

The Indian Helper.

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

VOLUME IV.

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CHERRIES ARE RIPE.

"You are a little thief," I said,
To Robin Redbreast, blithe and fat,
"You stole my cherries ripe and red,
Now what have you to say to that?"

In songful speech he sweetly said,
His bosom glowing like the morn,
"I take my pay in cherries red,
For working in your vines and corn.

My sweetest strains I sing for you,"
He said in music low and soft,
And then his brown wings shook the dew
In showers from his green organ-loft.

Like tears the dew fell, and I said,
When came the pauses of the strain,
"Sweet robin, eat my cherries red,
I will not call you thief again."

Now every year, when spring returns,
He perches on the topmost spray,
And there his tinted bosom burns
With songs of cheer at dawn of day.

The robin is my choice of pets,
I wish him joy and length of days;
He pays me well for all he gets,
In skillful toil and songs of praise.

—*Youth's Companion.*

SEBASTIAN'S OPPORTUNITY.

In Spain, two hundred years and more ago, there lived a little boy about fourteen. He was a slave, and his father was a slave, for they were mulattoes; the older man had been brought from Africa and sold. He remembered his home and his freedom. The boy had been born a slave. Both belonged to Murillo, a famous painter.

Sebastian used to wait upon the young gentlemen who came to take lessons of his master. He cleaned their palettes and their brushes for them, ground their colors and did everything that they called upon him to do, and that was a great deal, so that when night came he was a very tired boy and enjoyed a night's rest as much as any one could. The young men used to tease him, and laugh when they asked him to tell them their mistakes,

when Murillo was not in the room, but they always did what he told them to do, and corrected the mistakes he pointed out.

About this time something strange happened, for every morning when the pupils came back to their painting they found that somebody had been working on their canvasses, and had always done the work better than they could have done it themselves. They told Murillo, and he ordered Sebastian to watch at night and find out who it was that came into the studio and worked, and said that if he did not find out he should be whipped.

Poor Sebastian! If he confessed, he felt certain that he should be punished, and if he did not tell who did the work, he had been assured that he should be whipped.

He lay down on the floor that night in great trouble. But the little fellow was so tired that he went to sleep in spite of all his fears.

When he woke up, daylight was just coming. He was very sleepy, but he sprang up and stretched himself awake.

For he must rub out from the canvass the work that he had put on the morning before and that the pupil had left all day. He took up the brush to rub it out. But instead of doing it, he stood before it motionless. It was so beautiful, he could not do it.

"I will finish it first," he said, "then there will be time enough to rub it out before anybody comes."

He began to paint.

Then he was no longer sleepy, he forgot that he was tired, that he was a poor little slave who that morning was going to have forty lashes, he forgot everything that was sad and hard, he saw only the beautiful picture in his mind, and the beautiful reproduction of it that was growing on the canvass under his hand. He saw nothing else, he heard nothing.

Broad daylight came, it was full time for him to rub out his work if he was not to be found out. Still he saw nothing, heard nothing, until a shout behind him made him turn.

The brush almost dropped from his trembling hand. There stood all the pupils, there

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In Vacation.

It must be meant that people should have a vacation in summer. The very trees seem as if they were taking one, they stand with their leaves quivering with delight in the sunshine, and look so idle and so contented that it seems as if they must be only having a good time. But if it were not for this "good time" there would be no fruit in the autumn. The trees are taking in all of life that they can get. They are not hurrying, or wearying themselves, they are summering, to ripen the fruit.

And so with us summering should ripen our thoughts and make us ready for the harvest of deeds in the autumn. It sometimes does this. Yes, it always does if we take the right kind of summering, healthful, not hurtful enjoyment, and if we are the kind of people capable of any deeds at all.

So, in this vacation, let us see how much we can take in, just as the leaves of the trees take in the sunshine and the air; how much that belongs to the outside world that is of brightness and use we can find out, now that the routine of school life does not hold us to certain lines.

Who will do this? The M. O. T. B. S. would be glad to give a certain space in the HELPER this vacation to items from the boys and girls (pupils of the school) concerning some leading event, some important fact, some discovery, or anything of interest which will show that they are breathing in fresh air and sunshine from the outside world, and that thought and judgment are ripening in their minds.

Solomon Chandler writes from the Kiowa and Comanche Agency, that he expected to make money raising hogs, but he is disappointed because the wolves find the young pigs before he does. He says the prices for cattle are so low there is not much money in them for stock-raisers any more.

Our Numbers.

There are in the school, at present, one hundred and twenty-five pupils, seventy-two boys and fifty-three girls.

The pupils absent from school at this time, are three hundred and forty-six, boys two hundred and thirty-seven, girls one hundred and nine.

The total number of pupils belonging to the school at present is four hundred and seventy-one.

