested in the boy, and one of
them proposed to the captain that they should
make up a purse for him, buy him some
apparel, and place him in one of the mission
schools in Alaska. This was done.

Thus Unkala's misfortune came to be the
means of his being placed in a Christian
school, where he not only found protection,
but was instructed in books, learned a trade,
and, best of all, heard of Him whose kind
protection and love promoted knowledge, and appreciative sympathy
wins love in return.

Habits hardened into character persist to
all eternity.

It is better to be nobly remembered than
nonly born.

It doesn't pay to be lazy.

A little boy was once walking along a dusty
road.
The sun was very warm and oppressive; but,
as was his usual way, he stepped along quickly,
thinking that the faster he walked the
sooner he would reach the end of his journey.

He soon heard a carriage coming, and when
it had caught up with him, the driver reined
in his horse and kindly asked the lad to ride,
which invitation he gladly accepted.

When he was seated in the wagon, the gentlman, a good Quaker, said: "I noticed thee
walking briskly, and so asked thee to ride; but if I had seen thee walking lazily, I
would not have done so by any means."

Boys, think of this; and wherever you are,
whatever you may be doing, never be lazy,
and you will always be repaid for your trouble
in some way.

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or
duties, but of little things, in which smiles,
and kindnesses, and small obligations given
habitually, are what win and preserve the
heart, and secure comfort. — Sir Humphrey
Davy.

A lazy man always works harder than a
busy one.

Economy is one help to honesty.

No good work stops for one man.

Enigma.

I am made of 11 letters.

My 8, 4, 3, 9, 10 a very sour fruit.

My 5, 2, 3, 11 little four legged animals that
Carlisle has too many of.

My 1, 7, 3, the condition of the grass very
often after sun-down.

My whole is what some of our boys and girls
DO like.

Answer to last week's enigma: Vacation.

Standing offer.—For Five new subscribers to the Indian
Helper, we will give the person sending them a photographic
portrai of the 17 Carlisle Indian Printer boys, on a card 3'2'2' inches, worth 20 cents when sold by itself. Name and tribe of each
boy given.

(Persons wishing the above premium will please enclose a
1-cent stamp to pay postage.)

For Ten, two photographs, one showing a group of Pueblos as
they arrived in wild dress, and another of the same pupils three
years after; or, for the same number of names we give two photograpics showing still more marked contrast between a Navajo as he
arrived in native dress, and as he now looks, worth 20 cents apiece.

The new combination picture showing all our buildings and
bandstand (boxed) will also be given for TEN subscribers.

(Persons wishing the above premium will please enclose a
2-cent stamp to pay postage.)

For Fifteen, we offer a GROUP of the whole school on 3'2'2' inches, card. Faces show distinctly, worth 60 cents.

For Fifteen, the new combination picture 8x10 showing all
our buildings.

(Persons wishing the above premium will please send 5 cents
to pay postage.)

For Two subscribers and a one-cent stamp, we send the
printed copy of the Apache contrast. For One subscriber and a Two-cent stamp we will send the printed copy of Pueblo
contrast.

Persons sending clubs must send all the
names at once.