

Samuel Townsend

The Indian Helper.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOLUME II.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 13, 1886.

NUMBER 1.

For the INDIAN HELPER.

English Speaking.

Hear the chapel bell ringing!
The lamps shine so bright,
The children are singing
'Tis Saturday night.

"No Indian! No Indian!"
The cry goes around,
For English words only
On all lips are found.

Oh! boys, you have conquered,
Girls, be of good cheer,
Press forward, not backward,
The way never fear.

Waiting, watching, and working
We'll yet see you stand
A part of the people
Of this glorious land.

So keep to the English,
Help others to rise,
Leave the Indian behind you
If you wish to grow wise.

How Miss Fisher went to Call on the President's Wife.

She says: "We heard that Mrs. Cleveland would 'receive calls' between twelve and one o'clock. That is, any one who wished, could go to the White House between those hours to see her. So we took the Street-car down Pennsylvania Avenue and got out at the gate and walked under the beautiful trees to the door.

The doorkeeper said "Come in". In the large hall we saw another man sitting to whom we gave cards with our names written on them. Then another man standing at the door of the "Red Parlor" said "Walk in, ladies"—and asked our names, which he immediately told to Mrs.

Cleveland; then we shook hands with her, and said we were happy to meet her.

She is tall, has dark hair and eyes, is pretty and very pleasant. She was dressed in white silk lace, a costly dress, though it looked so very simple. She does not wear ear-rings, and had not on a necklace nor even a breast-pin—a very good example for some of our girls who think they must wear a great deal of jewelry.

We were then in the "red room" with about twenty-five other ladies and gentlemen—who were doing a little talking, but more looking.

After standing a few minutes we walked on into the "blue room" and the "green room," named in this way because of the color of the velvet on the furniture, and the carpets.

The rooms were newly furnished when Mr. Arthur was president, but look shabby now, and very likely Mrs. Cleveland will say some day to the President, "My dear, don't you think we had better have some new furniture?" But they can't have it unless Congress says they may.

Then we went into the East room which is very fine, nearly as wide and longer than our chapel. On the walls are full-sized pictures of all the other presidents.

To my mind, the prettiest part of the room was the picture out the window, of the lovely green grass, vines, trees and flowers; and beyond, the monument rising so purely white, up, up, in the clear air.

Soon we walked back again through the parlors to where Mrs. Cleveland stood, but weren't we stupid? Could't think of anything to say, so just shook hands again and walked out, taking away in our minds the picture of a pretty young lady who smiled very sweetly upon us.

The Indian Helper.

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Price:—10 cents a year.

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*Entered in the P. O. at Carlisle as second
class mail matter.*

*The INDIAN HELPER is PRINTED by Indian boys, but
EDITED by The-man-on-the-band-stand, who is NOT an Indian.*

STANDING OFFER.—For FIVE new subscribers to
the INDIAN HELPER, we will give the person send-
ing them a photographic group of the Carlisle Indian
Printer boys, on a card 8x5 inches.

For TEN names two photographs, one showing a
group of Pueblos as they arrived in wild dress, and an-
other of the same pupils three years after; or, for the
same number of names we give two Photographs show-
ing a still more marked contrast between a Navajoe as
he arrived in native dress, and as he now looks.

For FIFTEEN names we offer a group of the whole
school on 9x14 inch card. Faces show distinctly.

A party of fifty Allentown excursionists
visited us on Wednesday.

It is said that the Japanese and Chinese
women do not know the use of pins.

The Pope, the head of the Catholic Church
of the world, is lying very ill at Rome, Italy.

The deepest well in the world is in Pennsyl-
vania, and is 6,000 feet below the earth's sur-
face.

The cholera is raging in Italy and other
eastern countries, while Chili, S. A., is being
scourged with the small-pox.

In Minneapolis, Minn., one mill alone, can
turn out 7,000 barrels of flour a day and there
are thirty like it. That's business.

President Cleveland and wife will leave
Washington next week for a trip through
parts of New England and New York.

Two men went over Niagara Falls together
in a barrel last week. A very foolish thing to
do, the Man-on-the-band-stand thinks.

A swarm of Dakota grass-hoppers in an
hour's time ate up a fifty acre field near
Fargo. What a pot-pie dinner that was!

