

# The Indian Helper.

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM THE CARLISLE INDIAN INDUSTRIAL  
SCHOOL TO BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOLUME III.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 16, 1888.

NUMBER 31.

## ONLY.

It was only a little blossom,  
Just the merest bit of bloom,  
But it brought a glimpse of summer  
To the little darkened room.

It was only a glad "good morning,"  
As she passed along the way,  
But it spread the morning's glory  
Over the livelong day.

Only a song, but the music,  
Though simply pure and sweet,  
Brought back to better pathways,  
The reckless, roving feet.

Only! In our blind wisdom  
How dare we say it at all,  
Since the ages alone can tell us  
Which is the great or small?

—[Selected.]

## THE VOYAGE OF THE WATER-DROPS

The sun is shining so brightly that it is very warm over the sea; and a great many particles of water grow so hot they fly off, that is, they grow larger and lighter and rise until they have gone so far above the sea that they cannot get back to it again. Then the wind catches them and blows them over the land farther and farther away from the ocean.

There are a great many of these particles of water; they are so small at first that nobody can see them. But after a time the wind grows colder, and then they begin to come together and to turn into vapor, as steam does when it touches anything cold. People looking up, say that it is cloudy. At first the clouds are very tiny and white, as we have all seen summer clouds. But more and more particles come to them, a colder wind strikes against them, they become darker and heavier until at last they are so full of water drops that they sink down closer to the earth, the water pours out of them, and we say "it rains."

Or perhaps they come at last against a mountain. They have grown so heavy that they cannot rise over the top of the mountain,

but strike against its sides and break, so that the water flows out of them.

Then it is raining. This rain running down the mountain side, fills all the brooks and streams, and these through the rivers flow into the ocean again. So the water drops come back to the sea at last.

A wise man once said that though all the rivers ran into the sea, the sea was not full, because the rivers went back again to the place where they came from, that is, to the springs in the mountains.

This is the way they do it.

## A HERO.

Deep down in a mine, Wardley Colliery, Newcastle, England, there is a brave boy who deserves to be called a hero. In a situation of sudden peril he used precaution which prevented a dreadful explosion, simply by behaving with courage and presence of mind.

He noticed that his lamp flared up, a sure sign of the presence of a dangerous gas. Had he hastily rushed away, his light might have burst through the wire gauze, which surrounds a miner's lamp, and setting fire to the gas, caused a heart-rending accident.

The lad did nothing so silly. When questioned by the superintendent as to how he had found that there was gas in the neighborhood where he was at work, he replied, "Because my lamp flared."

"And what did you do then?" asked the gentleman.

"I took my pricker, and pulled the wick down but the lamp still flared."

"Well, my boy, how did you manage then?"

"Why, I put the lamp inside my jacket, and covered it up tight, and the light went out."

Of course the lamp would not burn without air. To think of the right thing to do, and then promptly to do it, boys, that is what makes the difference between a common man and a hero. This little fellow, whose name is not mentioned—Dick, or Ted, or Jack—has in him the making of a grand man, cool, resolute and clever.

Fortunately, there was an overseer near him, who, when he heard from the lad about his lamp, went bravely through the gas, in total darkness, and set open a door, the closing of which had forced the gas into the mainways of the mine.—[Selected.]



# The Indian Helper.

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY, AT THE INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA., BY THE INDIAN PRINTER BOYS.

Price:—10 cents a year.

Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.  
Miss M. Burgess, Manager.

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-hand-stand, who is NOT an Indian.

The INDIAN HELPER is paid for in advance, so do not hesitate to take the paper from the Post Office, for fear a bill will be presented.

## MINES.

"What shall we talk about to-night?" said Alice, as the boys and girls gathered around her table to listen.

"Anything, Miss Alice," said two or three voices.

"I want to know about mines," said Paul, "can you tell us something about them, Miss Alice?"

"Yes, a little. I once lived in a town that had lead and zinc mines all around it. You could not drive in any direction that you would not see heaps of earth and stones dotted everywhere."

"What is a mine like?" asked Onita.

"A mine is like a wide well. Old miners look over the ground and choose a place where they think they can find good mineral; then they begin to dig a great round hole, making a wall of logs inside as they dig. Sometimes they find the lead or zinc before they dig very deep, sometimes they dig many feet, and sometimes they hit a wrong place and don't find any. The hole is called a "shaft." When the miners come to a good vein of mineral, they fix a windlass over the hole at the top and work it by horse power, or a steam engine, or the men turn it themselves. The heavy rope, or chain, that winds on the windlass has a large hook at the end. This is to hook great tub-like buckets to as they are filled up below. They draw up a full one, empty it, and send it down; a man takes it off and puts a full one up."

