

The Indian Helper.

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

VOLUME IV.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 2, 1889.

NUMBER 50

LITTLE MOCCASINED FEET.

Two little moccasined feet I heard—

Heard while I reveled in fancies quaint—
Treading unsteadily through the room,
Pattering soft in the twilight's gloom

There by the door. As the curtain stirred,
Soft came the sound of her laughter faint—
Clear as the ring of the tinkling chain,
Sweet as the nightingale's sweetest strain.

Two little moccasined feet that brought
Thoughts I'd been seeking an hour or more;
Seeking in vain, for my fickle muse,
True to her sex, would her gifts refuse.

Giving the caller the smile she sought,
Kissing her flower lips o'er and o'er,
Up to my lap I lifted her—
Muse who inspired without demur.

Wonderful moccasined feet were they,
Guiding me into Elysian fields;
Wonderful, too, was that baby hand,
Leading me thither to fairy land;

Potent as well were her eyes blue gray,
Casting the spell that a siren wields.
Where was there ever a muse like this,
Bringing a charm with her baby kiss?

Two little moccasined feet—ah, me;
Where will they stray in the coming years?
Shall it be into a time less fair,

Marring her life with a cloud of care?
God give her strength for what is to be,
Robbing her sky of its rain of tears,
Leading the trend of her simple life
Far from the world and its vulgar strife.

(Selected.)

How Did There Come to be Any Coal?

It seems to be looking a long way ahead to put in the winter's coal when the weather is so hot that we are trying our best, not to get warm, but to keep cool. But this is exactly what Nature did for our world thousands of years ago. In the hot summer weather she stored away in her cellars the world's winter supply of coal. She knew all the people were going to live upon the earth, and that all the forests which they would find would not give them enough fuel for all the work that they would

have to do in traveling and in running machinery of all kinds, to say nothing of heating and lighting their houses, and, like a good housekeeper, she stored away the necessary coal while it was cheap and easy to get at. She dumped it down deep into her cellars and when men want it they have to go down there and dig it up, just as from our cellars it has to be brought in shovelfuls or hodfuls to the furnaces and the fires.

But there is one difference between the way in which Nature got her coal and we get ours; we mine ours, but she made hers.

How did she make it, and what did she make it out of?

Out of sunshine, air, water, vegetable substances, in short, out of the wood; so that whether we burn what we call wood or coal, it is really the same thing, the coal is only very old wood, the juices are not dried out of it, they are all pressed in.

But we have forests now. Was it out of trees like these that Nature made the coal?

When she remembers the old times, she does not call our grandest oaks, our tallest pines, trees at all, but only the merest shrubs compared to the trees that she took to make her coal fields out of. Those were trees! The great stumps in California on which a carriage and a pair of horses may turn were only dwarfs compared to these giants that grew in the old forests. And under them animals much larger than elephants played and rested.

How did those trees get under the ground? You must ask Nature that, she has ways of carrying out her plans and we have to study a long time to find out anything about her. One way, however, was by earthquakes, when great tracts of land dropped down all at once. And then there were other ways.

How do we know that the coal was ever wood? Sometimes we find traced on it beautiful leaves and flowers which make us sure, if other things were not enough to show it.

When we burn the coal, the sunshine that was in the wood and was shut down under the earth so many thousand years ago gets free at last, and warms us all before it goes away into the air once more.

Mrs. Pratt
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The Indian Helper.

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

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

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

Small Beginnings.

When Benjamin Franklin found out that lightning and electricity were the same thing people said to him "What good will that do, if it is so?" Those people did not foresee the telegraph, the electric lights, and all the wonderful uses that have been found for what was once lightning and beyond their control.

When Columbus was on his way to discover America, the sailors were so frightened and so hopeless of ever finding land that they were going to kill Columbus and turn back to find their homes again. But he had the habit of watchfulness, and this habit saved his life. For he saw something floating on the ocean; he found it was sea-weed. Land was near. And soon the sailors were as ready to admire Columbus as they had been to destroy him. It was not the piece of sea-weed that opened America to the world then, it was the man who knew how to use his eyes.

Turner, a famous landscape painter, when he was a boy was intended by his father to follow his own trade, that of a barber. But one day a gentleman noticed a sketch that the boy had made and urged the barber to let his son learn painting. Turner was very poor at first, but he was always willing to work and to take pains in his work no matter how humble it might be. It made no difference how little people paid him for his work, he always did it well; and so after a time people found out how well he did it and they paid him well for it.

A minister in Germany who was poor determined to establish a school for the idle and ignorant boys and girls whom he saw about him. He put a contribution box outside the door of his study, and when he had collected seventeen cents, he started his school. That was a great many years ago. That school grew and grew, and is a very great one to-day.

How One Conquers.