The Philadelphia Institution for the Blind has presented the school with specimens of their needle work, fancy worsted work, woven work, sewing, and whisk brooms. To us it seems a very wonderful thing that any body should be able to work without eyes, and our being accustomed to the thought of it does not take away from the skill and the patience required to perform such work. It shows that we have not begun to find out what we should be able to do if we put our faculties to their fullest use. Blind people exercise their sense of touch so carefully, and so much, that they feel differences in things that we should never notice. A blind girl once asked a lady who had fitted two pieces of calico for her to sew if she had not put the right side to the wrong. The lady looked at the work. Yes, she had done it.

Joel Archiquette writes on his arrival home:

"It is time to begin hay harvest now. I shall put on my work clothes to-morrow and begin to work. If any person wants to have a good living he must work. My father is at Oshkosh, he may come back on Saturday. I think I ought to go to work, no matter whether he is here or not. I'll have something done before he comes back."

The M. O. T. B. S. hopes all the returning boys and girls have taken hold with the same push Joel has. **WORK MUST BE.**

FOUND.—A dog that very much wants a home, and people who very much wish he had a good one. He has a chronic air of homelessness and the best intentions. He seems to have been a pet with somebody. Can any one of our many readers give information about him?

There are some people in the world who don't know wet from dry. Who are they? The children who *will* sit and lie on the grass after the dew falls.

Miss Della F. Botsfords, formerly a teacher in Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kan., arrived Thursday to join our corps of teachers.

Mr. Goodyear spent Sunday in Philadelphia.

A sure way to keep the ball rolling,—play tennis.

How our boys and girls do enjoy a walk to the farm.

Mr. Kemp and Mr. Reighter are off upon a two weeks' vacation.

Another treat for the printers on Monday. This time it was ice cream.

We call in little girls now to fold the INDIAN HELPERS, the printers are so few.

Write for a sample copy of *The Red Man*. We will gladly send one free.

Dennison Wheelock takes care of our mailing now, and he does it well.

A card from Miss Morse this week. She wishes to be remembered to all.

The carpenters have begun tearing the old barn away to make room for the new building.

The shops look very empty, now that the boys are harvesting and doing other outside work.

Sam Townsend, our foreman at the printing office, took a week off. He has not been very well.

Bruce, Robbie and Ambrose seem to like very much to be orderlies for the M. O. T. B. S.'s workers.

A runaway horse on the grounds Tuesday evening cleared the girls' play ground for a few minutes.

The wheat and the hay have been harvested at the school farms, and now the boys are busy with the oats.

In re-subscribing for the INDIAN HELPER, please say "Renewal." It often saves us a great deal of trouble.

The weather is making amends. Such mornings as Thursday make us want to ask: "What so rare as a day in"—July!

Wednesday night Miss Burgess and Miss Irvine were to arrive at the home of the former in National City, Cal. The M.O.T.B.S. is thinking a great deal about the letters that his clerk is going to write him. He does so wish that one would come. What's the best recipe for getting wishes granted?

There has been a busy little housekeeper in the garrison, and the result of her labors is very satisfactory. Richenda's baby-house is in apple-pie order, and her doll so well trained that she goes to sleep immediately as soon as her little mamma puts her down to rest, at least, she shuts her eyes. The outside steps are carpeted and give an elegant appearance to the house; this is Dot's work. It is encouraging to see that the hot weather does not interfere with domestic affairs.

Wednesday morning Mr. Standing left here to gather in pupils from some of the Indian tribes in Michigan.

We are glad to see that some of our boys make good use of the holidays and take books out of the library regularly.

In the rear of George Foulke's house a temporary stable is being put up, so that the stock may have shelter while the new stable is building.

Mrs. Lutkins was ill upon the way and was left by the party at her own home in Topeka, Kansas, instead of going on to Arkansas City, as it had been arranged she should do.

Susie Gray and Susie Bond are now at Williams' Grove spending the week in the cottage of R. T. Belt, of Wellsville, Pa., in whose family they are placed this summer. Miss Fisher met them there.

The school museum is indebted to Miss Susan Longstreth for a number of pretty sea shells, and for a curious basket made by the Indian women in California, and brought to the east by Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson.

Miss Ely and Miss Noble went to Philadelphia Saturday to see Miss L. A. Bender. They spent Sunday with her. They are glad to be able to say that she has somewhat improved since last accounts. They spent Monday in Philadelphia, and returned to us in the evening.

Mrs. Alvord, wife of Major Alvord, President of the Maryland Agricultural College, near Washington, spent Friday and Saturday with Capt. and Mrs. Pratt, old army friends. Since the beginning of the school Major and Mrs. Alvord have at times had in their home one or two of the Indian pupils, and have invariably exercised a most beneficial influence over them. Julia Given and Jennie Connors are in their family now.

