

The Indian Helper.

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

VOLUME III.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 23, 1888.

NUMBER 32.

LITTLE MOMENTS.

Merry little moments,
Slipping through my hand;
Filling up an hour-glass
With a grain of sand
Counting all my actions,
Burying the day;
Merry little moments—
Stealing life away.

Silent little warnings
From a voice within;
Urging me to goodness,
Saving me from sin;
Telling of a glory,
Brighter than the even:
Silent little warnings,
Guiding me to Heaven.

—Selected.

A LETTER.

CARLISLE, PA., March 21, 1888.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:—You have written many letters to me; I will answer with one letter to all my little friends.

One little girl asks, "Did you not almost freeze when the blizzard came?"

Oh, no, dear child, I just went a little higher up in the band stand where the wind could not catch me.

From there I watched you as you went along the icy paths.

I was so sorry for the little ones when some of them blew off into the snow.

I saw, too, how good the larger ones were to them, how they helped them over the bad places, and cared for them so kindly.

Another letter says, "I think you must be very lonesome, with no one to talk to."

No, no, I never think of that. Besides, I am not alone. Every pleasant day the girls come to visit me, that is, they come and sit on the band-stand, and I hear all they say. Don't ask me to tell. The girls know I will keep their secrets, and only whisper a word or two of advice sometimes.

Then, too, when the warm summer evenings come the boys come up and sit with me, and I like to hear them tell of their plans.

"You have nothing to do up there," writes one busy little fellow. Why, little boy, I am the busiest person here. I must look into the shops and see how the work goes. Then there are all the school-rooms, and so many slates, maps, pictures and compositions for me to look at.

All this time, too, I must keep a look-out for the boys and girls at play, and see who wins the most games of ball and croquet, and my eyes and ears must be wide open for news to tell to you.

Oh, I am very busy all the time. But it makes me happy to do this, because it is for you, and I am truly,

Your friend,
THE MAN-ON-THE-BAND-STAND.

SEEING THROUGH A BRICK.

"I don't believe it," said Ned.

"Mr. Kenneth says so," returned Frank, "and I am going to-morrow to see it. Are you?"

"I suppose I may as well, for if anyone can really see through a brick I'd like to be there to see, too."

"Eight o'clock sharp, then" said Ned with a laugh.

The last stroke had not sounded on the town clock when a dozen eager-faced boys were at the door of the young man who had promised them a wonder which they only believed in because they had found him tell them the truth.

"But this time he won't get out of it," declared Walter who remembered a great many queer things that Mr. Kenneth had shown him, especially, some dolls that had danced all by themselves on the sounding board of a piano, but who didn't believe that Mr. Kenneth, or anybody else, could make his eyes sharp enough to look through anything as thick and hard as a brick.

"Ah! Good morning, boys," said a pleasant voice. "You haven't lost any time; but that's right."

"You see, we've got such a big thing to do," explained Harry.

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

The Indian Helper.

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The INDIAN HELPER is PRINTED by Indian boys, but EDITED by The-man-on-the-band-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.

The event of the week was the marriage of Richard Davis, (Cheyenne) and Nannie Aspenall (Pawnee) in the chapel Tuesday noon, by Rev. Dr. Norcross, of Carlisle.

The large flag that draped the platform and the bank of blooming plants in front of the reading desk, gave a touch of brightness to the scene.

We thought the bridal party as they came down the aisle to the glad strains of the "Wedding March," and took their places in front, unusually decorous and self-possessed. The bridesmaids and groomsmen were—Chester Cornelius, Dessie Prescott; Wm. Morgan, Edith Abner; Phillips White, Lily Cornelius; Joel Tyndall, Lily Wind; John D. Miles, Phebe Howell; Otto Zotom, Annie Thomas.

The simple service, clear and full of feeling, was followed by an earnest prayer and the newly married pair passed out.

The guests and employes followed, wending their way to the sewing-room, where a reception was held and all enjoyed an ample lunch.

An hour of pleasant intercourse quickly passed—the good byes were said—rice thrown after the happy pair—and they were gone—launched on the new life to make for themselves a white man's home in the white man's country.

Quite a number of presents were given them. The boys gave them a sewing machine, the girls a chamber set. Other friends gave a beautiful Bible, table and tea spoons, a clock, towels, white spread, tea set, large engraving, little stove, brass tea kettle, splasher, tidies, books, iron and stove holders, tea towels, bureau covers, &c.