If a man at the top wants to go down, he gets into the tub and holds on to the rope and down he goes. I have looked down till man, tub, and all were lost in the darkness; but if I waited and listened I would

hear faint voices when he got down, and see a little star-like light from one of the lamps they use, while at their work. It is dark all the time down in a mine.

"What do they do with the mineral after they get it up?" said Martin.

The tubs are emptied on the ground. There is dirt and stones mixed in with the lead or zinc. They shovel this against a slanting sieve and the finer pieces fall through. The large stony pieces are put into a machine called a "crusher" that grinds them up. To clean the mineral from dirt and stones it is put into a long box called a "jig." Water is run in and it is shaken back and forth by men, or horses, or steam till it is clean. This is called "jigging." The mineral is heavier than dirt or stones and sinks, so it is not hard to separate them."

"Where do they get the water?" said Winn.

"Out of the mines. Almost all the shafts that are dug get water in them that must be pumped up before they can dig for the mineral. It is often run in troughs from one mine to another for washing purposes. At one mine where I watched them pumping up the water I took a drink from a great hogshead full. It was clear, cold and very good."

"Miss Alice, didn't you get this from a mine?" said Tossie, as she lifted a large crystal-shaped, clear looking stone with a mass of smaller ones around it.

"Yes, an old miner gave it to me. In digging a shaft at sixty feet he found a room-like cave lined all around with these. He thought it the most beautiful thing he ever looked at, when the light of his lamp first fell on its crystal walls and floor. The miners call this sort of stone "tiff."

The ground under our feet is as full of wonders as the world about us."

"Make a little fence of trust

Around to-day:

Fill the space with loving work,  
And therein stay.

Look not through the sheltering bars  
Upon to-morrow,  
God will help thee bear what comes  
Of joy or sorrow."



No mails of any consequence since Monday.

"Be not simply good; be good for something."

Japanese hitch their horses in the street's by tying their fore-legs together.

"Neither wise nor careful is the man who jerks his horse by the bit."

Jessie Corneliuss, has made a good spring trap in spare minutes.

Gail Marko, Apache, is giving the hospital kitchen a fresh coat of paint.

Martin Archiquette, and Paul Good Bear, have gone to country homes for the summer.

Dick Wallace, has made his first wagon body. Sam Keryte, has commenced the ironing of his first spring wagon.

A little nephew wrote Mr. Standing, the "Indian Helper is a very nice paper; such nice poetry in front of it."

People who know, say there has been no such storms in March for nearly thirty years as the one we have just passed through—a regular Dakota blizzard.

The Herdie in its new dress-coat of paint and varnish caused quite a commotion in the breakfast room, Saturday morning, as it came along the drive, ladies flew to the windows, and two even ran down the walk for a close look.

The Man-on-the-band-stand acknowledges there are several good kinds of clubs. But he appreciates most the clubs of "INDIAN HELPER" subscribers that have been presented to him of late. Like a famous boy, he asks for "more."

The wind blew so hard Tuesday morning the girls could scarcely keep the board walk on their way to breakfast, and two boys had quite a race after their hats.

Chester Corneliuss, Samuel Townsend, Levi Levering, Jemima Wheelock, Lily Wind, and Annie Thomas, went to Wilmington Thursday, to be present at an Indian meeting.

"Don't make the mistake," the old merchant continued, "of saving your talents for a bigger place. Use all you have where you are.

Fill the place you are in, and you will grow too large for it. You can ennoble even the humblest every-day work, if you are determined to do your best where God has put you.

If we open our mouths wide when we read or speak, we will be surprised to find how well we say the English words that have been puzzling some of us so much.

The Man-on-the-band-stand looking about Saturday night caught a glimpse of a tea party in Miss Booth's room, where bright, smiling Agnes, Christine, and Jessie sat about a little white spread table with dainty plates, cups and saucers. Agnes poured the coffee and they ate their omelette, bread, butter and cake and talked and laughed as happy hearted girls just know how to do.

The Indian Union Debating Club changed the time for its public debate. Article VIII. of the Py Laws required that the Society hold public debates every second Friday of every second month; hereafter the debate will be held at any time the President shall order. The question debated was, "Resolved that Indian Education be Compulsory." It brought out strong arguments on both sides. The new committee on arrangements has P ul loynton, chairman, Jesse Paul and Isaac Williams.

SECRETARY.

