

THE CARLISLE INDIAN
BOYS' & GIRLS' FRIEND.

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VOLUME 1. CARLISLE, PA, FRIDAY, JULY 31, 1885. NUMBER 1.

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ENIGMA.

A WORD OF FOUR LETTERS.

Read forward, I'm a color.
Of rather somber hue;
At least I'm not as brilliant
As scarlet, pink or blue.
Read backward, I'm sometimes used
As other name for poet;
Now tell me puzzle-loving boys,
Do any of you know it?

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PRINCESS BEATRICE, the youngest daughter of Queen Victoria of England, was married a few days ago to Prince Henry, of Battenberg, Germany.

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E.C. OSBORNE, of Tennessee is to be the new Agent for the Poncas, Pawnees and Otoes; Mr. J.L. Hall, of Texas for the Comanches and Wichitas; Mr. Frederick Hoover for the Osages.

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IN Spain hundreds of men and women are dying every day now from a disease called cholera. Some people are afraid it will come to this country this summer, but if we keep clean, and are careful to eat no green fruit, we need not be afraid of it. This disease came to the United States in 1867. At that time many white people and Indians died with it. People who live in the dirt are the ones who suffer most from this disease.

THE GREAT GENERAL IS DEAD!

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THE WHOLE WORLD IN SORROW.

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General Grant died at Mt. McGregor, New York on Thursday July 23, at eight minutes past eight o'clock. He had been sick with disease of the throat six months and suffered much. His death had been expected for weeks, but when it came at last, the whole country was shocked.

Bells, in every part of our land rang out a slow toll! toll! toll! and people everywhere mourned for the departed hero.

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GENERAL GRANT was the greatest soldier of this age, and some call him the greatest military chieftain that ever lived. He certainly was America's most honored and beloved citizen.

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MRS. GRANT has received a great many letters from men and women of high rank and position, in this land and in countries across the big oceans, all expressing grief and sympathy because of General Grant's death.

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Next week we will print some true stories of Grant's life.

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The Indian Boys and Girls Friend.

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Edited by MR. SEEALL.

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THIS paper is published for the boys and girls who belong to the Carlisle School. We will try to give you interesting news from all parts of the world, besides short stories, and what we see the boys and girls doing here.

Ha! HA! HAW! Didn't the Doctor look funny when he fell in the creek?

Mr. Campbell combs his whiskers English style. Boys that is the fashion now.

Willie Douglas said to Mr. Standing, "Take carriage down Junction, aint it?" Is that good English?

When you are done reading this paper put it away in your trunk or box. We will send you one every week. Save them all.

Why don't the boys form themselves into two regular base-ball clubs. Each party give themselves a name, then practice with some notion of making first class players?

As Henry Bonga and Christopher were hunting huckle-berries on the mountain Henry saw a big black snake, and they both tried to kill it but could not.

As they were coming home they saw a box at the side of the road which they thought was a trap, Christopher thought he would see what was in that trap and tried to open it.

He found it full of bees. They flew at both boys and tried to sting them, and the boys had to run so fast that they lost nearly all their huckleberries.

AN INDIAN BOY OF SPIRIT.

Some times when a young man leaves Carlisle school and goes to his home on the reservation he thinks on the way there "I am not going to do as the old Indians. I shall find work and I intend to faithfully perform what I find to do."

I suppose every boy has such thoughts as these whenever he thinks about going home.

Such boys nearly always ask the Agent for work.

Well! The agent can't give work to every boy who comes back from school, and he often has to say, "No, sir! I have no work for you."

Then the boy is discouraged and wants to give up trying to be decent, and some actually fall back to the dirt and low Indian life.

Now here is a story of an Indian boy who had some spirit.

This fellow's name was James. When he first got home he asked the Agent of his tribe in the Indian Territory to let him work in the harness shop.

The agent could not employ him for the shop was full.

"Let me try the blacksmith shop, I have worked at that trade, too, sir, and will do my best for you," said James.

"I can't do that, either," answered the agent. "Can't I help on the farm?" James asked again.

"No sir! No chance there. I am sorry for you, my boy, but you have come to a very poor place to find work. Why, there are forty Indians after me every day, asking for work, and the Government gives me very little money to pay out in that way."

James now began to feel somewhat discouraged, but he was not going to lie around the agency doing nothing, so he left his home, and went up into Kansas to try to find something to do among the farmers.

His mother, aunts, uncles, and all his

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friends begged of him to stay at home.

His mother cried, "Stay with me, my son! Don't go and leave us again. You will die. The white people will starve you to death. Here you can get meat and flour, and you will not have to work. I will give you a pony to ride; and I will cook your food for you. Oh! stay here, my son! If you go I shall kill myself."

His father commanded him to remain at home. James loved his father and mother, and he did not like to go different from the way they wanted him to. The temptation to stay was great, but his MANLINESS WAS GREATER.

"No," said he to his parents, after thinking awhile, "I would be ashamed to stay here and let the Government feed me. I am a young man, and strong. I can work and I MUST work to earn some money. The Agent gave me nothing to do. I must try to find work some place else. Good-bye, mother; Good-bye, father.