OUR EXHIBITION.

Monday night the Apache chiefs did not come, but the exhibition did. There were "Ten Little Indian Boys," however, who counted themselves out and in again in a most mathematical and delightful way, and it is very seldom that mathematical things are delightful, though they may be very satisfactory.

Otto Zotom pointed out the sunny side of life and the wisdom of looking out for all the brightness we can get.

Five little girls from No. 1 sang a "Pansy Song" to remind us perhaps that spring is here: and then Sicieni said "Good by to Winter." He was polite to the old gentlemen, but he did not feel very sorry to have him go back to his home at the North Pole.

There were two compositions on the subject: "Do Animals Think?" Percy Kable decided that they do, and Yamie Leeds that they do not. But Yamie finished by saying that he did not know much about animals, anyway, which is true of a great many other people.

Ira Yowicee gave us a recitation; George Means a declamation; and Edith Abner read a composition upon "Pins," written by Dessie Prescott. She remarked, a little unkindly to the poor pins, upon the absence of thinking power in their heads, but since these were made, as the conundrum says, "to keep them from going too far," perhaps she was not quite fair. She remarked upon the different kinds of pins in use, and decided that from its size and perhaps its importance, the rolling pin was the mother of them all.

Frank Jannies gave us wise advice, well put, as to our part in the world. Emma Seowitza had a recitation; Joseph Stewart spoke upon "Our Privileges," Kish Hawkins gave an address; four little girls recited a poem upon the seasons.

Maurice Walker gave an amusing description of the trials of the "Farm Boy," and ended with the remark, "Yet the boys like to go."

Annie Thomas gave the pathetic and esthetic "Tale of the Cat-tail." William C. Bull made a speech, and Clara Faber recited a poem.

The choir gave us well rendered, the "Boatman's Song," The Whip-poor-will, and the "Good-night Song."

The Indian clubs and the Indian boys together acquitted themselves so well that the spectators were delighted.

Indian guests in Little Boys' Quarters.

Weather this week; sunny, blowing, warm, rainy and cold.

Miss Johnston of Lancaster, Pa., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Campbell.

What was the matter with the painter when he numbered a wardrobe backwards and upside down—1 2 3.

The party to Wilmington last week, reached home Friday night reporting a "good meeting" and a "good time."

Mr. Garrett and daughter, of Bryn Mawr, Pa., Mr. and Mrs. Harvey, of West Grove, and Miss Edge of Downingtown, spent a day and night at the school to be present at the wedding.

Mr. Harvey's farm, where Richard and Nannie will make their home, is devoted to stock raising, has a creamery, and does business on a large scale. It is a fine opening for Richard with good prospects ahead if he proves himself worthy. Nannie will assist in the house.

One of the teachers told her class the story of the North-wind and the Sun trying to make the man take off his coat. That night one of the little girls said, "Miss—, when I was coming to study-hour the North-wind tried to make me take off my coat, but he couldn't do it, so he blew me right off the board walk into the snow."

Indian Visitors.

A party of Apache Indians from the San Carlos Agency Arizona, arrived at the school Thursday morning. They are travelling under the care of Lt. James W. Watson of the 10th Cavalry, with Robert McIntosh a former student of Hampton as interpreter. They have been absent from home about one month, have visited Washington on business connected with their tribal interests, and are now visiting their children and relations at Carlisle before starting west again. The party includes the following named Chiefs viz; Eskimizen, San Carlos; Chil-che-oh-ue, Tonto; Dow-ihl-cla-eh, White Mountain; Santo, White Mountain; Bah-lish, White Mountain; and Samally, Tonto.

A Trip to Wilmington, Del.

Our purpose in visiting this city was to be present at a meeting held in the interest of the Indians. The church, where the meeting was held, was very crowded. The people were in

earnest and learned more about the Indians than they ever knew before. Some of our party made addresses. We gained more friends. We visited the ship-yard, where we saw some steam ships in course of construction. Wilmington has some of the largest and oldest ship-building establishments in the country.

One is being built that is to run twenty-five miles an hour. We saw the men working upon it. A yacht was on the stocks which is to be ready when England challenges this country again for a boat-race. The yard we visited was founded in 1836, and has built 172 iron steam-ships. The ground occupied is 26½ acres and has 45 work-shop buildings. It employs 2000 men.