The greatest results in life are usually attained by simple means, and the exercise of ordinary qualities. The common life of every day affords ample opportunity for gaining experience of the best kind. The qualities necessary for success are not at all extraordinary. They may, for the most part, be summed up in these two—common sense and perseverance. Some have even defined genius to be common sense intensified. A distinguished teacher and president of a college spoke of it as the power of making efforts. And another famous man said of genius—"It is patience."

Newton was one of the greatest men, yet when he was asked how he made his wonderful discoveries, he said, "By always thinking into them."—[Smiles' Self-Help.]

Luck and Labor.

Luck is waiting for something to turn up. Labor, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something. Luck lies in bed and wishes the postman would bring him news of a legacy. Labor turns out at five o'clock and, with busy pen and ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competency. Luck whines, Labor whistles. Luck goes to the poor-house. Labor to independence.

Everything has two handles, the one by which it may be borne, the other by which it may not. If your brother acts unjustly, do not lay hold of the act by that handle which cannot be borne; but lay hold of the other, that he is your brother, that he has been nurtured with you, and you will lay hold of the thing by that handle by which it can be borne.—[Epictetus.]

Mrs. Collins writes, "Mary Bailey passed her examination and was promoted to the Grammar School. Her average was 84.4. She stood No. 3 in her room." Mary has been attending one of the best graded schools in Philadelphia.

When thou hast done a good act and another has received it, why dost thou still look for a third thing besides these, either to have the reputation of having done a good act or to obtain a return.—[M. Aurelius Antoninus.]

Mattie Khuno writes from Torresdale, that she likes her place and her work and likes to study. She sends a subscription for the HELPER.

"The first rule to insure happiness is to forget one's self."

Wednesday was pay day.

The rarest news of all—rain this week!

The gymnasium is being put into fine order.

At present Isaac Williams drives the mail wagon.

Who do not work when it rains? The builders.

Thomas Metoxen came back from the farm this week.

Capt. Pratt and Miss Nana took a trip to West Grove, last week.

Miss Botsford is to have charge of the Teachers' Club for the month of August.

Miss Hamilton is still at the hospital where she will remain until Miss Seabrook's return.

One thing we have found out in the garrison is that it doesn't take Indians to make whoops!

No Round Top, Friday. Too rainy. We shall have to content ourselves with being on the square.

This week, Mr. Jordan and his force of boys have finished the paths in the intervals of other work.

"We need a pump at the big cistern to enjoy the cool winter water in it," says some one. We can enjoy the summer water at present without any pump.

Miss Phillips left us Wednesday, for her vacation. Her mother at the same time finished her visit at the garrison. All her friends hope that her stay here has done her good.

Mr. McFadden went to Philadelphia last Saturday to see about his eyes which have been painful of late. His friends are glad to learn of the oculist's assurance that the trouble is not serious.

The printers are very busy this week. The *HELPER* is on hand, as usual, and what could be better? But the *Red Man* is also to be forthcoming soon, and this means more galley slaves, though not any galley slaves.

A letter from Miss Seabrook the other day said that she had been picking dew-berries, and she asked her correspondent if she liked to do it. No, indeed, the latter believes in the division of labor of course, but for her share she will take the eating. Only, Miss Seabrook didn't send any!

WANTED.—That Miss Burgess and Miss Irvine should bottle up a little of that California sunshine that they have been enjoying and send it on to us. **EXPECTED.**—That if they don't do this they will bring it home distilled and serve it out to us right royally, —to be taken at table as a dinner sauce, or served up in the evenings lending a delicious flavor to that far-famed beverage, "the flow of soul."

Rheumatic weather. But the M. O. T. B. S. shrugs his shoulders; he has an elevated position, overlooking the surrounding country as he does, he is never found sitting on the damp ground or walking about in the rain without an umbrella, just to see how rheumatism feels.

Miss Burgess and Miss Irvine left National City, California, for Laguna, where they are to gather in the pupils for Carlisle. From the tone of the letters received, old pupils will be among the number, for some of these are already turning longing eyes back to the happy school life in which duties had the brightness and the zest of pleasures, and pleasures had a variety that the reservation cannot offer. Does it really mean that civilization draws?

News from Returned Students.

George Nyruah at San Carlos Agency, says his people did not recognize him.

Laura Reid at Laguna, New Mexico, wants to come back to Carlisle with her brothers.

Milly Bisnett at the Pine Ridge Agency, says that she has seen all the Carlisle boys and girls, and that some are bashful and some are not. Hope, she says, has gone to Rosebud Agency.

Loomis Smith at Oneida has found work; he is cutting wood for a white man, but his work there is not to last long. Then he is to have work on a steamboat, unless he comes back to Carlisle as he is anxious to do.

Constant Bread, now interpreter at the San Carlos Agency, writes that there is plenty of work there. He has been working for Capt. Bullis, the agent. He says that Obed Rabbit has gone to work in a blacksmith's shop.