Some day I may come to see you, and if I am successful in finding something to do I will save the money I earn, and will help you up out of this dirt. You shall have something besides the ground to sit on, and I hope a better house than this poor old tent. Good-bye, again," and off he started.

The journey was a long one, but on the evening of the second day he began to come to settlements of white people. He went to several farm houses, and asked for work. "No! We don't like Indians" was the answer everywhere.

"We do not trust the red skins," was the reply one place.

"I am not a wild Indian," said James, "I have been in the east going to school, and I promise to do my best if you take me."

The man slammed the door in the boy's face and told him if he did not leave he'd set his cross dog on him. He said "Indians half educated are the worst kind. Leave my house."

James with hurt feelings was glad to leave that farm. He was hungry and tired. He walked on a little farther and sat down under a tree to rest. The words of his mother then came to him: "Stay home, you can get meat and flour and sugar and coffee without work," and he jumped up and said "I'll go home. There is no use trying to find work. These people don't like Indians." So he walked on towards his home thinking how glad his mother would be to see him, but he had not gone far when his MANLY thoughts came again and made him feel ashamed of going home to his mother as a great baby would do.

He stopped still for five minutes or more and had a hard fight in his own mind. His better thoughts conquered again.

"I WILL NOT GO BACK," he said.

Just then he saw two men coming in a carriage. He stopped them, and asked the gentleman nearest him: "Do you want a boy to work for you, sir?"

"No," was the gruff reply, and he gave his horses a touch of the whip to make them go on, but the other gentleman cried out. "Hold on! I want to speak to that chap."

This was a kind-hearted gentleman and he noticed how disappointed James looked, and asked: "Can't you get a place?"

"I've asked a great many people but no one will have me, and I am about tired out." replied James.

"Don't be discouraged," the man said in a friendly tone.

'Oh, no sir," said James, "I hope on, because this is a very big world, and I feel certain God has something for me to do in it. I am only trying to find it."

"Just so, just so!" said the gentleman, "Come with me, my boy. I want somebody like you."

James went with the strange man, who lived on a large farm.

He worked hard and did everything as his employer directed, and when he had a

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chance of using his own judgment about things he did it in a thoughtful way.

The man liked him much and James staid there with him for five years. At first he received very small pay but as he improved in his work his pay improved and the last three years he received two hundred dollars a year. He spent very little for clothing. His mind was not on yellow watch-chains, high-heeled boots, gay neckties, fine silk handkerchiefs. "All these things are very nice," he thought, "but if I spend my money for such things when I am young when I get older I can't help my mother and father out of the dirt as I promised. No, indeed, I shall save every penny I can," and he did save the pennies. He always had a good, clean Sunday suit, but he never wore his good clothes at work. When Sunday evening came he always brushed them and put them away nicely. So he made one good suit last him a long time. He had some sense, for he did not give his things away just for fun, and he saved every penny he could.

He was doing well in every way, and the neighboring farmers began to think that perhaps Indians were just like other people, and could stick to one place, when one day he was tempted again. A young white

fellow came along and said to James as he was working in the corn, "My, friend, you work very hard. Don't you get tired?"

"Yes!" said James, "I get tired all over sometimes but I get rested again when I stop work in the evenings."

"How much pay do you get?" was the next question.

"\$200 a year and board and washing," was James prompt reply.

"Ha! Ha! Two hundred dollars! Why, you foolish boy! You work too hard, for that little pay. I get \$40 a month. I don't work half as hard as you do. Come on! Leave this man. He is a mean old thing to give you only \$200 a year," said the stranger.

James opened wide his eyes, and mouth. Forty dollars a month was big pay he thought, but before answering he turned the matter over and over in his mind then asked, "You say you get \$40 a month?"

"Yes, sir."

"How much do you pay for your washing?"

"Fifty cents a week."

"How many suits of clothes do you buy every year?"

"Three, because my business calls me out among people, and if I don't keep well dressed my employer will not keep me."

"Have you a pencil?"

"Yes, sir! Here is one."

James sat down on the cultivator while his horse rested and figured up that young man's expenses, and he counted up his own, and found that at the end of a year he would have more money in his pocket than the stranger, because the stranger smoked and James spent no money for tobacco. After he was done counting, he looked up and said, "Well, sir, I am better off than you. You can't make me leave a good home and follow your advice, No, sir. Good-bye, sir, I must go to work."

He went to work and at the end of five years he had saved \$600. He used the hard earned money wisely, and today he is not one of those lazy Indians on the plains at whom everybody looks with disgust, and says in his breast, "Keep out of my way, you filthy thing. Stay on your own ground and I will stay on mine. You are lazy and ignorant."

Nobody says that about James. When he was twenty-five years old he had enough money to support a wife, so he married a school girl who had learned how to keep house nicely, and he and his family are respected by all who know them, and they live happily and comfortably on a farm of their own.

Courage, trust in God, and confidence in himself, boys, is what found this boy a place. Imitate his example when you go away from this institution and shun idleness as you would a murderer, for it is the worst of all evils.

IDLENESS is the foundation of nearly all crimes that are committed.

Industry will never get you into trouble.

IDLENESS WILL.

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