They also build cars and we saw some fine ones ready for shipment to the Argentine Republic, South America. Some had wheels made of paper.

SAM TOWNSEND.

THE AUTHOR OF "LITTLE WOMEN."

Louisa M. Alcott, who has so lately died has been through her books a welcome guest in so many homes that very few writers in the country will be missed as widely as she.

She has given us stories of good, bright, charming girls and boys, who make mistakes and get the better of them, who are merry and strong, and helpful.

Her "Little Women" will never grow old, her "Old Fashioned Girl" will always be better and dearer than many new-fashioned sisters, her boys are the boys whom the world rejoices in when they grow up.

In early life Miss Alcott had her own way to make, and she made it well, but she would never have done this if she had always taken other people's estimate of her powers instead of struggling on herself. Once when she sent an article to the *Atlantic Monthly*, the editor sent it back and advised her to "stick to her teaching." But he changed his mind afterward, for the *Atlantic* published her "Hospital Sketches" which everybody liked. This was the beginning of her success. From this time fame and money were waiting for her because she had earned them.

It will be long before people forget the bright stories Miss Alcott has told them and the world of wide-awake boys and girls that she has introduced to them.

If the boys and girls who read her stories try to be as merry and brave and true as hers, it will be the best way of remembering and honoring her.

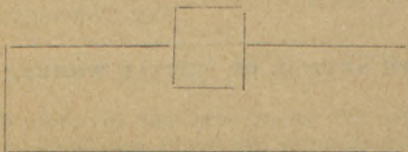
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Mr. Kenneth nodded and smiled, and led them into a room where he had his tool chest and pieces of wood lying about, some of them beautifully carved. But it was not one of these which he took up, it was a long and smooth bit with one side level and in the other a piece cut out the shape of a brick when seen endwise. He showed each boy a tube running through the board so that when they put one end of it to their eyes they saw through the tube and through the open space, to the window and the view beyond it.

This was the way the board looked:



And this was the way it looked when the brick was in



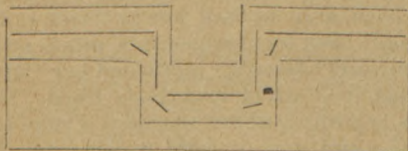
Yet they all saw just as well as before:

Ralph stood with the board in his hand looking first at the elm tree that was opposite the window, then at the brick, a real brick and no pretence, which although it stood between, in no way hindered his view.

The boys twisted and turned the brick and the board but they could find out no reason for the mystery.

At last Harry laid the board on the table and took up the screw driver. "I'm going to get at the inside of this," he said; and in a few minutes he had separated the two pieces that the little instrument was made of.

"I've found it! I've found it!" he cried. And this was what he saw. The tube instead of running straight through the board as it seemed to do, ran down under the brick in this way:



In each of the corners was a piece of looking-glass which reflected the image of anything thrown upon it. So the picture of the tree had turned four corners and come to the boys at the other end of the board.

"But that isn't seeing through a brick," said Ned, "that's seeing around it."

Mr. Kenneth laughed. "It's the best way of doing when you can't see through a thing, isn't it?" he said. "Just take a peep round the corner."

Enigma.

I am composed of 21 letters.

My 9, 10, 18, is used in cooking.

My 16, 14, 17, 15, 4 the Indians use in trimming.

My 3, 6, 7, 1, 2 is where we live.

My 12, 10, 5, 20 is an entrance.

My 13, 14, 19, 8 is something to look through.

My 11, 3, 10, 21 is not far.

My whole is something that we see every day at Carlisle.

Answer to Riddle.

The story of this funny house is all true, I have seen it myself, and I think you have too,

You can see it today, if you watch the *old hen* When the downy wings cover the chickens again.

ANSWER TO SQUARE PUZZLE.

1. s l o w
2. l o v e
3. o v e n
4. w e n t.

Death of Peter Douville.

ROSEBUD AGENCY, D. T., March 9, 1888.
CAPT. R. H. PRATT, DEAR SIR: With deep sorrow I announce to you the death yesterday of Peter Douville from congestion of the lungs after about thirty-six hours illness. Peter was my clerk and a boy whom I fairly loved because of his noble qualities, and exemplary conduct. He was indeed a credit to your school and often mentioned you to me, and considered you his friend, as I have been, Peter Schweigman is still with me and we are both "all broke up" over this sad affair.

Yours truly,

C. P. JORDAN.

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 Navajo 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.

At 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.