Frank Jannies writes from Rosebud Agency that the Indians want him to act as interpreter, that he wants to do it, and that he is going to help all he can. He is helping his brother at Whetstone, in his harvesting. He says the Indians are making improvements on their farms.

Paul Boynton is at Reno City, Oklahoma. He says that the Indians took him for a learned man and made a feast for him, for which they killed one of his cows. He has forgotten the Indian language in some degree. He has been working in the Printing Office, and is now a clerk in Mr. H. A. Ross's store.

Richard Wallace writes from the Crow Agency that he is in excellent health and spirits. He meant to do exactly as the Captain told him to, and go to work the day after he reached home. But on account of the detention by the way, he did not reach home until Saturday night. So, he explains, he could not work the next day, but he began Monday morning. He still has work at the agency, but soon is to go out upon a ranch as cow boy. The agent would like to keep him at the agency, but Richard will get better wages at the ranch. Jack and Flora, Pretty Lodge are working in the hotel at the agency. William Steele works at his trade, and John Wesley works at the agency. He asks to be remembered to the officers and pupils at Carlisle.

And so, against the winter days and the winter nights, when the whole earth gets between us and the sun, Nature has stored up for us its light and heat, so that we may not be in cold and darkness.

But supposing we wanted Nature to do the whole work for us, would she?

No, indeed! If we did not mine the coal, we might freeze as long as we liked; she always does her own work, but she never does ours.

She expects us to do it ourselves?

It looks like this, doesn't it?

SUPPOSE.

Suppose—we thought that the sun was put out because it rained.

Suppose—we believed the seed was lost forever when it had fallen into the ground.

Suppose—when winter came we thought the world was dead and there would never be spring any more.

Suppose—when the ground was parched with drought we did not believe there would be any more rain.

Suppose—that we thought we never should learn a thing because we could not find it out in one lesson.

Suppose—after we had done a duty once we did not want to do it over again.

Suppose—that we thought we ought to get to the end of a journey as soon as we had started.

Suppose—we could not find out why everything was not made at once and left so that we had nothing to do about it.

Suppose—that we never worked when we did not feel in the mood of it.

Suppose all these things, what would happen?

Why, the sun *would* be put out—to us; the seed *would* be lost—to us, if we never saw it sprout; the spring would never come, the rain would never come, if we would not wait for them; to us there would never be any learning, any duties, any journeys, any discoveries, any work.

Then, what would there be?

Nothing.

But some people find a great deal. They must suppose differently.

Then, we can choose, we can have things as we like?

Yes, some things, a great many more than we can count upon our fingers.

Then, when we want something very much, suppose we take one of the things that we can choose. If we really would, it would be to us like a Christmas every day, for we should always wake up with some gift waiting for us.

Suppose—we try it.

A PLEASANT GREETING.

A letter from the McDougal Training Institution, Northwest Territory, says:

"Ours is a small institution yet, we have eleven boys and thirteen girls, twenty-four in all, Crees and Stonies, a kind of Assineboines, which are a branch of the Sioux. We are just under the eastern shadow of the Rockies, on the C. P. R.

We are very much interested in your work and papers. We find the same things to contend with that you describe, and can appreciate all we read.

The Indian reserve is so near that we are troubled with too frequent visits and with the sudden disappearing of homesick or camp-sick ones; but their friends bring them back soon.

We have a grazing farm of 1,150 acres and raise cattle and make butter. We sold about four hundred pounds last season, milk fourteen cows and are raising twenty two calves this summer."

If you wish both not to give the price and to obtain the things, you are insatiable and silly.—[*Epictetus*.]

We are made for co-operation, like feet, like hands, like eyelids, like the rows of the upper and lower teeth. To act against one another then, is contrary to nature; and it is acting against one another, to be vexed and turn away.—[*M. Aurelius Antoninus*.]

While Alexander (the Great) was a boy, Philip had great success in his affairs, at which he did not rejoice, but told the children that were brought up with him, "My father will leave me nothing to do." The children answered, "Your father gets all this for you." "But what good," said he, "will it do me, if I possess much and do nothing?"—[*Plutarch's Morals*.]

Enigma.

I am made up of seventeen letters.

My 14, 16, 8 is a heavy weight.

My 12, 16, 11, 3 is what we have plenty of in the garrison now.

My 10, 1, 15, 17 is what nobody should be.

My 13, 2, 4 is a strange little animal.

My 2, 7, 6, 9 is something that last week is a part of.

My 5, 3, 2, 6 are high mountains in Europe.

My whole is what the M. O. T. B. S. wishes every one of you.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: Patience.

ANSWERS TO CONUNDRUMS:

1. Cork.

2. Because it is never played without a racket. (racquet)