Nearly 200 dead bodies are taken from the
rivers near New York city every year. A
large number of them are never recognized.

The largest Sunday School in Pennsylvania
is the one in Philadelphia under Mr. John
Wanamaker's care. It numbers 2,456 schol-
ars.

Oregon pays two cents for every squirrel
killed. One man was lately paid for 110,000
squirrel-tails which he had gathered together.
How much money did he make?

Many people do with *opportunities* as do
children at the sea-shore when they fill their
little hands with sand, and then let the grains
fall through one by one till all are gone.

The Queen of England has chosen her new
cabinet which is made up of twelve of Eng-
land's best men. Lord Salisbury takes the
place that Mr. Gladstone held in the old cab-
inet.

A spark from a threshing-machine at San
Fernandino, Cal., set fire to some grain-fields
and before the flames could be extinguished
2,400 acres were burned over, involving a loss
of more than \$20,000.

A total eclipse of the sun will take place
August 29th. We will see but a small part
of it here, but be on the lookout for that lit-
tle. If we were down near the Isthmus of
Panama we could see the entire or total
eclipse.

Do our New Mexico boys remember the
Tarantula? A few days ago a man in Texas
received a bite on the leg from one almost as
large as his hand and before he could get help
the poison from the bite spread through his
body and killed him.

Geronimo, chief of the Chiracahua band of
the Apache tribe of Indians in Arizona, is on
a raid and doing great harm. A part of
Geronimo's band spent last week with us on
their way home from Washington where the
Government was trying to get them to con-
sent to leave Arizona and move to Indian Ter-
ritory.

To have what we want, is riches but to be
able to do without is power.—Donald Grant.

Fans!

The harvest boys are coming in now.

Swimming is the topmost pleasure now.

We can almost see our little Indian baby grow.

How comfortable the girls will be in their improved quarters.

Our Apache visitors left Monday for their reservation in Arizona.

We are in the midst of the "dog days" and very hot days they are.

The teachers' club is in charge of Miss Campbell in Miss Rote's absence.

Miss Ely is visiting among those of our boys who are on farms in Bucks County.

The dining-room girls picniced in the grove back of the school on Thursday afternoon.

Clay Ainsworth is in charge of the boys who are whitewashing the large boys' quarters.

We are glad to see that Mrs. Pratt is so much better that she is able to get as far as the porch.

Lawn Tennis still holds its own but the absence of so vigorous a player as Miss Burgess is keenly felt.

The boys in the paint shop are doing all the painting of the additions and improvements to the girls' quarters.

The printers received a handsome engraving of the Standard Oil Company's building in New York, last week.

Francis Ortey and Matthew Broom are at work learning to make brooms under their blind instructor, Mr. Staley.

Four of the ladies, Miss Semple, Miss Perit, Miss Patterson, and Mrs. Given, spent Monday very pleasantly at Gettysburg, visiting the battlefield.

Miss Semple and Miss Perit left us Wednesday intending to spend the remainder of the month between Delaware Water Gap and the Atlantic coast.

We know of several persons who have kept all the numbers of the first volume of the *HELPER*. The papers make a nice book. Keep this year's papers, too.

Chas. Wheelock, John Elm, and Peter Cornelius cut twenty-four and three-fifths cords of wood in six days lately. The wood is for use in burning our bricks.

The Man-on-the-band-stand felt so disgraced and ashamed when one of his clerks was placed on the band-stand for punishment last Sabbath that he could not hold his head up.

Girls, have a place for your things and put your things in that place. The girl who keeps a well ordered room and dresses with careful neatness has more good qualities to keep that neatness company, I know.

The cistern at the boys' quarters is the most popular place on the grounds because the water is so cool and fresh. Every turn of the wheel bringing up the water carries a supply of fresh air down into the cistern.

The girls' sociable held in the sewing-room last Saturday evening was a success, from the pleasant games and talks to the very nice cakes, melons, and lemonade. Peter Powlas, on behalf of the boys, thanked the girls for giving them such a pleasant evening.

Our boys and girls make a great mistake not to drink that nice milk that comes up from the school farm. The Man-on-the-band-stand saw a long row of very little girls in the dining-room take *tea* instead of *milk* and he thought "Those little people don't know what is good."