Wednesday Miss Fisher attended the convention of the Cumberland Valley Sunday School Assembly at Williams' Grove. Among the exercises of that day was an interesting Normal Class lesson upon the qualifications necessary to Sunday School teachers. This was conducted by Rev. J. P. Landis, D. D., of the Union Biblical Seminary, Dayton, Ohio. Also, Rev. C. S. Robinson, of New York gave a lecture upon "Illustrations in Teaching and Preaching." Miss Fisher returned at night. The Convention will be held throughout the week.

You think, little boys, that sling shots are harmless, just the things to play with. Why, it was a sling shot that killed one of the greatest giants we know anything about, made him fall down dead at once when he had not been afraid of all the swords and spears that anybody could bring against him. But we don't want to kill anybody here, we haven't any giants like Goliath—no, that's a mistake. We have a great giant that stalks about here and all over the world. His name is Giant IGNORANCE. We want very much to kill him. But those slings of yours, little boys, won't hit him at all.

(Continued from First Page.)

stood his master. And yet, if the boy died for it, there was the beautiful face, and he had painted it.

The others were silent as the master spoke.

"Sebastian," he asked gently, "who taught you to paint?"

"You, master," said the boy.

"I?" cried Murillo in surprise, "why, I never gave you a lesson in my life."

"But you have given these young gentlemen lessons, and I have listened."

"And you have listened to good purpose, too, Sebastian. From this day I count you among my pupils. I have done more than make pictures, I have made a painter. And now, Sebastian, because you have listened so carefully, have profited so much by the teaching, have robbed yourself of your sleep in order to work, I am going to give you a present. What would you like?"

Sebastian was silent. But all the others began to talk. They told him to ask this thing and that. Still the boy was silent, until Murillo's son said to him, "My father is in a good humor, Sebastian; risk it, ask your freedom."

A cry of longing burst from the boy. He clasped his hands to restrain himself. "My father first," he said, "my father's freedom, master."

"Yes, and yours, too," said Murillo: "and because you have shown that you have heart as well as genius, I am going to adopt you as my son. I will teach you, you shall paint with me; and in the future when men praise your painting, they will couple your name with mine."

This prediction came true; for beside Murillo's paintings, one in name and often in place, are the paintings of Sebastian Gomez, who is still called, "The mulatto of Murillo."

SEICHU'S EXPERIENCES.

LOMBARD, CECIL CO., MD., July 2, 1889.

DEAR MISS IRVINE:—I thought I would write a short letter to you this evening. This is a very bad day, the grass is wet.

I am learning how to milk. Yesterday I went out to milk because Miss Mary had a stiff neck; the doctor told her not to go out in the wet, so I went; and when I had nearly a pitcher full, the cow kicked, and there she spilled my milk and I just got a little, and I didn't want to stay out there in the wet, so I just came away.

Have the boys and girls gone home yet?

Miss Mary is very kind to me, and her sister, too, she sent me a red ribbon. She is in Delaware. She was here last week.

I made a new dress for my doll, it is silk. Miss Mary cut it out for me; and I made it all myself.

I went up to the store to see if there was any mail for us.

The first thing I do is to feed the pigs, and then the chickens, and then wash the dishes.

Miss Irvine, am I going to stay all winter, or not?

On Sunday I went to church, and I saw Miriam and she came with me. We just walked till Mrs. Milligan came along with her buggy; she let us in. Miriam is fat.

The men are cutting the wheat.

I don't know what to say now, so I guess I will have to soon close my letter.

I like my place very much. How are the girls getting along by this time? Sometimes I feel lonesome, and it makes me think of the school.

Miss Mary is writing a letter, too, she is writing to her sister.

Well, I guess I will close my letter now hoping to hear from you soon. Give my love to the girls. Good-by.

From your friend,

SEICHU ATSYE.

Enigma.

I am made up of 16 letters.

My 4, 5, 10, 3 is a color.

My 2, 7 is a pronoun.

My 12, 13, 11 is what the sun gives to people who are out in it much.

My 8, 13, 1 is found before many doors.

My 16, 6, 3 is to beg.

My 1, 14, 15 is a metal much used.

My 12, 9, 11, 7 is something that belongs to the voice.

My whole spells out beautiful objects that we see at Carlisle every day, but better in the sunshine than in the rain.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: A higher education.

STANDING OFFER.—For Five new subscribers to the INDIAN HELPER, we will give the person sending them a photographic group of the 15 Carlisle Indian Printer boys, on a card $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$ 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.

The new combination picture showing all our buildings and band-stand. (boulevard) will also be given for TEN subscribers.

(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.

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 THREE new subscribers we will give the picture of Apache baby, Bunice. Send a 1-cent stamp 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. If the stamp to pay postage on premium does not accompany the subscription list we take it for granted that the premium is not wanted.