"The thimble was invented by the Dutch. The word comes from thum-bell being first "thumble" afterwards, "thimble." John Lofting began to make them in England at Islington, near London, in 1695. Brass and iron were used at first, then steel, and gold.

In Paris where they make steel thimbles, thin plates of sheet iron are put into dies of about two inches in diameter; these, being heated red-hot, are struck with a punch into a number of holes, gradually increasing in depth to give them proper shape. The thimble is then trimmed, polished and indented around its outer surface with a number of little holes by means of a small wheel. It is then converted into steel by the cementing process, tempered, scoured and brought to a blue color."

#### Books as Ponies.

I am enjoying the fair weather here and the good time, but often thought of the old places, where we have had lots of fun in training and lassoing young ponies and how we were often unhorsed, and how we used to set traps to catch foxes and wolves and how we would go to fish and search bird nests and how we used to come home with big hearts, having plenty of game and how we made old folks happy, how I used to try to have my ponies run faster than yours, and how we tried to have fat ponies; but I have now adopted the school books as my ponies, and so if I desire to have my books run fast, I study them harder and there is no doubt that you can't beat me in that race.

FRANK LOCK



### From Home Letters.

"I was very much pleased to receive your letter. But you wrote in Indian language so I couldn't quite understand, because I never learn how to read in that way, never will. I laughed at some of the Carlisle boys those who went away from us here, after they got home, some of them dropped themselves in mighty deep so where they cannot come up again as they had been before by forgetting what they learned at Carlisle school and trying to learn to read in Sioux language. If they learn in that way very well, not know any English. They will go backward. We Indian boys and girls here at the east learning nothing but the English language only. We hope we will go forward day after day. I hope your next letter will be written in English."

"I wish all the Indians that have a boy or girl at the Indian school at Carlisle would have to write to them every month like we girls and boys have to write to you every month and get tired writing letter and not getting any answer. If you should ask me a question when I get home and I will not answer your question would you think that I was very polite or impolite?"

"We know that you big Indian people can not write letter as well as we can because you never went to school like we. But you could get somebody to write for you and you can do the talking for yourself."

"Learn to judge between right and wrong and then strike manfully for the right."

### A Riddle.

There's a queer little house and it stands in the sun.

When the good mother calls, the children all run.

While under the roof, they are cosy and warm  
Though the cold winds may whistle, and bluster, and storm.

In the day-time this queer little house moves away,

And the children run after it happy and gay,  
But it comes back at night and the children are fed

And tucked up to sleep in a soft feather bed.

This queer little house has no windows, or doors,

And the roof has no shingles, the rooms have no floors.

No fire places, no chimneys nor stoves can you see,

Yet the children are cosy and warm as can be.

### Square Puzzle.

1. \* \* \* \*
2. \* \* \* \*
3. \* \* \* \*
4. \* \* \* \*

1. What none of us should be.
2. What should abound in families.
3. What cake is baked in.
4. The past tense of go.

### Answer to Geographical Puzzle.

Cape of Mass.—Ann.  
River in Virginia.—James.  
Lake in British America.—Great Bear.  
Lake in Minnesota.—Superior.  
River in Wisconsin.—Wolf.  
City in New York.—Buffalo.  
River in Wisconsin.—Fox.  
Part of river in Mass.—Deer—field.  
River in Idaho.—Salmon.  
City of Arkansas.—Little Rock.  
Bay in Wisconsin.—Green.  
River of Illinois.—Rock.  
City in Pa.—Phila.  
Cape of New Jersey.—May.  
City of Georgia.—Augusta.  
Cape of Virginia.—Henry.  
City of Texas.—Austin.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Please, and thank you.

"Don't be in a hurry to speak an angry word;  
Don't be in a hurry to spread the tale you've heard,

Don't be in a hurry with evil ones to go."

**STANDING OFFER.**—For FIVE new subscribers to the INDIAN HELPER, we will give the person sending them a photographic group of the 13 Carlisle Indian Printer boys, on a card  $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$  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 photographs showing still more marked contrast between a Navajoe as he arrived in native dress, and as he now looks, worth 20 cents apiece.

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

For FIFTEEN, we offer a GROUP OF THE WHOLE school on 9x14 inch card. Faces show distinctly, worth sixty cents.

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

For a longer list of subscribers we have many other interesting pictures of shops, representing boys at work, school-rooms and views of the grounds, worth from 20 to 60 cents a piece, which will be sent on request.

**A**t 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.

**Sample copies sent free.**

Address, **THE RED MAN, CARLISLE, PA.**

For 1, 2, and 3 subscribers for **The Red Man** we give the same premiums offered in Standing Offer for the HELPER.