In the western part of the state people are fast stopping the use of coal in their stoves and grates and using instead a natural gas that they find in the earth and which they can carry in tubes into their houses. The cost of the gas is not half as much as the coal.

A commission of three men, appointed by the Government, will start, in a few days, for Montana, Dakota, Washington, and Idaho territories and the state of Minnesota. Their business is to see if the Indians of these countries will give part of their reservations, on fair terms, to the whites. If the Indians consent to this it will be as much for their own good as for that of the white men.

One of the saddest of accidents occurred near Shippensburg, last Friday. A young man accidentally shot and killed his cousin while showing him a new revolver. The young man was nearly distracted with grief at what he had done. Boys, always be careful about handling fire-arms. They are dangerous things and we might kill or hurt our dearest friends through carelessness. Take care. That is the Man-on-the-band-stand's advice.

Enigma of 16 Letters.

My 12, 13, 9, 15, 11, is an adjective meaning magnificent.

My 3, 7, 5, 6, is a stick.

My 2, 8, 16, is a very small animal.

My 1, 14, 3, is a sleep.

My 10, 4, is a negative answer.

My whole is the names of two of the greatest Generals the world ever saw.

Answers Wanted.

What is called the "Ship of the Desert?"

What and where is the hottest city in the world?

What is the highest mountain peak in the United States?

What does President Cleveland receive a day for his salary?

What animal has eyes on the end of its horns?

Who is the Commander-in-Chief of our army?

How many times have you passed around the sun?

Ice-Houses.

Some people think there are only those ice-houses in which we keep the great blocks of ice that, when put in our drinking water and used in many other ways, make our hot days so much more comfortable. But there have been ice-houses where the walls, doors and chimneys were made of ice. Last winter the people of the city of St. Paul, Minnesota, built a splendid ice palace and when it was finished a thousand people were invited into it to a great party. But the first one ever built was when Catharine, the Empress of Russia, had an ice palace built for her. It was built of ice instead of wood. Instead of nailing the pieces of ice to each other, the workmen dashed water upon them, which froze and thus fastened them firmly together. When the palace was finished they made the furniture of ice.

Ice chairs and ice tables, ice fireplaces and ice sofas, and beautiful ice throne. Then they colored some water green, and some red, and a great many other colors, and froze it and made beautiful wreaths of flowers around the icy rooms. All was ice within and without the place.

In the evening, when they made fires in their icy fireplaces, and lighted the candles in their icy candlesticks; when they hung

their icy lamps from the icy walls, and the bright light shone around on the icy furniture and icy flowers, it was a brilliant scene. The ice was clear and sparkling, like precious stones, and the palace looked as if it were made of millions of costly diamonds.

Do you feel cooler now?

Ask the Price.

A good man once said, "Whenever I want anything, I always ask the price of it, whether it be a new coat, a pound of tea, or a shoulder of beef. If it is worth the money and I can afford it, I buy, but if not, I let it alone.

But not only in the comforts of food and clothing but in all other things I ask that question, "What is the price?" For there is a price to a day's pleasure as well as to a pound of beef or loaf of bread.

The drunkard will have his whiskey, and the price he pays is wealth, character, peace and happiness. Do you think he gets enough pleasure and comfort from the whiskey to pay for that loss?

The gambler wants to be rich. But what is the cost of his riches? Contentment, rest, reputation.

A man seeks to gain the whole world; what does it cost him? The price of his SOUL.

Ask yourself that question, "What is the price?" If the price is too big for what you get in return, DON'T PAY IT!

Out-Done by a Boy.

A lad in Boston, rather small for his years, worked in an office as errand boy for four gentlemen who did business there. One day the gentlemen were chaffing him a little about being so small, and said to him,—

"You will never amount to much, you never can do much business, you are too small."

The little fellow looked at them:

"Well," said he, "as small as I am, I can do something which none of you four men can do."

"Ah, what is that?" said they.

"I don't know as I ought to tell you," he replied. But they were anxious to know, and urged him to tell what he could do that none of them were able to do.

"I can keep from swearing!" said the little fellow.

A little two year old girl liked to look at the full moon very much; but when her aunt pointed out the *new* moon she cried out in distress "Oh! it's broken! it's broken!"